

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. LXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 3.

### THE ORIGIN OF MAN AND THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.\*

BY A. FOGAZZARO.

#### I.

I HAVE before dealt with the old popular belief, according to which God created the world by distinct and separate acts, and at intervals of days or epochs. I have attempted to show that the human mind has long been struggling against such a conception of the Creation. Down to modern times the human mind, with the exception of a few great, solitary thinkers, has only been able to conceive of God as a kind of wonderful magician. It has pictured Him as a man of extraordinary powers, able to impose His will on Nature, and to command the stars, by a secret order, to hang suspended in space; able, by another sentence, to command the bare earth to clothe herself suddenly with vegetation, the lifeless sea to be populated immediately with fishes, and to let loose flocks of birds as though from an immense vessel with a false bottom; able, finally, by another word of command, to cause the crust of the earth to open with a great noise, and an appalling swarm of animals of all kinds to disperse themselves over the world.

In point of fact, any one who searches through the shelves of that

immense museum, to which the crust of our earth may be likened, cannot fail to observe that in the first shelf, immediately under our feet, relics and traces are preserved of animals somewhat different from those that now walk in the light of day; that in the second shelf other remains are to be found which are still more different, and so on. He finds in the first shelf, for instance, the remains of an animal exactly like a horse, but only as big as a donkey, possessing the rudiments of two digits; in the second he finds another with three; in the third shelf he finds yet another, this time only as big as a sheep, having the three digits and the rudiments of a fourth. In the fourth shelf again, he finds a minute horse, hardly as big as a fox, having the four digits and the rudiments of a fifth. And then, if our inquirer be a logical man, he will feel obliged to admit that the animals of our earth were not all created at once, but rather that there has been an indefinite number of creations at very long intervals. We must probably allow for six of these even in the case of the single dynasty of horses. And if our friend should continue his search in the museum, studying the collections of animals inhabiting the air and the water, he must necessarily reach the same conclusion with regard to these creatures also;

\* A Lecture delivered before H.M. the Queen of Italy at Rome, 1893.

and when he finds that together with these successive creations of animals there have been successive creations of plants, I do not see how he can believe any longer that each great category of beings was created separately, at different epochs, by a God who made the world by pieces, as we make our machinery. I have tried to show that, now that the human intellect is becoming adult, it is beginning to be weaned, as the child is weaned from milk, from that primitive conception of the Creation, precious indeed at its proper time, and nourishing, but now no longer sufficient for man's needs.

The discovery of universal attraction taught man in what way God really controls the stars in space, and showed him how stupendous is the divine method of working, how infinitely far removed from all human methods, how mathematical in its mode of expression, inaccessible and incomprehensible in its essence. Ingenuous faith, in need of milk, said at first: *Command*; Science has now taught it to say: *Order, law*. This revelation, by demonstrating that everything in the universe is bound together by a single law, so that there is some connecting link even between the grain of pollen on the wing of a butterfly and the remotest star in the deepest abyss of heaven, becomes like a powerful lens which magnifies the vision of God in the eyes of more cultivated believers. A vast scientific work as yet incomplete, has brought us, so to speak, to the dawn of a vision of God which is immeasurably grander still. I have spoken before of this scientific work, begun in France by Lamarck, in 1809, with the object of proving that all classes, families, and species of living beings are descended, by means of generation, from a few or perhaps even from a single primitive cell, just as the branches of an immense tree spring from a single seed. I have spoken of Charles Darwin who, fifty years after Lamarck, observing that individuals of the same species are never absolutely identical, drew the following deductions: that those individuals of each species best adapted to resist the causes of destruction, must be able most easily to preserve and reproduce themselves; that these differ-

ences must be transmitted to their progeny, and that new modifications being added at this second stage to the previous ones, and continuing thus through every generation, a new species must gradually develop from the primitive one.

A great clamor of admiration and vituperation immediately arose round Darwin. Knights and heralds of his ideas published them to the four winds, and defended them against enemies who confronted them, armed partly with mediæval halberds and spears, and rusty helmets taken down from among the dust of museums, but partly also with sound modern armor and with intrepid calmness. The name of Darwin was lauded to the skies, but the dust raised by the combatants darkened the air, and people understand little of what happens on battlefields. Many worthy people fancied that the great idea of a continuous progress throughout the universe, from the vacuous formlessness of nebulae to the ordered magnificence of stellar systems, to life and consciousness, had originated in the mind of Darwin; whereas in reality Darwin only conceived a method of explaining the supposed transformations of certain organisms, placed on a rolling globe of obscure matter, lost in the Infinite. The theory of evolution has been confused with Darwinism; and as if that were not enough, people write and shriek, some with joy and others with horror, that a formidable army of giants is moving against God, with the name of Darwin on their banners.

In point of fact these rebels against God are not giants, nor can the name of Darwin, who besides was always very reverent toward God, be of much use to them. Darwin's hypothesis, which at first seemed like a great beacon in the darkness, has become gradually fainter till only the light of a torch is left, good for something certainly, but not for much. Scientific men confess that with no light but this torch of Darwin's, it is not at all easy to see, for instance, how a species of crocodile can have become a species of bird. In order to get out of this darkness, other torches were lighted, other hypotheses put forward; but just as round a fire



at night, the circle of darkness seems to grow ever vaster as the fire burns brighter, so all this light of observation, analysis, and imagination, has only increased the difficulty, in the mind of students, of penetrating the mystery of the elaboration and transformation of organisms. So far progress has reached the following points. There is now an almost universal consensus of opinion among scientific men in admitting the natural descent of all living species from one or a few primitive forms, and the shadow of a Cause operating in all things is becoming ever more apparent. It is this Cause, inaccessible to the human senses and superior to the intellect, which even before the appearance of life determines the mysterious, regular movements of crystallization, originates the earliest sexless organisms, generates the sexes and draws increasing distinctions between them. It initiates those inexplicable differences between individuals of the same species on which Darwin's theory is based, and beautifully reproduces the symmetry of the crystal in the organs of plants and in the bodies of animals. It operates not merely by means of strife and war, as Darwin saw it, but also by means of great alliances between different forms of life, and great associations of beings similar to one another, almost, as it were, inspired to one holy aim, fraternity.

Meditation on this powerful and inaccessible Cause leads the mind up to the religious perception of a Being immensely superior to itself. This, in Italy especially, has not been sufficiently understood by many religious people, who, though rich in theological and philosophical learning, persist in seeing nothing but enemies of God and the Spirit in the evolutionary camp. It is natural and it is even well that there should be this obstinate opposition to a radical change of old ideas of such importance; it is well that in the development of ideas also, there should exist the action of a conservative force at war with the progressive force. The same thing occurs in the development of organisms, where the conservative force tends to preserve the form of the parent in the child, while the progressive force tends to produce new

forms; but this does not do away with the fact that these religious opponents are committing both an error and an injustice.

Several of the eminent followers of the new learning are of opinion that it leaves all religious questions intact. Even Quatrefages, who is perhaps the greatest scientific enemy of the theory of evolution, has honestly confessed the same thing. Other thinkers have even gone farther than this. Including the whole past of the universe in their thought, they agree with Haeckel, the most eager and powerful among the champions of scientific materialism, in believing that one law of progress governs the world, that life ascends from the imperfect to the perfect, they find in the hypothesis of evolution a splendid confirmation of fundamental religious beliefs. They glorify the continuous action of an omnipotent Mind, immanent in all things, transforming and ordering them unceasingly, in accordance with a marvellous design of simultaneous harmony in space, and of melody and successive progress in time. To me the beauty of this perpetual ascent of Creation toward a supreme, ideal perfection, which it is possible ever more closely to approach, but impossible ever to attain, seems sublime. I have asserted my right as an artist to fight for this beauty, and have declared what seems to me to be the function of spiritualist poets amid the conflict of old and new opinions. Gaudry, a member of the Institute of France, and Professor of Palæontology, wrote that not only worshippers of science, but artists and philosophers also, might find sublime enjoyment in a palæontological museum, where the fossils were arranged according to transformist doctrines. He would fain see rising in the midst of such a museum, the statue of a poet without name, an ideal figure meditating on the splendors of Creation and on its future progress. This will be the attitude of the poet of tomorrow, when the day of victory has come, but even now, in the day of battle, a place of honor awaits him. Before taking my post in the ranks, I, a Catholic Christian, desire to state clearly, with valid documents in my hand, and in the face of a thousand preju-

dices both of believers and unbelievers, that my faith allows me full liberty to hold that the conception of evolution does not contradict the conception of creation, that it only represents the *modus operandi* of the creative Intelligence. Very many convinced Christians of all Churches hold this opinion, and are fervent evolutionists. Only six months ago, in September, 1892, an illustrious English man of science, Professor St. George Mivart, wrote in a New York Review :

"A certain number of young men have assigned evolution as the reason why they gave up their belief in Christianity, while it is notorious that the opponents of that religion have loudly proclaimed the incompatibility of evolution therewith. . . . But I myself unequivocally defended the doctrine of evolution, yet . . . the late Pontiff Pius IX. favored me with public and unequivocal marks of his paternal approbation. . . . It would be strange if evolution were condemned by authority, when the first Englishman to uphold it as applied to evolution of Christian dogma was our universally revered Cardinal Newman."

In a work on the evolution of organic species, Father le Roy, a French Dominican, prophesies for the transformist idea the same fate as befell the idea of Galileo, which before it triumphed was the horror of believers. A German religious review, *Die Katholische Bewegung*, which is no less orthodox or less jealous than any Italian religious paper, was pleased a short time ago to refer to this saying of Lubbock's : "A doctrine which teaches humility toward the past, faith in the present, and hope in the future, cannot be irreconcilable with religious truth." I have adduced other testimonies of the same nature from modern ecclesiastical writers. These might well have been sufficient. But I deemed it interesting to descend, following the lantern light of other seekers, from modern to ancient theology, exploring the most obscure depths of the more famous Christian philosophers, with the object of finding in them hidden analogies with the hypothesis of evolution. And I have been forced above all to admire the freedom, the power, the daring of those great men in their interpretation of the Mosaic record, in which they sought to find a meaning corresponding with their conception of God, breaking the seals of that literal interpretation which

might satisfy the multitude, but could not satisfy their elevated genius. St. Augustine imagined primary matter to be capable, by means of properties communicated to it by the Creator, of producing by degrees all organisms, each at its proper time, the actual world thus existing in potentiality within matter.

It is absurd to suppose that St. Augustine had the theory of evolution in his mind ; and yet, if we follow his interpretation of the Mosaic record, it becomes very easy to admit that our planetary system was produced by the rotation of a nebula, just as another may now be in process of production by the gigantic nebula of Orion ; it becomes very easy to admit that living species were produced naturally by generation, just as every one of us was produced, although we do not think ourselves to be transgressing the limits of truth when we confess that we were created and put into the world by God.

The interpretation of St. Augustine may be and indeed was contested by theologians, but this is of little consequence ; I do not wish to make use of it to found a dogma, but to defend a liberty. Proceeding yet further, I have ventured to maintain that the theory of evolution corresponds to Nature itself and to the tendency of Christianity. If the writer of Genesis had in substance a vision of the gradual ascent of the Creation from its first origin, from the imperfect toward the perfect, St. Paul saw the vision of its future ascent. St. Paul, who discerned in the far future the transformation of man, who likens our present animal body to a seed which shall generate a spiritual body, also saw the transformation of the lower creation, rising upward after its leader, issuing from the bondage of corruption, and attaining to liberty and glory. He had another vision still more sublime : he discerned an eternal ascent for us, *de claritate in claritatem*, from glory to glory, following a line of continuous progress from the imperfect to the perfect, written in the ages which lie behind us. Many commentators, I know, have explained that marvellous passage in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians differently, but for my part I like to understand it as it was understood by the Mystic of the

"Imitation," when, speaking of the spirits of the just who have risen to a higher life, he says: *de claritate in claritatem abyssi Deitatis transformati*; transformed from glory to glory in the abyss of the Godhead.

During my journey along the road which led me to bring to light the profound harmony between the evolutionist hypothesis and Christian beliefs, I several times caught sight before me of that difficult and dangerous part of the road, of which I am now going to speak. Even then I pointed it out to those who followed me, and showed them how it might be safely got over. The passage is defended by a multitude of enemies of evolution, armed with every kind of weapon, not excepting outrage and contempt, and is blocked by another multitude of kind and sensible persons, who shudder at the very sight of what others will dare and do. This difficult step strikes horror into many who would gladly follow me so far, but no farther. I suppose all those who are unmoved by theological or anti theological passions, would willingly become evolutionists with me, if they had not to cross it. I speak, of course, of the application of the transformist hypothesis to the origin of the human species, and the step is the admission of the validity of the universal law as applied to man, which involves the origin of the human species from an inferior species. Now man is the central point of evolution. If we admit that all inferior species derive their origin from an evolutionary process, but that man was directly created by God, who moulded a statue out of clay and breathed life into it, then it is not worth while engaging in conflict for the sake of a theory struck at the very heart. Why should we pronounce in favor of one part only of that theory? It is like saying to an accused man: I will be lenient to you; I will acquit you of a thousand accusations, and only condemn you to death for one. And if we believe that God chose to make Adam by this method of moulding him out of clay, there is not the smallest reason for supposing that the lower animals had the privilege of being composed, as the evolutionists say, of elaborated matter marvellously refined

in the furnace of life. There is no reason for believing that God required so many millions of centuries, so much wise complexity of vital and physical actions and reactions, such co-operation of heaven and earth, to produce out of the clay a horse or any other animal, using methods of working so remote from ours, so far transcending our intelligence, and even our imagination, if we are to believe that His work in the production of man was like the hasty touches of the sculptor as he moulds his idea out of the clay. It is comparatively easy to obtain the acceptance of the principle of evolution as far as regards the origin of the stellar and planetary systems, and also as regards the organic forms inferior to man. It is easy to obtain the acceptance of the principle of evolution after the appearance of man, when we have passed from the physical to the moral order; when it serves to explain the formation of social organisms, their development, decay, and transformation; when it elucidates the progressive ascendancy of intellect in social life, the progressive concord of human consciences in a single moral ideal. But if the government of the universe in a past which is out of sight, and in a future of which the end is not yet visible, is to be assigned to this supposed law of evolution, and its solidity is to be denied just in the centre, it is folly to trust it with such a burden; it will assuredly fall to ruin. Therefore to me, who have hitherto spoken of the great hypothesis with such a high conception of its value, of its moral and intellectual beauty, and the light which it can throw on religious faith, it has now become an unavoidable necessity to test the resisting power of the most important and most disputed part of it, to see what scientific support it has, and whether one may put his foot on it, carrying his Christian faith with him; or whether the burden be too heavy and he has to lay it down first. It will afterward be my duty also to speak as an artist, to consider whether this presumed descent of man from the brutes really makes an ugly blemish in the plan of the universe, or whether the blemish be not only in the eyes or glasses of those who hate it. I know

that to many my audacity will seem excessive. Many religious persons, although secretly well disposed toward the doctrines which I am defending, will blame me, in their prudent piety, for touching on questions of such a nature that they may explode in my hands, wounding both him who speaks and those who listen. But I would respectfully ask them if they have considered well in what manner and in what times we are living, and whether those who oppose spiritualist doctrines show the same scruples. I would ask them if there are not professorial chairs in Italy where it is being taught that the theory of evolution has overthrown God; if they are sure that similar ideas may not, at some future time, be set forth in this very place; if it is not true even now that many small, middle-class philosophers, as I know from personal experience, go about preaching to the people that man is descended from the monkeys, and that therefore the Christian religion is false.

I would beg of them, in the face of enemies like these, some of whom are powerful, though some are only irritating, not to exhort me to be in fear of my own people, my companions in faith.

## II.

Let us first of all acknowledge that science does not yet possess a single reliable document directly proving the origin of man from an inferior species. The illustrious scientist Virchow, the first advocate of the so-called "Pythecoid Theory," or descent of the human species from a simian species, said a few months ago, at a scientific congress at Moscow: "As to the question of man, we are defeated along the whole line."

Direct ancestors of some still existing species of animals have been found in the sepulchres of the period which preceded the appearance of the human species; but direct ancestors of our own species have never been found. Human remains of great antiquity have been brought to light from the depths of caves; the capacity of the cranium, the length of the legs have been measured, and at first some people thought that these Cave ancestors

of ours were more like apes than men; but now those very naturalists who base their scientific materialism on the parentage between man and the brute, and who try hardest to collect proofs of it, have frankly confessed that they cannot extract any testimony in favor of such a parentage from these remains, to which, nevertheless, they attribute an antiquity of sometimes hundreds of centuries. They have given up the idea that the gorilla or the orang-outang, or any other quadrumanes of existing species can have been our relative in the direct line; they have made collateral relations of them, and have traced their race and ours back to one remote stock, to an extinct species of which no trace or memory is left. Some think that from these common ancestors the apes were derived by a process of deterioration, and we ourselves by a process of ascent, just as from certain ancient Saurians serpents descended, and we ascended. Those strata of the earth which may contain traces and memorials of such a species, or of any animal intermediary between the quadrumana and man, have up till now been explored to such a small extent that they may almost be said to be intact. To assert that they do not contain the fossils of a given animal species, is like asserting that a given word is not to be found in an enormous book, of which one page only has been glanced at. I think that in any case the importance of the hiatus has been exaggerated. The many other links which are wanting in the series of animal species, even among the quadrumana, such as that between the gorilla and the orang-outang, have not prevented the immense majority of naturalists from accepting the theory of evolution, all the more so because it has never been proved that the process of transformation has always been equally slow and gradual. Some think that when the force preservative of old forms is stronger than the progressive force, the latter accumulates by degrees till it gains the predominance, and that then there is a sudden movement onward, a remarkable and abrupt transformation. Besides, those who now cry to us in accents of defiance, "Up and find us this link between the brute



and man," will say, if we find it to-morrow, "And what of that? You have proved that instead of a million, let us say, of animal species inferior to man, there is a million and one. If this newly-found species resembles the human species more closely than the former ones, that only proves what we already know, that the Creator had in His mind a scale of animal organisms founded on a single basis, in accordance with a harmonious and well-proportioned design. But it does not in the least prove that He did not construct each step separately, and put each in its place, piece by piece, in its complete form. You cannot prove that the horse is the son of the *Hipparion*, nor that your *Pithecanthropos* is the father of man. Agassiz, who would never listen to the idea of evolution, would have called it a prophetic type and nothing else." Thus would speak the opponents of evolution. On the other hand I should like to address the following discourse to those who are so unconcerned about this precious missing link. Let us imagine an age in the far future, when every race of men has reached the highest stage of civilization, and every corner of the earth has been long since explored and cultivated by mankind. Let us suppose, at the same time, that evolution has never been heard of, and that Lamarck and Darwin are still *in mente Dei*. I can fancy that by such a time all those mammiferous animals which are injurious or useless to man, might have disappeared, according to a law of Nature which is even now in operation. I can picture the aforesaid great men arising, and their audacious genius creating for the first time the theory of Descent, at a time when no animal more closely resembling us than our domestic animals, remains upon the earth. Allow me also to suppose that neither descriptions nor drawings exist to transmit to that age the memory of extinct species. I can see fierce theological and scientific opposition arising against these men; I can hear the derision with which their strange theory is received, and the questions that come from every side as to where these intermediate species, these links between the dog, the bull, or the horse,

and man, are to be found. I can then imagine that some African belonging to these civilized times might find among the most ancient traditions of his continent one relating that once upon a time strange animals lived there among the forests, animals very like men, who, according to the savage tribes, were really men, but did not dare to speak for fear of being made to work. He might find another tradition current among the natives of Cape Palmas, who say that these forest men once belonged to their own tribe, but were turned out on account of their vices, and that persistence in their perverse habits has made them grow like beasts in appearance. I can fancy, in consequence of this, researches being made in the earth, and various skeletons being found which are at once decided not to be human remains, because the cavity of the skull is too small, the arms too long, and the legs too short, besides other specific differences. At the same time it is acknowledged that these skeletons resemble the human species most extraordinarily in general structure, both because they have not all, and because some of them have the same number of vertebrae and teeth, besides real hands and feet of their own, in which the bones of the tarsus are like man's in number, form and distribution. It is assumed that the link has been found between quadrupeds and bipeds, and it is surmised that some of these beings may even have been able to walk, bent indeed, but still able to move about on their hind legs only. I ask if the apostles of evolution would not then register a triumph somewhat similar to that of an astronomer who has pointed out where a planet is to be found, as yet never seen either by himself or others; I ask whether much importance would be attached any longer to the intervals still remaining unfilled, between these unknown animals and man. We who are the contemporaries of the great anthropoid apes, we who hunt them, who study them in zoological gardens and museums, have been able to note many other anatomical resemblances between their bodies and ours, besides those of the mere skeleton, and not a few maladies which they have in common with us,

as also the taste for liquor and tobacco. We know, too, that their young, differing in this from those of any inferior species, are born like our own children, completely incapable of sustaining themselves alone.

They say that there are moments in the earliest phases of the life of the human organism, when it assumes characteristics of anterior species, which afterward disappear. And anatomy has already revealed the fact that vestiges of organs possessed by inferior species exist in us, which in them are active, but in us are useless, if not harmful. This idea has now been applied to a little gland hidden within our brain, which no anatomist could account for, and so it occurred to one philosopher to lodge the soul in it. Now I read that the pineal gland has been discovered to be the useless remains of a third eye, which did good service to the remote invertebrate progenitors of humanity.

I do not know, however, whether embryology has really the right to see in the early phases of human life an historical summary of all the transformations through which it has been possible from a fish to produce a man. I do not know whether anatomy can say with certainty that this gland, this vermicular appendix of the intestines, this fourth lobe of the right lung, are no longer of any use, are sometimes even hurtful, are only reminiscences of the obscure past of the organism.

All this has been affirmed, but it is difficult even for a layman to admit that the absolute uselessness of a single living cellule can be demonstrated. The truth is that there is no need it should be. The general structure of the human body, the quality and formation of its vital functions, its chemical composition, so eloquently demonstrate its substantial and fundamental identity with the bodies of inferior animals, so evidently prove that it belongs to the same family as certain other species, that all that remains to be proved is whether the members of one family are related to one another or not.

If life were now to become extinct on our planet, and if intelligent beings were to come from some other star to study the relics of the inferior animals

and of mankind, they would have no hesitation in pronouncing that both had had a common origin and had been constructed in the same manner.

Now that the interval between man and the brute has been passed over, partly by reasoning and partly by springing across it, here we find another empty gap, immensely wider and deeper than the first, so wide and deep, indeed, that even Wallace, one of the two founders of the hypothesis named only after Darwin, refused to cross it along with his colleague.

If the interval between the human body and the body of a gorilla does not seem very great, the interval between the human soul and the soul of the brute seems enormous.

Darwin crossed it, and several others crossed it after him, maintaining that the human soul, like the body, does not originate from a special act of creation, but has been naturally developed from the soul of the brute. Not every one, however, has crossed the chasm at the same place, and so, though we may expect to find bridges thrown across at different points where it can be passed over, we shall find very abysses separating them. Many have followed Professor Haeckel in taking the shortest and most direct route to reach the conclusion that there is no difference of origin between man and the brute even with regard to the soul; they say that pure soul is found neither in beast nor man, and that sensation, sentiment, intelligence, reason, will, and conscience, are movements of matter and nothing more. This idea has, very reasonably, inspired religious persons with great repugnance, but it has also given rise to great alarm, which reminds me of the Piedmontese proverb: "*La paura a l'è fatta d'n'en*:" "Fear is made of nothing." And it is indeed the case that these gentlemen, finding that they could not understand the dogma of the immortal spirit, invented another dogma, that of thinking matter, which is even harder to understand. They have removed a great  $x$  from the problem of the Universe, and replaced it by an enormous  $y$ . This may have been an amusement for them, it may even have been in a certain sense useful, since every error has its

providential use, in this case that of having served and of serving to stimulate useful studies in the more recondite workings of the living organism ; but for all that the *y* has now become science.

Others have taken another road. Romanes, the man who did his utmost to demonstrate the evolution of the intelligence, and the origin of the human soul from the brutes, has displayed a juster and more accurate conception of science. Assuring the existence of a general law of evolution, Romanes maintained that it could not be broken at one place only in order to assign a special origin to the human soul. He observed the existence, during a short period, of a resemblance between the intelligence of the new-born babe, as revealed in its mode of expression, and that of certain of the animals most favored by Nature. This seemed to him to indicate an historical record of the past in the intellectual order, similar to that revealed in the successive forms taken by the embryo in the physical order. He saw, besides this, an ascent, a continuous intellectual evolution of the human race from pre-historic times until now, and as he had previously remarked an ascent, a continuous intellectual evolution from the lower animals to the higher, he deemed it probable that both formed part of a single movement nowhere interrupted.

He noticed about twenty different emotions common to the beasts and man, such as fear, surprise, affection, irritability, jealousy, anger, joy, emulation, pride, sadness, hatred, shame ; he noticed the presence of instinct in us also. Speaking of the higher faculties, such as conscience and the capacity of forming an idea, he remarked, with much prudence and discretion at any rate, that as they spring from the basis of other faculties, which we also possess in common with the brutes, they suggest the idea of an evolutionary process. Therefore, seeking to demonstrate the gradual and successive formation of these faculties by study of the development of the infant, he has deduced by analogy a similarly gradual transition upward, from the mind of the brute to our mind, recognizing at the same time that during this transi-

tion some new ingredient may have been cast into the crucible.

He has paid great attention to those forms of speech which we possess in common with the brutes, and also to the origins of human speech. It is as impossible for me here to sum up all his laborious and subtle researches, as it was impossible for him to extract from them anything more than mere probability and likelihood.

Certainly any one who inquires into the past of human language can easily see that the thousand and more languages now existing sprout like leaves and branches from a scanty number of stems, which, again, can be traced to a still more limited number of stocks ; but to discover the subterranean roots also, to find the germs which gave birth to those primitive conceptions, which in their turn originated the first words—this is a task impossible to any one. And yet, if all human languages have been naturally developed from these first conceptions and first words, Romanes thinks it probable that they too were naturally developed from a previous state, when the animal, at the point of becoming man, had as yet neither speech nor conceptions. Romanes, however, has studied the quality of thought which may be extracted from the few primitive fossil words excavated by science. He finds in them thought of an inferior quality, reflecting the external, physical world only. Just as to the mind of the poet a petrified shell suggests visions of a time when man as yet was not, so to the mind of the thinker the petrified word suggests visions of men in whom the higher faculties of thought were still undeveloped. This convinces him more and more of the probability, that as the child rises by degrees from a low intellectual condition to the first instinctive and imitative articulations, then to conceptions, to true and individual speech, so it has been with the whole race. There are, according to him, even better reasons for admitting the evolution of the intelligence than that of the organism ; and although we are only treating of probabilities, it would be unwise to withhold assent to a probability so strong.

This science may err, but its speech

is calm and truly scientific. When, on the other hand, the evolutionists of the school of Haeckel worked at the foundation of the new theory, one really hardly knows whether they are preparing the foundations of a scientific edifice, or digging entrenchments against a faith, whether they are engaged in a work of peace or war. As they narrate the history of the universe, one cannot but feel that they are thinking with hatred of the sacred record, and their words often ring like an accusation. One would imagine that instead of being seated in the chair of science, they were occupying the school of the Public Prosecutor before the assizes, bringing an action against the Creator.

They speak with a certain contempt of mere scientific observation. With a good pair of eyes, and a microscope, they say, the first passer by may become famous. What is really necessary is to be a philosopher, what is really necessary is to be persuaded that the world requires no government whatever, and that the presence of God in it is intolerable.

They therefore demand the death of the accused, or else that He be banished to the domain of weak minds and sentimental hearts, and forbidden to act in any way, or even to show Himself beyond that region. They reject all testimony in His favor as having been falsified by fraud, imbecility, or poetry. They inveigh against the counsel for the defence, and insult all the Christian Churches as lying.

Since these Churches can no longer stand if you take from under them the conception of the immortal spirit, their adversaries, throughout the course of the action, produce documents to prove the origin of man from the brutes, in order to conclude that it is no use talking about the spirituality and immortality of the human soul, and that indeed it is no use talking about any specific human soul at all. If the jury admit this, they cannot refuse to condemn a Being in whose name the human race has been deceived for thirty or forty centuries.

On the other hand, that science which is inspired by classical English equity, does not seek to judge whether or not the human soul differs in many

points of nature from the soul of the beasts, whether or not it has the privilege of immortality. "A Gospel may affirm it," Romanes confesses, "we cannot deny it." As soon as it reaches the door of the Church, this science stops in silence. Let us now take our leave of it, and enter the Church. Let us see what manner of place can be found for the evolutionist hypothesis of the origin of the human species, among the very different doctrines which have been admitted after long waiting on the threshold, doctrines such as the existence of the Antipodes, the doctrines of Copernicus and Galileo about the solar system, and the doctrine of the antiquity of man, which is gaining admittance now.

### III.

The place of the evolutionist hypothesis in the Church can certainly not be in the pulpit, nor in the comfortable seats assigned to acknowledged truths.

The Church has no reason whatever for adhering to any scientific hypothesis. I myself, who declare myself an adherent of this one, should probably use more guarded language if I held office or dignity in the Church. It is the duty of science to prove her own hypotheses. Therefore I have never thought, nor do I think now, that the Church ought to pronounce in its favor. But there are some hypotheses which the Church cannot even allow to be discussed within her bosom. Let us see whether the transformist hypothesis of the origin of man be one of these. To do this it is necessary to consider separately the part which concerns the human body and that which concerns the human soul.

There is no doubt that, as far as the body is concerned, the Christian conscience is at liberty to hold that, instead of having been directly created in its present form, out of a handful of clay, it has risen up to it from a lower form of life. This liberty may be proved by facts, as motion is proved by walking. Professor St. George Mivart, who received tokens of favor for his work from the Supreme Pontiff Pius IX., admits the evolution of the human body. The theologian Grossman, in a work to which the theological fac-



ulty of the University of Munich awarded a prize, acknowledges that it is not a heresy. The Jesuit father, Bellinek, has written that Catholics may freely discuss the question whether or not the human body has undergone modifications. Suarez, another Jesuit of less recent date, quotes famous ecclesiastical writers, St. John Chrysostom among others, who considered it possible that an inferior species of man, devoid of rational soul, may have preceded the present species.

The Bible was no source of perplexity either to these writers or to the saint. The Bible does not reveal to us God's method, when from the soil of the earth He formed the lower animals and man. It says "formavit," He formed. I compare this word also to a germ. Just as the most gigantic tree is all virtually contained in the seed, and preserves its own special nature from the obscure, minute beginning, till it reaches the glory of an exuberant life, which expands into manifold forms, boughs and branches, and the more delicate organisms of leaves and flowers; so all modern science was virtually contained in that word "formavit," when it was first sown, when as yet men could only discern in it a very lowly and simple meaning. And this word has preserved its essence of truth through all the progress of the human intellect, while that lowly, simple meaning has been growing and developing in the minds of men, striking roots, throwing up a stem, descending to ever greater depths in the conception of the formative Cause, rising to ever greater heights in the conception of the methods adopted by that Cause, and to ever clearer demonstration of the most complicated paths by which Life has risen from the simple to the complex, from the dust to man.

The Bible says: "God created;" Science says: "In this manner." The Biblical record of the Creation has been called by a great evolutionist, "the theory of the Creator-carpenter." Wrongly so, because in that record God is not represented as working mechanically, like a carpenter: the operating force is always the Word. As in Genesis, so in the Psalms and in the Gospels, it is always the Word which is

glorified as the supreme operator in all things. "Amen," says a sacred book, "*principium creaturæ Dei.*" Amen, so be it; not the conclusion, but the beginning; not the articulate Word, the sonorous command, but order, law. And Science, in her continuous work, in heaven and earth, in every mechanical movement of atoms, in every phenomenon of vital forces, in the study of the past, in the provisions of the future, meets this operating Word, this law; indeed she meets only law, and if law were not, Science herself would not be Science.

The human body is, therefore, according to the Bible also, the product of a law. How this law works the Holy Scriptures do not tell us. The deep and dark enigma is placed before us with a silent gesture.

When, therefore, we inquire how the human body was formed, and find that it was probably not formed without law, or without the regular action of forces directed and ordered to this end, we are certainly upon the right road. Let us go onward. We find then that there are forces at work within species after species, from the very lowest form of animal life, a mere cell, a mere stomach. They begin by preparing it a head, a place of honor for one who shall come, who shall receive power and glory, and reign over the earth. They make ready for him the instruments of his dominion, first forming the nervous fibre, then the different lines of nerves; gathering them into groups, concentrating them in the head, until here we have the framework of the throne of the future prince; here, small, and humble, and weak, is the first brain. This brain goes on growing continually, and as Darwin has observed, continual mysterious modifications, corresponding to its phases of development, are noticeable in the shape of the other members.

It goes on growing until it reaches a point of development at which there is a corresponding modification in the organs of the voice. Then comes the unloosening of the first concept, and its transmission by the first word; no, the second word, the answer which has cost infinite ages, efforts, pain, and lives to produce; the answer, I say, to

the first word, to the order of God. By the same continuous marvellous working these same forces prepare within the primitive cellule a vaguely diffused sensibility to the rays of light. This they concentrate into a special nerve, thus initiating a dim kind of sight, constituting a sort of camera obscura, a lens, a complex instrument which absorbs the light of the sun and the color of things, which reflects the light of life and the color of the passions, in which at last conscience will appear, and which from that moment will acquire its special power of speech, will be uplifted to heaven to give its own answer, and will be the human eye. We see the same forces at work in the gradual preparation of another organ, making it first movable at will, then accustoming it to an unconscious regular motion, then forming its powerful vital centre, which in the brute already begins to measure the depths of passion, to tremble with terror, joy, and anger. And then, when the brain has been made ready to conceive the existence of its own personality and the external world, and to deduce from natural phenomena the idea of a superior Force, it also will be ready to pronounce its first impetuous word, its instinctive answer, its first throb of religious feeling.

We can trace throughout the ages the preparation of those organs most appropriate to our own species. We see animals which are already superior to the others by the constitution of their brain, the mobile vivacity of their passions, the position of their eyes placed in the front of their head, forced by the necessity of procuring food and the fear of ferocious enemies, to lead an arboreal life, which, by obliging them to climb and hang suspended from the branches, prepares them for the erect position, and especially for a new and more complicated use of the extremities. The habit of maintaining an erect position, besides developing the muscles of the chest in a manner useful for vociferation, modifies the lower extremities and makes them firmer; while the upper ones, which the animal makes use of to grasp the branches, and to gather and handle fruit, acquire increasing mobility and

dexterity. Thus they are gradually fitted for becoming that exquisite instrument of the intelligence, the human hand, which in its turn will admirably contribute its word and answer, by writing: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." This is the hidden meaning which we find in the word "formavit." Others may find different meanings, or may prefer the old one; the Christian conscience is free. Yet I believe that when the modern interpretation has become universally accepted it will be seen to be a proof that the fruit of true science is not to destroy but to enlarge the idea of God; it will be seen that it purifies it more and more from the mere material resemblance to man, from the comparison of the divine methods of working with human methods, and that it consequently makes the human spirit more religious. For if God does indeed appear to our minds greater than He used to be, it cannot be that He has grown, but rather that we are drawing nearer to Him. This stupendous result therefore follows—that the more we acknowledge ourselves distant from and unlike God in the lower part of our nature, the more we resemble Him and the nearer we draw to Him in the higher part, which, by increasing absorption of His light and heat, attains to ever more vigorous and rapid development.

The human soul! In the face of those who assert that man in his entirety, in soul as in body, is a product of evolution, the Christian conscience of all Churches arises and says: "I acknowledge that there is no difference of nature between the body of man and the body of the brute; I can believe that the former is descended by generation from the latter; but I do see a difference of nature between the soul of the brute and the soul of man, inasmuch as the latter only is capable of forming true and individual concepts, is possessed of true and individual consciousness; I must believe that a divine Word intervened to produce the latter, and that it, and it only, is personally immortal."

After a declaration such as this has been made, the Christian conscience is at liberty to accept any theory of the

origin of the soul which is not irreconcilable with it.

I shall pause here for a moment to enter, not the field where the origin of the first soul is being discussed, but another very similar one close by, where the discussion turns on the origin of all the souls which have come after. Christian theology has never been able to agree on this point, and has put forward several contradictory hypotheses. It has been said that each soul is directly created by God for each body; it has been replied that if this were so, the soul would be exempt from original sin. It has been said that the soul is transmitted from father to son; it has been pointed out in return, that, as the human soul is immortal, this would involve granting immortality even to forms which never attain complete development.

St. Augustine confessed that he could not get to the bottom of it; the greatest among his friends and disciples, St. Fulgentius, wrote that it is allowable to hold either of these opinions, but that neither can be proved.

Now, it is possible, I believe, to form a general conception of the origin of the human soul, which, though certainly not leading to the discovery of the particular mode of that origin which neither St. Augustine nor St. Fulgentius could make out, and which science will never be able to demonstrate with certainty, shall yet not be in contradiction with the Christian faith, nor yet with that doctrine which connects and subordinates the conception of evolution to the conception of creation. According to this general principle, I believe that every human soul is the product of the originating Word: "Let us make man in our image and after our likeness." I believe that this Word is not to be understood as merely articulate, audible, and transitory, but that it can only signify the divine Will; in action, as a law of nature in the origin of man; in action, as a law of nature in the reproduction of individuals; in action throughout that distant future in which I foresee man conforming himself more and more closely to the image and likeness of God.

By means of a given energy, therefore, of the divine Will, or, if you will,

by the law of nature, the human embryo from the moment of its formation is animated and destined by its parents to become a human soul; but only when it has reached a certain stage of development impossible to determine exactly is the human soul created, something after the manner of the eye, which, after gradual preparation in the embryo, suddenly acquires the faculty of sight.

This is the manner in which I can trace the direct working of the creative Will in the origin of each human soul.

But if I am at liberty, as a Christian, to believe that the souls of the sons of Adam are created human in this way, by the efficacy of the divine originating Word, by a law of nature, much more am I at liberty to maintain that this divine Word produced Adam himself in the same way. I may believe that the divine Word, working as a law of nature, prepared body and soul together in the lower phase of life, and then, when the body was ready, created the soul within it; but always working as a law of nature.

The human soul, thus suddenly created after a long period of preparation, by her very birth returned her own answer: "Here am I; I exist."

This entrance into the world of the conscious spirit and the created speech closes one epoch; and now another opens, in which the activity of evolution becomes moral. The human soul can never again be as pure as the clay of its birth, when first it could say, "I am." But we shall see it, after starting from a state of innocence, attaining through error and sorrow to a new, mysterious, regenerating contact with its Cause, whence with fuller and more complete consciousness, with more intelligent love, it will be able to say, "Thou art." But this is no part of my subject, to which I must return, to say a last word as an artist.

#### IV.

Above everything, I protest against the prejudice of those who shudder at the application of the transformist theory to the human species, as though it were moral baseness.

Poetry and moral baseness may indeed, unfortunately, exist together in a person, but never in an idea. If some one were to preach to us that man was born of the lion and the eagle, and woman of the lily and the rose, there might not be so many protests as are now aroused by the idea of progenitors who seem to us deformed, just because, in their imperfect, monstrous humanity of aspect, they resemble us. I can imagine that at some future and superior stage of our existence all the miseries of the animal human body may inspire a like sentiment of repugnance in those possessed of a spiritual, transformed body. This spiritual body already exists in potentiality within our own body; it is that toward which we unconsciously aspire, which we catch glimpses of through our idealization of love, and which so often makes us scorn and revolt against our humiliating animalism. But we do not descend from the brutes. The very consciousness of our human dignity, the vibrating speech which asserts it, have been preparing us for a higher enlightenment, which has penetrated, illuminated, and transfigured even the deformed face which alone they could transmit to us.

We do not descend; we ascend from them; and our age is getting to understand better and better that, though human vanity may sometimes feel gratified by descent, the true glory of man is to ascend. If we seek to boast of our origin, let our boast be this: that we were not made suddenly, long after the first animals, out of clay, out of the putrefaction, so to speak, of past lives; but rather that a mighty work has been wrought out on our planet, in order that, from the dust which knew neither putrefaction nor death, living forms might arise adapted to the transmission of life, to its progress, through the co-operation of all nature, toward higher types, never halting for a moment until brow, gaze, and living word were uplifted toward heaven. I cannot understand either, how those who believe in one Author of all things can be ashamed of any kind of parentage with the brutes. We, who believe that Nature carried us in her bosom as inferior animals, have for her a feeling which is at once more religious and more moral,

which is gradually, indeed, penetrating more practically into life, and becoming by degrees an element of modern civilization.

It cannot be moral to feel and express contempt for creatures occupying the place assigned to them by the laws of nature. To me, the history of the universe, from the first cellule to the first conscience, seems like a divine drama, each separate word, as well as the whole, directed by complex, rigorous laws; a drama such as the most perfect human poem can barely give us a faint image of. In a poem such as this, though there may be words that appear mean, no word can ever be contemptible, for each one in its own place contributes its thread of idea, being the necessary preparation which must precede, and in a certain sense generate, the clear speech which follows afterward.

The spiritual conception of evolution, which I am defending, does, however, make human dignity consist in fighting against a certain close connection which we have with the brute; but it is a brute of obscure and unnamed species, which, as a living witness of the past, still rages within the human heart, continually striving to make himself master of it, and having to struggle against the empire of a power to him unknown—the moral conscience; what he desires being to gain possession of another power not so unknown to him—the intellect; and, if he conquers, he rises to the face, and looks out through human eyes, at times invisible and insidious, at others greedy and sinister; now ridiculous, now horrible, according to the qualities and motions of the passion prevailing in him, and the greater or less use which he has been able to make of the intellect. And if this use has been but small, if passion has remained merely bestial, he carves it on the conquered brow, stamping his own lineaments on it, and presents to us an ambiguous being, descending obliquely toward a state which is neither bestial nor human, but is much worse than either.

Modern art ought to understand the function which a fundamental law of nature has assigned to her as the expression of the higher human faculties.



It is her duty, according to the law of evolution, to help the divine to restrain the brutal, the future to develop from the past. Many a time has she fulfilled and she still fulfils this mission half unconsciously, by the simple representation of beauty, or by the expression of the noblest sentiments, and by bearing witness to the highest beliefs; but now it is better that she should become conscious of her office, as illumined by the torch of science.

Be we few or many, we combatants for the power and glory of the spirit, full of faith in science and in every form of human progress, have no intention of allowing the great idea of evolution to be abandoned almost contemptuously to a materialist philosophy, which, without having the smallest right over it, uses it as a weapon against our very ideal itself.

We do not mean that the artistic representation of the moral conceptions best corresponding to the Christian idea should be respected only as a praiseworthy fidelity to the past. Art, according to our theory, by promoting all moral ascent, makes her own the boldest conjectures of modern science, and keeps faith with the future. The law of evolution governs the world by means of two forces, the conservative force and the progressive force. Both are equally worthy of admiration. But if, as has been said before, the first animal which began to stand upright and to walk with its lower extremities only, was a radical, then the art which tends to correct every viciously oblique inclination of the human mind, setting it high and straight on the road which leads away from animalism, is a radical art. That is to say, it is an instrument, though a humble one, of that progressive force whose highest instrument is the divine living Word, which, full still of hidden germs, goes on working in the world, openly and secretly, recognized and unrecognized, as the Christian moral law.

I do not mean by this to recommend to art the exclusive representation of ideal types. She may do well also to practise the autopsy of the human animal. "*Il est dangereux*," says Pascal, "*de trop faire voir à l'homme combien il est égal aux bêtes sans lui montrer sa*

*grandeur. Il est dangereux de lui faire trop voir sa grandeur sans sa bassesse. Il est encore plus dangereux de lui laisser ignorer l'un et l'autre ; mais il est très avantageux de lui montrer l'un et l'autre.*"

Any subject may furnish art with the opportunity for this double work. No human art can be true which cannot find in the same person elements of the higher and elements of the lower life, at least some germ of the former, at least some trace of the latter.

But the artist is not fulfilling his mission unless he makes it felt that he is conscious of it, that he is striving against the ancient brute, against the tendency of the lower human element to hinder the development of the higher element. There is no need to subordinate art to morality, as so many have done in such a way that morality superposed on art has seemed like a dead thing crushing a living one; what is needed is to blend them in such perfect unity that it is impossible to distinguish the moral from the artistic intention.

This activity of the inferior human element, which in the individual takes the form of a thousand different motions, and often drapes itself with goodness in the conscience of the very person within whom it is at work, is just as much present in the organic disorder from which society is now suffering, and here it is even more hypocritical. It would be easy to show that this organic social disorder is produced by the working of those lower forms of covetousness belonging partly to the past, because consecrated by law, consolidated by habit into institutions, grown unconscious, automatic; partly to the present because alive, active and making themselves felt in the high and low places of society. It is they that have set themselves above the consciousness of that supreme moral law, which corresponds in the moral order to the law of attraction in the physical order; which in the moral order commands human souls, and in the physical order commands atoms, to attract each other reciprocally and to gravitate together toward a centre.

And therefore that noble art which grows passionate over social miseries

should beware, as far as possible, of even indirectly arousing these instincts. It must fight against them all, armed with an ideal of justice adapted to transform the world by means of love, and by means of the equal distribution, not of enjoyments, but of duties, and of duties, too, which do not correspond to the armed rights of codicils and force—let our legislators mark this—but which do correspond to the law of moral attraction, to the rights of Love, to the rights of God.

Knights of the spirit though we be, we do not for that reason despise or hate the body. It is natural to poetry as well as to love to idealize the human body, to anticipate almost instinctively its future evolution, in a vague, fantastic, prophetic way. The small, delicate hand of a woman is to the mind of the poet or the lover all form, color, life, feeling, intelligence, passion, womanliness; for them it is a short but exquisite poem, a silent world of the soul, and, being a lasting flower, it becomes almost like a symbol of eternal youth. They shrink from the thought that this sweet spiritual hand should be descended, even after the lapse of myriads of centuries, from members which were not human; but they would equally shrink from the consideration of the inner part of that hand, as it would present itself to a professor of anatomy. These two forms of repugnance spring from the same root; the idea of an inferior life which is purely animal, of an organism entirely similar in its interior play to that of the beasts.

It is a fact which becomes much more offensive when considering the body as a whole. There is very little to be gained by denying it in the past, seeing that it must be admitted in the present. Well it seems to me that the more vivid, the more powerful the sense of this fact is, the more impetuous will be the reaction which it causes, the stronger the impulse it gives to the loving fancy, which longs to see in the body only the external beauty, the flower of life, the intense expression of the soul; those very qualities, in fact, which are suitable to the ideal human body, to the human body of the promised future evolution. It must also be

said that we necessarily have a different ideal of corporeal beauty from the ancient ideal. Every one whose mind is modern must feel the coldness, the insufficiency of the purely classical type of feminine beauty, as the inspiration of love and art; but we can also find the reasons for this. Greek beauty expresses a serene and radiant, though not vain, content with its own existence; it represents to me the sublime joy of a human nature which has emerged from the darkness of an inferior life, happy at last, in the light, to be able to rest in contemplation. Its characteristics are satisfaction and repose. On the other hand, the characteristics of our ideal of beauty, penetrated as it is in every line of the person with refined sentiment and intelligence, are aspiration, and the expression of desires never satisfied because they ask of Love and Life infinity and eternity. It represents to me human nature, risen higher still, renewed in spirit, illumined by an ideal which it hardly comprehends, but which it feels, longing and panting to realize it more fully.

An art which thus draws inspiration from the hypothesis of evolution both in the moral and physical order of things is clearly religious in character. The conception of human evolution thus applied harmonizes with the purest religious and moral feeling.

This is why I believe with my whole soul that the great hypothesis is true.

A materialist whom I love, not, certainly, on account of his doctrines, but rather for the deep, bitter, Leopardian sadness which they spread in his heart, thinks that as so many of the mineral elements of our earth are to be found existent in other stars, very probably the matter which here gave origin to the first living cellule may be found to exist in them too. Therefore, the law of evolution being universal, if on our earth the first cellule was capable of producing, little by little, beings with the sense and capacity for poetry, it is very probable that another cellule may at the same time have produced the same result in some other star of heaven.

"So may it be," writes Maudsley, "that when the high-souled poetic being gazes into

the blue deep of heaven on a cloudless night, rapt away from things of earth in a transport of ineffable ecstasy, and is thrilled with mysterious sympathies that bring him into sacred communion of spirit with something that he sees not, apprehends not, thinks not, but feels is there, he is experiencing the dim intimation of a nearer kinship than he suspects." \*

I like to think that so it is really, that in some other planet at least beings like ourselves in intelligence and love have been unfolding and now exist, that between these beings and ourselves there are mysterious sympathies, and that up there among them some one is testifying, as I am now testifying here, to the beauty and glory of that law to which our stars owe their light, and we owe our speech. I like to think that there is no star in the world where faithful

witnesses have not arisen, or are arising, to confess the unity of the order by which the infinite Cause of all things is continually drawing life to ascend toward Himself, conforming it ever more closely to His own image, that He may attract to Himself a love which shall grow ever more intelligent more similar to His own.

Many voices on earth are already arising to bear this testimony. Although they be accused, strange as it seems, of wounding religious feeling and human dignity, I take pride in joining my voice to theirs; and if with regard to dogma I have appealed in the name of masters, now with regard to the divinest sentiments of the soul I appeal in the name of the Ideal. —*Contemporary Review*.

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MUHAMMEDAN WOMEN IN TURKEY.

BY RICHARD DAVEY.

MAHOMET found polygamy a flourishing institution among the peoples whom he sought to convert to his new religion, but the traditions of Hebrew, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Persian civilization were almost lost, and whatever privileges women had possessed in remoter ages obliterated. But by organizing the harem into a system with well-defined laws, as well as a ceremonious etiquette, the Prophet lifted womanhood, if not to the high level which Christianity assigned to her, still to one immeasurably loftier than she had yet occupied among the nations, for whose benefit he labored, and perhaps the greatest benefit which he conferred upon woman was the very strict laws he framed to render her absolute mistress of her fortune. These laws remain in vigor to this day. A Muhammedan cannot divorce his wife until he has restored to her every piastre of the money she brought him on her marriage, and he cannot, without her formal consent, touch her private means—that is to say, not only her dower, but whatever she may have received through legacies from her par-

ents after marriage. Owing, however, to her very dependent position in the household, great abuses frequently arise, and she is swindled out of her property by her husband more often than not, through her own ignorance of the nature of the laws intended to protect her. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that a great many Turkish ladies frequently assert their rights in a manner which is possibly more convincing than agreeable to their husbands.

Another advantage which Mahomet secured to the women of his time was their protection from outrage. He appealed to the leading trait of the Oriental character—excessive jealousy—and by placing the women of a household under the absolute control of its master rendered it a theological, as well as a legal, offence for a near relative, let alone a stranger, to address, or even look at them.

Notwithstanding his professed affection for his cousin, the rich widow Kadija, whom he subsequently married, and whose wealth so greatly assisted him in carrying out his prodigious projects, Mahomet invariably speaks of women with arrogance and contempt.

\* "Body and Will," p. 135.

"Woman," says the Koran, is "a field"—a sort of property which her husband may use or abuse as best he thinks fit. "The happiness of a woman in Paradise is beneath the plant of her husband's feet," and to this day the bride enters the nuptial bed at the foot, by lifting the richly embroidered counterpane with much ceremony.

"The good wife," the Koran moreover asserts, "has a chance of eternal happiness only if it be her husband's will;" but the other less loved women of his harem have no fixed destination hereafter, although, to be sure, it is not stated that they are to be everlastingly damned. The moral of all this is that a Muhammedan woman's sole aim in life is to win, at any cost, favor of her husband. On that depends, not only her comfort in this world, but her happiness in the world to come. The fortunate fair who has given pleasure to her lord will have the privilege of appearing before him in Paradise "like the moon in her first quarter." She will preserve all her beauty, and youth, until the consummation of time. Her husband will never look older nor younger than thirty-one years.

Having lifted one sex so immeasurably above the other, the Prophet next set to work to frame a code intended to keep women in their places. On one of the little slips of parchment, with which the Archangel Gabriel was wont to supply the great lawgiver, will be found this line, "If your wives do not obey you, beat them." Now it is a curious fact that in legislating for the treatment of slaves, the Prophet gives the exact number of strokes it is lawful for the master to administer; but the wife's punishment is left entirely to the discretion of her husband. It is true that Mahomet proclaimed monogamy to be superior to polygamy, but he soon modified this by declaring that, "If one wife does not suffice, it is lawful to take four;" on this curious condition, however, that the four women must be treated with impartiality, each having her apartments, her servants, her carriages, and even her jewels separate, but as nearly alike as possible. To this day, the old-fashioned Turks, when they make a present to their wives on certain feasts of the

year, give them precisely the same pattern of silk for a gown, or set of jewels, or whatever other object they think fit to offer them. This regulation also accounts for the amazing rapacity of the Turks when they rise to power; they have such enormous establishments to keep up. A Constantinopolitan gentleman, with whom I am acquainted, who had ascended the social ladder, through the caprice of a former Grand Vizier, from being a boy in a travelling circus to the grade of an official of high rank, gave me, one day, in an outburst of confidence, the following singular piece of information: "It is very difficult for a Turkish official, once he gets into a position, however ample may be his salary, to make two ends meet; the women of his household, elated by fortune, become so extravagant. Fortunately, I have only one wife, and she is a very well-educated woman and knows how to economize; nevertheless she has fifteen slaves and attendants to wait upon her and my widowed sister, whom, according to our laws, as she is past the age of re-marriage, and a very poor woman, I am obliged to support. I have, therefore, eighteen women to lodge and feed, besides a number of male servants, my household numbering not less than thirty-two persons. This is nothing, however, to that of my neighbor, the Minister of —, who has four wives, inhabiting separate suites of apartments, who have between ten and twenty attendants to wait upon each of them. His harem is composed of nearly eighty women, and there are besides about twenty male servants in the house."

We may, therefore, conclude that Mahomet's law, which provides so impartially for the four ladies, has become impracticable under altered circumstances, and the better-educated Turks are speedily arriving at the conclusion that it is wiser to have a single wife "than four who literally devour you."

Although the Koran limits the number of the true believer's wives to four, the example of the Prophet himself, who had fifteen, has led to what I might call a legalized abuse. All the slave women servants in the house are at the disposal of the master, and if they bear



him children these are as legitimate as those of his lawful wives, and the mother, if there is no vacancy by the death of one or the other of the wives, is raised to the rank of odalisque, or legitimate mistress.

Turkish women, although their position in the next world is so very unsatisfactory and undefined, are nevertheless fairly pious. They are to be seen in most of the mosques, notably that of Ahmed, with the six minarets, on Fridays, and in the Ramazan they go in crowds to evening service in the beautiful Shah Zadé, or Mosque of the Princes. In well-regulated households prayers are said five times a day by all the women, but in contradistinction to the men, they never pray aloud. I am assured they have their favorite imams and dervishes, just as Catholic ladies have their pet confessors and friars. While on the subject of the religion of Turkish women, I may add that a Turk can marry a Christian or a Jewish girl, and that she is not obliged to change her faith, but her children must be brought up Muhammedans. Several Turkish pashas are married to French, Hungarian, and even English women, but I am assured that these marriages are rarely happy. The lady is obliged to conform to the usages of the harem, and these soon become very irksome to one who has been accustomed to freedom. Moreover, the Giaour ladies are not well received by their Moslem relations and friends of their own sex, and altogether mixed marriages in Turkey are usually a failure and end in divorce.

Divorce in Turkey is obtained with a facility which would surprise even our Transatlantic cousins. As easily as Abraham cast forth Hagar the bondswoman and her child, so also can the Turk open the door of his harem and send out into the world the woman who no longer pleases him. He has but to give her back her dower and personal effects. In the upper classes, however, certain legal formalities are gone through, and, indeed, as the lady is usually protected by her parents, divorce is, comparatively speaking, rare.

I know instances, however, in Constantinople of ladies in the highest official

circles who are not yet very far advanced in years, who have been divorced twice, thrice, and even ten times. Among the lower orders divorce may well be described as a farce. Many girls who are not yet twenty years of age, have been divorced and re-married a dozen times. The surprises of divorce are among the most amusing features of Turkish social life. A very great personage, second only to the Sultan in rank, unless, indeed, it be the Sheikh Ul Islam, married some few years ago, when his position was very inferior to what it is at present, a highly-educated lady, of good connection and fortune, but, according to his Excellency's version of the story, of ungovernable temper. Within the year they were divorced and re-married. The lady soon found her new husband disagreeable, and was once more divorced. It must be remembered that if a Turk can divorce his wife, she can only divorce him at his pleasure, by making herself as unpleasant to him as possible. In former times he tied her up in a sack and had her dropped into the Bosphorus—to-day he divorces her. To return to the lady in question. The next time she was heard of by her friends was as a teacher in the Muhammedan High School for girls, at Scutari. A few years back she was selected as governess for the children of the Khediva, and is now her Highness's private secretary, in which quality she accompanied her imperial mistress to Constantinople last year, and actually found herself seated at a state banquet at Yildiz Kiosk next to the third wife of her first husband, who quietly asked her who she was. Tableau! The ease with which a divorce can be obtained in Turkey leads to many abuses, and creates a state of affairs not unlike our prostitution.

Most of the beggar women in Constantinople—and they are innumerable—are divorced women whose frequent exchange of husband has brought them to the level of the most unfortunate of their Christian sisters. They have got to be too old to find even a fellow-beggar to mate with, and usually end their days in abject misery and blindness in some deserted cemetery. Fuad Pacha said many years ago that the emanci-

pation of Turkey must begin by the emancipation of Turkish women, and I hold that the question of the East is the question of women. We must not imagine that because the women of Constantinople are not as closely veiled\* as they were until quite recently, and wear under their regulation *feridje* or cloak European clothes of the latest fashion, that their position has materially changed from what it was five hundred years ago. The vast mass of the thirty millions of Turkish women are little better than animals. The absolute power of the man in his harem is such that no male stranger, not even the police, can enter within its precincts under any pretext whatever, a fact which undoubtedly gives rise to innumerable secret crimes and acts of unknown and unpunished tyranny. Fortunately, however, the average Turk is a kindly, indolent fellow, who does his best to obey the laws of his religion, which command him to treat his women with humanity, but it is to his interest to keep them in their places as inferior beings, and absolutely secluded. It is an impertinence to inquire of a Turkish gentleman after the health of his wife, even if you know that she is at the point of death. Above all, if you do not wish to offend him, never question him about his daughters, and remember that the women of his family and household, and their affairs, are his exclusive property.

To give some idea of the life of a young Turk of the wealthier class, I will relate, as it was described to me, the sort of existence led by—we will say—Ahmed Bey, the son of X. Pasha. Ahmed is the eldest boy of a rich man, who has four wives in his harem of sixty women. Possibly his mother was a Circassian slave. At present she is, we will suppose, the *bujuk hanoum*, or first wife, of his Excellency. As a baby our young friend Ahmed wore for two years very tight swaddling clothes. As he grew older and began to feel his legs, a little uniform was made for him, an exact fac-simile of his father's,

epaulettes, decorations and sword inclusive. In this awkward costume for so tiny a person, he was occasionally taken out by his Excellency for a walk or a drive. He was permitted to accompany his mother, or foster-mother, to visit the harems of their friends and relations; or else to see the shops and bazaars. Hygiene was utterly neglected in his case, save for an over-frequent use of the hot bath and an occasional ride on horseback. Ahmed at last grew up to be twelve years of age, when he was circumcised—a great event in his early life. The harem was upside down for three days, and the ladies kept open house to all the women of their acquaintance. Refreshments and presents were offered to every one. Conjurors, dancers, and theatrical representations, including, of course, *kharagois* (a sort of *ombre chinois*) and his unspeakable obscenities, amused the fair inmates of the harem, and were repeated in the *salamlick* or men's department, where unbounded hospitality was kept up in honor of our friend Ahmed and his initiation into the mysteries of his religion.

The Koran obliges a son to pay his maternal parent extraordinary homage. He cannot sit down in her presence unless she grants him permission so to do, and when he takes his departure he kisses the hem of her garment. He is allowed to see his sisters unveiled, but not his aunts or cousins. At last our young friend arrives at a marriageable age. In the good old times matters were considerably simplified. His mother would either have made up a match for him with some wealthy girl of her family or acquaintance, or his father would have gone down to the slave market and purchased him the prettiest wench he could find. As for consulting Ahmed's wishes or taste in the matter, that would never have entered their heads. Opinions have changed a little in Turkey, and Ahmed is allowed a voice in the matter. Still it is impossible for him to converse with his *fiancée*, or form for himself any idea of her character or appearance. He has to take all on maternal authority. Among the wealthier classes the marriage is always arranged between the mothers of the youth, with the appro-

\* The *yaskmack* is not of Turkish invention, but adopted by the Turks from the Byzantines. I have recently seen a genuine Tanagra figure with a distinct *yaskmack*, draped and pinned exactly like a Turkish head-dress.

bation, of course, of their fathers. Several interviews take place in rapid succession between the two mothers, and preliminary matters are speedily arranged. Ahmed's family send the future bride as rich a present as their fortune will admit, and her father and mother, in return, make an equally rich present to young Ahmed.

A few days later a very curious ceremony takes place. The father of the future husband forwards to the father of the bride a present in money, or *Aghirlik*, which is supposed to represent the exact weight of his daughter, so that it is in reality the bridegroom's family which provides the dower; but it is usual for people in good circumstances to give their daughter a sufficient sum of money to render her fairly independent, and at her father's death she inherits, with her sisters and his widows, two-thirds of his fortune, equally divided between them all. It is this money, together with all her jewels and household effects, which must be restored to the young woman in case of divorce. At last the great day comes—the marriage day. As the Koran does not consider marriage a religious necessity, an imam may or may not be invited to bless the couple. But recently, in imitation of the Europeans, the priest is usually present. A Turkish marriage takes place in the afternoon. Ahmed leaves his father's house on horseback, accompanied by a number of his young friends. He wears his smartest uniform, and has evidently made the best of his personal attractions. When the party arrives at the bride's house they find the doors besieged by a motley crowd. All the women of the quarter have turned out to criticise the bride and bridegroom, and the young man has to pass into the house amid a perfect storm of compliments and benediction, which he answers by scattering broadcast several handfuls of small coins. At the foot of the staircase he is met and embraced by his father-in-law and all the male members of the house, who escort him to the principal apartment of the *Salamlick*, where he finds his friends and relatives assembled, and partakes of coffee, sherbet, and other light refreshments. In the meantime, the

scene in the harem is wonderfully amusing. The bride, whom we will call *Gul Hanoum*, or the *Lady Rose*, is dressed in the most elaborate Parisian bridal costume, with an immense long train, a wreath of orange flowers on her head, and a pink veil reaching to the ground. She sits like a statue on a sort of throne placed at the further end of the apartment, and beneath a canopy composed of garlands of artificial roses. All the ladies of her family and acquaintance are present—some few, the elder, in the beautiful oriental costumes of a bygone time, the rest in badly assorted European evening dresses, and blazing with all the jewelry they can load upon their persons. I am assured that in the upper classes of Turkish society, the curious bridal head-dress made of gold frillings nearly a yard long, has entirely disappeared. But I was once fortunate enough in a low quarter of Constantinople to catch a glimpse of a bride who was passing through a courtyard, and was wearing this glittering shower of golden wire. *Gul Hanoum* sits on her throne as immovable as a sphinx, while her friends eat, drink, and make merry, and examine the bridal presents, which are usually protected by a wire grating to prevent pilfering, for it must be remembered that at a Turkish wedding, according to ancient custom, the poorest beggar woman in the street is allowed to come up and see the bride and her presents. The noise and the chatter are deafening. The refreshments are of the most elaborate description, and the company is, moreover, entertained by dancers and conjurors. An hour before sunset the imam calls the Faithful to prayers, and in both the *Salamlick* and the harem the company fall on their knees and go through all the gymnastics peculiar to Muhammadan devotion. At last the women take their leave, for it is not lawful for a Muhammadan woman, except in *Ramazan*, to be abroad after dark.

Meanwhile, in the *Salamlick*, an amusing scene occurs: Ahmed has to run for his life to the harem, under a shower of old shoes. May we not have derived our custom of throwing an old slipper after the bride and bridegroom, as they depart on their honeymoon,

from the Turks? according to whom an old slipper thrown after a man is an infallible charm against the evil eye. At the door of the harem he finds a eunuch holding a huge wax candle in his hand. Fifty or sixty years ago, this individual would have worn the long striped garments and huge turban peculiar to his office. To-day he is arrayed in a second-hand frock-coat or a suit of *dittos*. The eunuch "opens the gate of paradise," the door of the nuptial chamber. The oldest woman in the harem, or Yenghié Kadine, receives the bridegroom and leads him to the bride, who is still seated as immobile as a statue on her divan, enveloped from head to foot in her pink veil. Ahmed, who has now the right to behold her features, falls on his knees at her feet and implores her in the most poetic language he can command to permit him to gaze upon her countenance. "Light of my eyes," he exclaims with passionate ardor, "tell me your name." The bride answers three times "Gul—Gul—Gul," afterward the old woman, stepping forward, relieves her of her veil. The bride and bridegroom now sit down to a frugal supper of chicken and rice, and a few minutes after the ancient female withdraws discreetly and they are left *en tête à tête* for the first time in their lives, *et bon soir*. If the lady is well-educated and clever, and many Turkish women are exceedingly intelligent, she may keep Ahmed all to herself and have no rivals in the household; but usually in the course of a year or so another wife is added to the harem, and the fair Gul is henceforth known as the Great Lady or Buñuk Hanoum, and the second is called the Tkindji Hanoum, or the Second Lady, and if in due time a third and fourth lady appear in the family circle they are styled respectively the Ortanié Hanoum or the Middle Lady or the Kutchuk Hanoum or the Little Lady, and these titles they retain as long as they remain undivorced, or to the end of their lives. If a visitor come to see them, she invariably asks for them by these titles and not by their name. Even the children are classed according to the rank and order of their mothers. One would never say in speaking of the children of a

pacha that they are his sons by Gul Hanoum, for instance, but by the Great Lady, the Second Lady, etc. The name of the father is never pronounced within the harem walls. If a husband addresses a letter to one or the other of his four wives, he would never think of addressing it to Zerah, Leilia, Nesibé, Conjefem, or Dilarum Hanoum, but always to the Great Lady, the Second Lady, and so forth.

The rigor of the etiquette observed in a harem is very curious. No wife may present herself in the presence of her husband without either previously informing him of her intended visit or else being commanded to come before him. This message is usually sent by a female slave or by a eunuch. Each wife takes it in turn to minister to the comfort of her lord, to look after his clothes, to offer him his pipe and coffee, and to make herself generally agreeable during the time he wishes her to remain in intimate contact with him, which sometimes is for a whole year. When he is tired of her company he makes her a small present and she retires until she is asked for again. Meanwhile the other women, who usually have an army of attendants according to the means of the master of the house or their own, spend their time in prayers, bathing, in playing with their children, dressing themselves, dancing, and, above all, in paying visits and shopping. If the four wives happen to be in the same room together, it is the etiquette for the Great Lady to grant permission to the Second Lady to sit down, who, in her turn, motions to the third that she may rest her weary body on the divan, and finally this lady sends on the pleasant message to the fourth, or kutchuk hanoum. If the mother of the master of the house comes into the general sitting-room, everybody rises to salute her, and nobody sits down until she has given them permission to do so. Some fifty years ago the interior of Turkish harems were extremely picturesque, judging by the numerous accounts we have of them, but at the present time things have greatly altered for the worse.

A young lady of my acquaintance, who was a governess some two years ago in the harem of a very rich gentle-



man at Scutari, thus described to me her experiences: "Fortunately the ladies in this harem were very fond of the bath, but all day long they loll about in their nightgowns, which are more often than not changed once a month, especially in summer. I have seen them when they have had a reception wearing these dirty garments under an elaborate tea-gown, or a short jacket, of the richest silk, worth £30 or £40. Some of the slave-girls wear very splendid costumes made of velvet or brocade, and they are not unfrequently adorned with more jewelry than their mistresses. These women do absolutely nothing from morning till night but eat, drink, and sleep. Occasionally they go for a drive in a closed brougham, and sit by the hour under the trees of some cemetery, or else loll in a caïque on the waters of the Bosphorus. One or two of them speak French and read French novels fairly well. There was one girl in this particular harem who played the piano very nicely. Otherwise the monotony of their existence is scarcely credible. When I was ill not one of them came near me, excepting a little slave-girl who waited upon me. It was not from any feeling of unkindness, but simply because they did not know what to do in a sick room. The number of infants who die in Turkey through the ignorance of their mothers and fathers is prodigious. Some three years ago I was the inmate of the harem of one of the most powerful and wealthiest men in Turkey, a favorite minister of the Sultan. There were sixty-two ladies in the harem, although he had only two wives himself; but there were the seven wives of his three sons, besides the ladies I have just mentioned, the Pacha's mother and her two old sisters, and half a score of aged pauper females relatives, who, according to time-honored Turkish custom, are clad, boarded, and lodged gratuitously. The rest of this regiment of women was made up of slaves and servants of all ages. One day the little grandson, a child of six, fell ill. Instead of sending for a doctor, a "wise woman" was summoned, who performed some incantation over the fever-stricken infant, then incensed the bed above and under-

neath, and finally, taking out of a richly embroidered kerchief the jaw-bone of a ram, scrubbed the child all over with it. After this she said a few prayers. On rising from her knees she took a spoonful of molten lead and threw it into a vessel full of water. Of course, it assumed a curious figure at the bottom; according to its shape she prophesied whether the child was to recover or not. As a matter of fact it died in the night. The ladies in this harem dressed magnificently whenever they expected company, and their jewels were really splendid. But when they were among themselves they wore their nightgowns exactly like my friends at Scutari. As a rule these good ladies seemed to be fairly happy, and there was very little quarrelling among them. One day, however, some very pretty slave-girls were brought to the harem to be purchased. I was present on this occasion, and it was, I assure you, a sickening sight to see the Pacha examining them—even their teeth—as if they were young animals. They did not seem to mind it, and I am bound to admit that in all the ten years I have been a governess in various Turkish families, I have come across fewer cases of ill-treatment of servants than I did in a similar number of years in England. It is not for me," adds this lady, "to reveal what I know of the moral atmosphere of an average Turkish household, but although I have come across a great many cases of women, and even very young girls, having clandestine love affairs and worse, still, take it for all in all, the average Turkish woman, were it not for her, to our minds, indelicate language, has a fair right to be considered, as Shakespeare expresses it, honest.

"Nothing, however, can exceed the coarseness of Turkish conversation, rendered all the more exasperating because the voices of Turkish ladies are the most deliciously musical imaginable. Turks revel in filthy jokes and stories, and this has a most deplorable influence on the rising generation. Once or twice I accidentally roused the jealousy of the wives of my employers, and in one house I was made to feel so uncomfortable as to take the advice of

my employer, the Pasha, and transfer myself to another family as quickly as possible. A few years ago a young English lady was nearly poisoned in a Turkish harem. Every afternoon she was in the habit of taking a cup of tea, which was usually brought to her by a little negro boy, who was very fond of her. She noticed that he pointed to her in a very significant manner not to touch the sugar. She took one lump from the vessel and afterward had it examined. It was full of arsenic. She accepted the hint, and left within four-and-twenty hours. You have heard, I daresay, of the famous fatal cup of coffee. Do you know of what it consists? It is full of chopped hair or ground glass, and is said to be the deadliest of poisons, for it destroys the intestines and produces a lingering death, the cause of which defies a *post mortem*."

Only the master of the house can bear witness against his women, and in this year of grace 1895 it is absolutely necessary in Turkey for two women to give evidence as witnesses against a man; the declarations of one female are not legal.

It is quite true that Turkish women possess a great deal of liberty. They can remain out of doors, shopping and visiting their friends, from sunrise to sunset without even asking their husband's permission to do so. They can betake themselves, their children and their attendants, to spend a week or so in the harem of a friend, and have only to place outside their harem door their boots to signify to their lord and master that they are entertaining guests. While the harem is occupied by stranger ladies, neither husband nor son has any right to enter it. A little Turkish employé, whose salary amounts to £400 a year, related to me one day the following curious story: "My wife," said he, "has just invited the harem of one of her friends to spend a week with her, and yesterday afternoon behold their arrived at my house, with all their belongings, our neighbor's wife, his mother-in-law, three children, and five slaves. While they remain in my house I may not enter the harem-lick, and my good wife's capricious hospitality will cost me about forty

livres, and I shall have to get in debt in consequence."

The favorite pursuits of Turkish women are shopping, visiting, and general gadding about, but they are not allowed to frequent the band when it plays in the public gardens, or to attend theatres, concerts, and, needless to say, any of the social gatherings of Christians. Their principal public recreations are rowing, in their caiques, up the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters of Europe on Fridays in May, and on the Bosphorus and on the canals of the exquisitely pretty Sweet Waters of Asia in the summer. On Fridays and Sundays in the warm months you will see thousands of Turkish women of all classes clustered together in picturesque groups under the shade of the trees in the various cemeteries and open spaces whence a view can be obtained. But they are always separated from the men, and, true to the Oriental instincts, invariably speak to each other in a whisper. A Turkish lady who is an excellent English scholar and a very fine musician, said to a friend of mine, and in my hearing, recently, "Is it not hard that I, who am so passionately fond of music, and whose husband would only be too delighted to allow me to do so, cannot go to a concert or an opera without endangering either my own liberty or his prospects with the Sultan? You know," she continued, "that no female Ottoman subject can leave the Empire on any pretext whatever, and this accounts for the fact that most of the Turkish ambassadors and consuls at foreign Courts are Christians. As Egypt indirectly belongs to Turkey we are, however, allowed to go there, and the freedom which we enjoy under British rule makes a winter in Cairo delightful, for we can attend the opera, the theatres, and even the race-course. Her Highness the Princess Nazali of Egypt, a most accomplished woman, and a relative of my own, lives like a European, and entertains ladies and gentlemen at dinner. She came to Constantinople a few months ago, and was so imprudent as to ask an old friend, Sir A. and his wife, to dine with her. On the following day her Highness received the Sultan's orders to return to Cairo

forthwith. I am a well-educated woman, and speak French and English fluently, and I am a very good musician. You can imagine nothing more painful than my existence here. I can find no kindred society. Perhaps the best-educated Muhammedan women among my acquaintance are some of the Egyptian princesses in the harem of the ex-Khedive (since dead). One or two of these ladies are really very able and well-informed; but otherwise a woman who can talk even sensibly, except on household affairs, is, as we say in Turkish, a white crow. No, the more educated a Turkish woman becomes the more unhappy she must necessarily be, until the ardent wish of Fuad Pacha is realized and we are emancipated. Mark my words, it will not be many generations before we are so. The women of Turkey are of many races. Georgians, Circassians, Armenians, Greeks, and, as a rule, they are naturally very intelligent, really more so, believe me, than the men; and, moreover, there is a growing *esprit de corps* among us. Three years ago the Sultan issued an order that all Turkish women should wear the old-fashioned yashmac and feridje during Ramazan. For three days the order was obeyed, but on the fourth the entire female population of Constantinople went out without them; since which time his Majesty has taken care not to interfere with our costumes. Education is spreading rapidly among the men, and no sensible man can tolerate the constant companionship of ignorant women. Our men are, moreover, beginning to realize the social use of women, and, frequenting as they do the society of Christian ladies, especially those of the diplomatic corps, their vanity is wounded when they perceive that their own women cannot display their charms, their jewels, or their dresses in what Europeans call Society. I can assure you that if a census were taken of the number of women in Constantinople who prefer the ancient *régime* to what we believe will be the *régime* of the future, very few would vote in its favor. Is it not ridiculous that a husband cannot go out visiting or shopping with his wife, but must needs walk about a dozen yards behind her? We are not allowed to take a

drive in an open carriage, but must go in a stuffy brougham, even on the hottest day in summer. I am a rich woman, but if I took it into my head to cross the frontier, let alone to go to Vienna or Paris, I should either be arrested and brought back in disgrace to Constantinople, or else never permitted to see my native country again. All these antiquated regulations were perhaps useful in olden times, but to-day, when we Turks have to contend with the machinery of modern civilization, they are simply as hopeless as they are barbaric. There is no chance for Turkey so long as the mothers and wives of the men who are called upon to rule our destinies remain in crass ignorance. You have no idea of the superstition which reigns in this great city among the Muhammedan women, and, indeed, throughout the entire Empire. Nothing is done without consulting a witch, a hodja, a seer, a fortune-teller, or a palmist. These rascals, many of whom are very interesting on account of the traditions they still possess of the dark arts of bygone civilizations, literally rule the harems. They are the doctors and the confessors of the women."

The observations made by this well-known and very remarkable Turkish lady are doubtless so absolutely true as to paint in a few short sentences the present condition of her sisters. There is another matter connected with the condition of the women in Turkey which deserves brief attention, and that is the slave question. Although, during the past thirty years, the slave markets of Constantinople and of the other large Turkish cities have been formally closed, the slave traffic, especially in females and children of both sexes, is still active to-day. It is carried on surreptitiously, especially at Tophané, immediately under the eye of his Imperial Majesty, whose palace of Yildz dominates this quarter of the city, and also in certain obscure, but well-known places, in the heart of Stamboul. The Koran expressly forbids a Muhammedan to enslave another Muhammedan, notwithstanding which fact the Circassians, who are Muhammedans, have sold their children into bondage from time immemorial, especially the fe-

males, who have for centuries peopled the harems of the more opulent Turks. The Georgians and Kurds, also Muhammedans, supplied, until fifty years ago, an incredible number of slaves to the various bazaars throughout the Empire.

The harems continue to be peopled by slave women, but since the annexation of Circassia by Russia, 1865, this market garden, if I might so call it, of female beauty, has been virtually closed. A great number of little girls are, however, sold by the poorer classes of Circassians living on the borderland and conveyed to Constantinople, and sold privately. I have a letter before me from Miss J—, an English lady, who is at present a governess in a Turkish family. It is dated as recently as March 10th. She says: "Since I last wrote to you I have had a very painful experience. Last week some six or eight very pretty little slave girls, mostly daughters of Bulgarian refugees, the eldest about fourteen years of age, were brought to this house for sale. I cannot tell you how the sight hurt me, but I must say, in a good house, they are quite as comfortable as most of our European servants. Here in Turkey, it appears, they are not slaves for life, but for a certain number of years, say, till they are between thirty and forty years of age. Then the mistress finds a husband for them, furnishes a room, and gives a wedding outfit. In this house I suppose the people are about as civilized as one could find in Turkey, but believe me, there is a wide difference between them and us."

From these few facts concerning the

homes of the Turks, it will be easy to see that, until the status of the women is improved, there is not much hope for Turkish officials being able to cope even with such a question as the Armenian. Family life, as we understand it, does not exist. At the same time, it is but just to say, that the grand virtues of the real Turks—those who have not been contaminated by the worst influences of European civilization—are as conspicuous now as ever, and among these are hospitality, an utter freedom from vulgarity, a singular grace and courtliness of manner, and great kindness to the poor and to animals. That education is spreading among Turkish ladies is proved by the increasing number of literary women among them—as Zafir Hanoum, the learned wife of Helmi Effendi, who translates in Turkish from seven languages; Gulnare Hanoum, who is a remarkable poetess; Leila Hanoum, daughter of Ishmael Pacha, who writes and translates poetry from the French, Italian, and German languages; and Fatma Hanoum, who has commenced a remarkable movement for the improvement of the condition of Muhammedan women of the lower orders; and lastly, though not least, Leila Sultan, the young daughter of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, who is a distinguished musician. The door of progress has certainly been opened by Abd-ul-Hamid II., even for women, but it is after all only ajar; and Fuad Pacha's dream of the emancipation of Turkish women is still far from realization.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## ADVERTISING AS A TRESPASS ON THE PUBLIC.

BY RICHARDSON EVANS.

WHATEVER may be the fate of the Rural Advertisements Bill in the present session, the subject with which it deals is one which must engage the very serious attention of future Parliaments. It is sometimes assumed—and not always by the kind of people who have a motive for being obtuse—that the determination to check the ravages of the disfiguring advertisers is an amia-

ble foible of a few visionary persons morbidly sensitive to picturesque effect. The very reverse is the truth. The movement is the work of men and women who take their stand on common sense, and are well aware that they cannot carry the dictates, even of right reason, to uncompromising lengths. They are not asserting any new principle in public policy; it is rather their



purpose to secure the application of time-honored methods to a department which has till now—simply because the abuse is of recent growth—remained outside the pale of wholesome regulation. In brief, they are engaged in asserting, as a matter of grave and urgent public interest, the effectual protection of one of the chief elements in the national wealth; or, to look at the matter, not as a question of collective property, but of individual liberty, they claim for the seeing eye the same relief from wanton injury as is already afforded in the case of every other organ of sense.

It is well at the outset to lay stress on this essential aspect of our aims. We are, in the strictest sense, champions of the utilities. We are alive to the instincts and the impulses of an industrial and competitive age. We believe in untrammelled production and free exchange; in the march of invention; in a word, in all the fine abstractions which our detractors (for we are not exempt from the invariable penalty of good intentions) fondly picture us as despising or neglecting. We are for civilization as against barbarism, and for progress as against degradation. Above all, we are for individual freedom—now, unhappily, impaired by anarchic license.

There is in some minds, apparently, a good deal of confusion as to what constitutes the wealth of the nation. We all see that man needs or enjoys a great many things for the supply of which human exertion is necessary. Most of us would say that in an ideally constituted society every one ought to contribute to the common stock of comfort by a certain amount of effort, and should get as his reward his own share of the benefits resulting from the toils of the others. I, for one, hold that the existing social system gets as near to this standard as the infirmities of mortal man permit. But, unluckily, the arrangement by which labor is remunerated in money wages has developed in many a habit of mind which occasionally leads to very erroneous notions concerning the elements of general well-being. Because for so many things we depend on exertion which has to be directly purchased, and be-

cause it is convenient to estimate the value of these services in terms of the currency, people are apt to forget that a very large part of the things that minister to happiness bear no price at all. Bracing air, fine scenery, cannot be sold by the gallon or the square mile, but they form as real a part of the riches of the community that commands them as fine wheaten loaves or dainty books. An able schoolmaster rightly receives a large salary; but who would venture to appraise in figures, or who would question the essential importance of the infinite devotion of a wise and tender mother? A clever cook possesses a marketable accomplishment, but what would be the dinner without the unpriced flow of talk? I must not labor a truth which, once it is asserted, may appear a truism. But, elementary as the doctrine is, it is frequently lost sight of in discussions on the manifold phases of the condition-of-the-people problem. It is treated with tacit contempt by those who defend the undisturbed liberty of advertising-disfigurement, and this is my only excuse for trespassing thus far on the outskirts of social science.

There is no need, surely, of demonstrating that the aspect of unspoiled English country gives genuine delight to multitudes of our people. We are not all susceptible in the same degree to the charm of landscape, but scarce'y any one is wholly indifferent to the freshness of the fields and woods. If it were not so, excursion trains and the tourist traffic generally would be phenomena baffling explanation. It is quite true that a great many of the places to which the picnicking masses resort are not patterns of sylvan seclusion. But the good-humor, or, let us say, the equanimity with which the throng of honest folk who are having a day's outing bear the catchpenny eyesores ought not to be interpreted as deliberate acquiescence. Taste is not confined to one class, and many workmen, whose means do not permit them to escape from the horrors of the wayside, feel as keen a resentment at the wanton fouling of what is fair as the most fastidious artist or the master of a jealously guarded Highland retreat. The simplicity of rural prospect is a

portion of the national wealth which it is emphatically a popular interest to save from destruction and impairment. In many ways already the State and the municipalities, as well as private benefactors, have recognized the importance both of developing the sensibility for beauty and of providing facilities for gratifying the implanted tastes. Art museums are kept up at great cost. Encouragement is given in elementary schools to the training of the eye and hand, with a view mainly to help the children to enjoy the gracious aspect of outward things. History is taught, or ought to be taught, in the hope that the study will engender a patriotic pride in connecting the memories of the past with the scenes in which great things were done and endured by our forefathers, or in which generation after generation have lived their unrecorded lives. It is, I assert, an accepted article of public policy to cultivate the very feelings which the plague of placards persistently wounds. Surely it is gross inconsistency, on the part of a nation which prides itself on being practical, to spend a large part of our resources on creating a craving for what is fair and dignified, and then hesitate about repressing abuses which render the culture imparted a source of pain. Consider the amount of labor that is given every year, in every English town, to the maintenance of parks and gardens. Yet our native land, which, till comparatively recent times, was one glorious panorama, is, for want of a little prescience, becoming a mere background for painted boards along the more frequented routes. It is not merely a question of the mischief that has been done already. The saddest and most serious part of the business is, that in the miserable competition of the people who resort to this means of catching custom the evil must grow and spread indefinitely.

The pest, I grant, is not as yet everywhere. The enthusiastic pedestrian can escape easily enough from its immediate presence. There are stretches of country still in which no jarring emblem spoils the harmonious perfection of the landscape. But wherever the beaten track leads there is either recurring disfigurement or the indefinite

fear of encountering the detested objects. Just as certain microbes abound in the soil where certain plants are grown, so this fungoid growth fastens on the high-roads and the by-ways. If a village becomes a place of pilgrimage by reason of its old-world beauty, forthwith descends upon it the shower of enamelled placards. The weary seekers of sequestered nooks, driven from one retreat to another by the advance of the enemy, discover one year that some fishing hamlet has escaped the sweep of the advertising agent. When they return next summer they are greeted by the odious soap and the execrated pills. One snatches only a precarious respite; what is to multitudes the delight of their lives is held on sufferance at the discretion of the foe who works in darkness and blazons his deeds in killing light. If it were possible to suppress the resentment which these perpetual affronts are so admirably calculated to cause, and regard the phenomenon in a purely scientific spirit, there would be something to admire in the stupid mechanical tenacity with which the persecutors do their work.

The reader will, I hope, see at once the pertinence to the matter we are considering of the economic truism with which I delayed them on the threshold of our inquiry. If a man tried to draw attention to the fact that he wanted to sell a cough mixture by blowing up the British Museum, he would be punished for destroying property on which the people set great store. Why should he be allowed to destroy another, no less valuable and no less cherished possession—the refreshing charm of rural views? Is Nature so ridiculously inferior to art? Is the attempt of the painter to simulate landscape on canvas to be recognized as a legal chattel, and the landscape itself to be treated as a thing of no worth?

Again, to look at the question in another aspect. If the vendor of black-lead follows me down the road, yelling into my ear that his article is incomparably the best, his molestation is, I suppose, actionable. Why should I have no redress when he waylays my eyes with his impudent tablet in vivid blue and white, and annoys not me only, but every one who chances to

pass that way? On mere grounds of humdrum comfort we honest ratepayers are surely entitled to the peaceful enjoyment of the highway which has been made at our cost.

It is, alas! no slight or exceptional grievance that we labor under. The attack is directed against rights which are of enormous and ever-growing importance to the well-being of the community. Amid all the obstinate questionings concerning our social state, it has become a commonplace to speak with deep concern of the tendency of population to herd in great cities. Town councillors who would not for worlds be suspected of "aesthetic proclivities" do not hesitate to avow that undiluted town life is bad, and, with commendable energy, municipalities have set themselves to repair as best they may the loss by laying out parks. No form of benefaction is more highly appreciated than the gift by a local magnate of a pleasaunce for the masses. Lord Meath's association and the Kyrle Society have done great things in this way for the Metropolis, and that admirable organization which devotes itself to the preservation of commons has saved for posterity many a fine tract of breezy down and many a picturesque old village green. But although these things are welcomed, both as good in themselves and as illustrations of the bent of popular feeling, the net result of the conflict of forces is to leave our urban population infinitely poorer in one of the essential elements of happiness.

The creeping blight of disfigurement has blasted infinitely more beauty than creative energy has brought into being. The measure of the loss is not the mere area of the ground that has been transformed into dumping-ground for catch-penny eyesores. If we wish to estimate aright the extent of the injury done, we have to think of the effect on the opportunities of enjoyment in the everyday life of the average individual. For one trip taken for pure purposes of pleasure, thousands of journeys are undertaken in the ordinary course of business. The view from the window of the railway-carriage used to be a real pleasure to those whom affairs called from one great centre of activity to an-

other. A considerable portion of our City folk live out of town for the sake of escaping from the eternal tokens of competitive strife in the streets. But now the sole avenue of approach has been set thick with the horrors; and the vexatious incongruity of the intrusion adds keenness to the smart. No trifling part of the modern Englishman's existence is spent in transit to and fro between home and shop, or office, or factory. It is surely the very height of folly, while we are all bewailing the unavoidable drawbacks of crowded civilization, to permit this wanton and utterly unproductive sacrifice of our solaces, and addition to our worries. The persistence with which these engines of torment infest our thoroughfares takes away half the pleasures of the deliberate holiday. Granted that there are spots beyond the reach of the profaner, the ordeal of affronts through which the pilgrim has to pass *en route* blunts present delight and spoils the retrospect. To recur to our economic truism, the toleration of disfiguring advertisements causes every day and every hour wholesale destruction of that natural wealth which consists of the restfulness or the beauty of the outlook. We spend millions without grumbling on the maintenance of an army and navy to defend our shores from the foreigner; but by a defect in our system of local government which an Act of a few clauses would make good we permit domestic foes to play havoc with our native country. We resent an insult to the flag, but with inexplicable tameness of soul we allow any one (who is mean enough or foolish enough to do the deed) to mar the very face and features of the fatherland. Some there are who talk of restoring the land to the people; let them, first of all, save from sordid eclipse the glory of our common domain.

Let me illustrate, by reference to a single pursuit, the wrong done to large classes by the absence of legal protection against assaults upon the eye. Bicycling is an institution which nearly every one regards with favor. Those of us who are not adopting willingly take our chance of being knocked down and the certainty of being whistled at

(which is almost worse) in consideration of all the blessings the machine confers upon the rider. The Queen's Counsel or the City clerk can leave behind him, when the blessed hour sounds for release from court or counter, the stifling atmosphere of London, and in a few hours find himself in Arcadia. But, unluckily, Arcadia is approached by metalled roads, and every day that passes sees these highways equipped with more frequent, more staring, objects specially designed to brand upon the retina the most galling features of the turmoil which it is the cyclist's one desire to forget; and the worst of it all is, that some unreflecting gentlefolk lay on the poor wheelmen the blame of vulgarizing the region through which their routes lie. I acquit the people who do the mischief of all deliberate malignity; but if they were on principle enemies of their race, they could not devise more effectual methods of torment. Above all, they make war upon the working-man. It is on the lines which the artisan (whose field of choice is necessarily limited by the facilities of cheap travel) has to use that the blots are most diligently multiplied. The poor are robbed even of the treasure that costs nothing, and yet is of priceless worth. Some of the experts in this form of highway robbery add insult to injury by pretending that "the people don't mind;" that they "rather like" the vulgar blaze. This is calumny. The people have to endure, and, alas! they have not yet learned to resist to good purpose. But to say that they enjoy the horrors is a bad variant of the old fable that eels acquire a taste for being skinned alive.

An edifying tale may here be told. A party of mechanics were going in a special excursion train from the East-End to Oxford. At one point the train was detained for some time. It happened to be a place where an exquisitely beautiful reach of the Thames is disclosed, or, rather, used to be disclosed, and where, as a natural consequence, the gentlemen who treat scenery only as decoy for possible customers had raised a more than usually bountiful crop of blazing field-boards. Indignation waxed warm among the party. It was proposed and carried unanimously

that they should descend from the carriage and demolish forthwith the offensive emblems. It required a very strenuous discourse (delivered, the legend runs, by a convinced Home Ruler who was in charge of the party) concerning the reverence due to legality to dissuade them from executing summary justice. One of the company argued that if the medicine man hit him in the eye he was entitled to hit back. The train, however, moved on, and the controversy remains an open and burning question to this day.

Once again I must ask the reader to bear in mind the true conception of wealth. If the production of a bicycle is to be regarded as a service to the community, on the ground that it enables the townsman to get to the fields and villages, the destruction of the features which make the country a source of pleasure is, even from the industrial point of view, impoverishment.

It is hardly necessary to add that in a tourist track picturesqueness is a commercial asset which it argues strange blindness on the part of hotel-owners and others locally interested to subject to deterioration.

Even if the wares which it is the purpose of the annihilators to commend had the virtues ascribed to them by those interested in their sale, if good soaps were only made by the anarchist firms, and if no physic was so potent as that compounded by the nihilistic pillmen, the havoc wrought by their boards far exceeds any conceivable addition to household cleanliness or the healthy action of the public liver. Some of us would sooner die than save our lives by absorbing the nostrums so nauseously puffed.

But, of course, not the smallest good results either to the consumer or to the whole class of producers to which the disfigurers belong. The starch of blatant A may supplant in the market the starch of modest B, but the laundresses use no more and no less of the commodity in question. The only effect is that little by little all the makers are drawn into the insane rivalry by placards, and that the wearers of stiff shirt-fronts have to pay in their washing-bills for the monstrosities which embitter their existence.



There would be little purpose in thus analyzing the nature of the evil, if the inquiry were not an essential preliminary to suggestions for a remedy. Deliverance, I contend, is assured as soon as those who are especially sensitive to the affronts realize that the question is essentially a public one, and that they may fearlessly and resolutely appeal on broad grounds of national interest to the judgment of their fellows. I admit at once that those who feel very acutely are but a small percentage of the community. But if reforms depended upon the ardent, and concurrent, and spontaneous demand of a majority there would have been no change of institutions since the Flood. It is the fervid conviction of minorities that has worked all the great revolutions. It suffices if the numerically small band can obtain even the languid assent of the many, and are not confronted by a hostile minority equal in influence to themselves. Now, the most dismal theory that has ever been propounded regarding popular taste does not assume that the masses have a craving for the naughty superfluities which offend the select. They are supposed to tolerate them ; but the sounder doctrine is, that they have too many other things to think of to take note of the loss they sustain, or to meditate on modes of redress. If only we who are keenly interested make our views known, the eyes of thousands will be opened to the extent of the injury done. If we are a minority, we are a minority not less powerful than the minorities that fought successfully the battle of sanitation, of popular education, of factory regulation, and of the many other beneficial reforms which a generation ago were laughed at as crazes, and to day are accepted by the lineal intellectual descendants of those who scoffed at elementary institutions of civilization.

Every one at present (to confine ourselves to one illustration) accepts without murmur the dispensation by which he is bound under frightful penalties to connect his drains in a particular way with the public sewers. But there was a time, not so long ago, when the notion of preventing each householder from flinging his own rubbish into the thoroughfare was derided as "chimeri-

cal." Now, in the case of the limitations hitherto placed upon private liberty of action the sacrifice imposed on each individual is often grave. Compulsory education, for example, deprives many a struggling father of the earnings of his boys for several years. The ultimate advantage to society is not always obvious or intelligible to those affected. Yet every one now conforms readily to the standard prescribed by law, as if it were an article of elementary morality. It is, therefore, the merest bogie of the pessimist imagination to suppose that there will be any difficulty about restraining a handful of pushing tradespeople from destroying, in ignorance or wantonness, a large part of the visible wealth of the country. The advertisers themselves have no strong inducement to persist in this particular form of publicity hunting. What they each severally desire is relative, not absolute, notoriety. The old practitioners will have the advantage of their past activity, and have, therefore, a selfish motive for acquiescing in regulation. And many of them, I hasten to add, will hail with intense relief a bar upon a morbid phase of competition which uselessly diverts a good deal of their capital to unproductive channels. Most of them resort to the practice of disfigurement only in self-defence : only because some of their rivals have started in the repulsive line. For those who, on good grounds or bad, still desire to puff their wares there are plenty of other methods open.

The proposition that indiscriminate placarding is not good for trade as a whole, and that the existing license is not valued by vendors as a class, may appear to those who have not thought the matter out a paradox ; but to those who have considered the data it is a truism.

So far from regarding the purpose we have in view as a quixotic dream, the present writer is persuaded that in the next decade people will be puzzled to understand how or why patriotic Englishmen allowed the quiet beauty of their land to be disturbed for want of recourse to the principles which govern every other department of activity except that which is concerned with

the appeal to the eye; just as we wonder now, with a comforting sense of superiority, at the folly of our ancestors, who left the protection of life and property at night to the care of a decrepit old watchman, and who trusted conservancy to chance.

It is for us, to whom this matter appears one of urgent moment, to follow as best we may in the footsteps of the pioneers to whom we owe the blessings that their descendants take for granted. They were lectured and derided by the pompous persons of the day, who, because they were destitute of business-like imagination, prided themselves on practical insight. The reformers of former days did not squander on the invention of fanciful difficulties the energies which were needed for propagating sound opinions. The speed with which our cause will triumph depends wholly upon the willingness of each one of us to do his best within his own sphere.

But on what lines? To answer the question would be to rewrite the programme of the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising. Here I can but sketch in vague outline the heads of effort. (1) We make no secret of our aversion to the disfiguring emblems. As a result, we find that nine people out of ten we speak to are converted already—at any rate to the essential unsightliness of the things. If we see that a particular commodity is puffed, or that a particular establishment is made conspicuous by means which appear to us inconsistent with decent regard for the rights of passers-by, we take pains to find out a commodity which is not an occasion of offence, and a shop that is conducted on neighborly principles. By doing this we not only enjoy the luxury of a good conscience, and generally get the article we want at a lower price, but most effectually spread the light of right doctrine. Nothing does more to interest a respectable shopkeeper in the movement than a simple request that he will keep in stock something that one can take on his recommendation. It is, so far, a reversion to the old fashion of honorable retail trade. Little by little, as the observance of our golden rule grows, the dealer and middleman

will find that the articles "asked for" are not the articles recommended by the Torture Boards; and at last it will dawn on the intelligence of the nostrum-mongers themselves that the roadside game is played out, and that they must try new ways which are not aggressively anti-social. We, further, are not ashamed or afraid to rouse people to the sense of the value of rural scenes, and of the interesting aspects of town life. Through the schoolmaster we seek to influence the young, and implant in them the perceptions which, in a well-ordered England, will hereafter open up to them an inexhaustible source of unbought happiness.

(2) The taxation of exposed advertisements is a matter which requires thought and careful handling. But, unquestionably, any impost would at once render unprofitable a large class of sporadic bills which, I am glad to say, are already condemned and deplored by the respectable bill-posting firms. Assuming that taxation would tend to diminish the total area of display at any one time, it does not follow that printers and billstickers would lose, for the bills must be changed more frequently, and more careful workmanship will become habitual.

(3) Concerning railways, we are very well aware of the obligations which the directors are under to the shareholders, and of the connection between advertising-rents and dividends. We make no extravagant demands upon the virtue of the managers, being content to urge them in their own interest, as well as out of compassion for innocent passengers, who have never done them any harm, to assign definite spaces in the stations for the exhibition of announcements, these spaces being so planned as to have a harmonious relation to the general architectural design. It is the higgledy-piggledy, "stick-them-up-anywhere" system that mainly offends at present. The substitution of posters which, if not always "things of beauty," are at least not "pains forever," for the things that stare at us week after week and year after year from glazed frames and jappanned plaques, would rob a railway journey of half its unpleasantness.

(4) So far, it will have been observed,

the agencies invoked are purely moral. But we cannot dispense with the assistance of the Legislature. So long as there is no authoritative control, the community will be at the mercy of any one stupid enough not to know that he is doing harm, or selfish enough to disregard the injury he inflicts. Laws against theft would be useless if there were not a moral sense in favor of probity; but the moral sense would soon disappear from a people among whom theft was not treated as a crime. Every one understands the value of order in a crowded thoroughfare; but if there were no constables to regulate traffic, there would be a hopeless block of vehicles and jostling of pedestrians. A single ill-conditioned person could make the good feeling and good sense of the others of no avail. I have not, I hope, said anything that reflects on the personal character of the average advertiser. I have not scoffed at his taste or upbraided him with greed. There is even a pathetic side to the incessant efforts of advertisers to neutralize each other's attempts to catch the eye. Their desire to ply a profitable trade is in itself no more despicable than the acquisitive instinct which leads professional men to obtain a competence by services which are of real importance to the commonweal. I desire rather to rest the case for regulation on the truth which underlies nearly the whole body of our legislation—that there are certain things which every individual as a separate unit has an inducement to do, but which it is good for all the individuals composing the social aggregate to prohibit. "We live in an advertising age." "We are all advertisers nowadays." "Trade is cut-throat competition." Be it so. For myself, I feel very strongly that this humiliating description is grossly unjust to our times. The number of callings in which artificial notoriety counts for anything is not considerable when the vast volume of our industry and commerce is taken into account. But let us assume that, owing to the complexity and bewildering bulk of modern society, owing to the decay of personal relations and of the spirit of local patriotism, there is a temptation to seek custom by impressing the memory

through the much-enduring eye. What then? As soon as primitive man discovered that the spirit of acquisitiveness was rife, it saw the wisdom of protecting the physically weak against the physically strong. There was a reason for the existence of footpads; but restraints on highway robbery followed. Similarly, although the disposition to assault the nerves of wayfarers with striking arrangements of vivid colors is quite intelligible, the wholesale indulgence of the propensity involves, as a necessary corollary, in civilized jurisprudence, provisions for saving those who are using a public road from molestation in the exercise of an undoubted right.

But in applying to the facts as we find them the cardinal principle, our society proceeds with the caution and reserve proper to a body which describes itself as "National." It does not dream of prohibition. It does not propose to arm the central authority with any powers, nor does it ask that regulation, even in local hands, shall be universal or of one pattern. Only the rural districts come within the scope of the Rural Advertisements Bill; interference with notifications on land and premises relating to business conducted thereon is expressly excluded. In brief, the County Councils are simply to have a discretionary power of framing by-laws for regulating strictly advertising display.

Some will object that we make too small a demand. Some of the most galling instances of abuse occur, it will be said, in large cities, on shops, factories, and other places which come under the saving clause. I have no title to speak for others; but for myself I wish to say that I look forward with absolute confidence to the time when the use of the alphabet in public places for the purpose of catching the public eye will be subject to as rigid and effectual municipal ordinances as house-construction, the drainage of private premises, the disposal of refuse, street traffic, street music, the combustion of smoke, and many other things, now are. Regulation would be a simple matter of rule and scale, and when in force would work a marvellous transformation. We should hear no more the

doleful heresy that cities are necessarily vulgar and ugly. We should wake up to the enjoyment of the picturesque and other elements of interest in which our English towns abound when architecture, ancient and modern, is allowed a fair chance. Apart from what it is the custom to call æsthetic considerations, the requirements of business would necessitate some restrictions of the present chaos of announcements on shop-fronts and the eclipse of façades by mammoth hanging letters. The advertising mania should surely stop at swamping in the deluge of what are erroneously called signboards the identity of individual shops that customers may really wish to find.

But this vision of the future has nothing to do with the Rural Advertisements Bill. I could not deny myself the chance of winning posthumous fame as a seer, but as a social politician I am a cold-blooded opportunist. I think the passing of the Rural Advertisements Bill, or some similar measure, will mark the turning-point in the contest between the forces which make for restfulness and order in the aspect of our world of England, and the forces which make for vexatious confusion. Yet I do not anticipate from it any wide and immediate effect. We should fail in our larger purpose if we aimed beyond the scope of every-day experience. Trade would flourish mightily if the practice we desire to abate ceased altogether out of the land; but every trader does not know this. We are all creatures of habit, little addicted to looking beyond the tip of our nose, and sharp business men are more ordinary than ordinary people. They must be guided gently, led step by step into that fuller realization of what is truly "practical" which, with eyes open, they cannot see. If we were to believe one set of pessimists, County Councillors are such absolute Philistines that they will never be induced to use the powers with which we wish to invest them. We take comfort, however, when we learn from another school of despondent advisers that your County Councillor is a fussy creature, whose only delight is to exalt his office and domineer over his fellows; to stick his blundering broom of by-laws into every

quiet household corner. It is my good fortune to be able to take a more charitable and cheerful view of the nature of the County Councillor. I think he will wish to do very much what he is convinced local feeling strongly desires, and will not be persuaded to stir till the signs of local eagerness are very clear. Being in this pleasant frame of mind, I anticipate that the by-laws will be framed with a view to enabling the authorities to interfere where the need of interference is glaring. Again and again representations are made to municipal bodies regarding some particular outrage. The residents in a body complain; the Council sympathizes with them; but the clerk, repressing his private indignation, declares officially that the law as it stands gives no power of granting redress. Sometimes, by a legal fiction which assumes danger to life or limb, or public morals, measures are taken to abate the nuisance. In such cases our short and simple measure for amending—or, rather, supplying an accidental omission in—local government law would operate to the delight of every one. As to the structures reared in fields or by the riverside, whose only reason for existing is the chance of wounding the eyes of those using the highway or the stream—both portions of the public domain—I do not say that everywhere there would be zeal for their suppression; but in many instances they are resented by the neighborhood as gross affronts. People who do not value scenery for themselves may easily become aware that, as an attraction to visitors, it is worth protecting from ravage; and in tourist tracks especially innkeepers, car-owners, and others who live by exercising hospitality toward paying guests, have a direct interest in keeping the prospect clear of blots. For reasons of a more romantic hue the vicar and the squire would sometimes appeal to the County Council to save their pretty village from the visitation of the providence which scatters enamelled plaques over a land that no longer smiles. No one would, I imagine, espouse the cause of those who stick printed screeds on the rocks wherever the coast is particularly fine. Regular bill sticking associations (as has been



told already) are keen in their hatred of the flying poster. There is one type of the touting notice encountered on every country road which, I think, moves to disgust and anger every honest man. To bring to a summary close a list which might be indefinitely extended, I may allude to the prevailing practice of pasting bills on walls and palings which are private property, in opposition to the will of the owner. This, surely, is a case in which authority should afford more protection than it now does to those who wish to order their own possessions with a careful regard for the general comfort.

I have suggested in several places that the custom of advertising-disfigurement is due to an instinct of rivalry and imitation which often is quite dissevered from intelligent calculation. We may rely on the play of enlightened competition for the growth of the counteracting tendency. At present, if the intrinsic attractiveness of St. Mary's-on-the-Sandhills is impaired by the blaze of placards on the pier, the beach, and the esplanade, the chairman of the Local Board is comparatively apathetic, because he knows that if the visitors take flight to St. Ann's-below-the-Cliff they will find the ungracious objects there in similar profusion. But when St. Ann's wakes up to a regard for its

amenities, even to the extent of purging its pier of the accretions, the era of intelligent competition will have commenced, and little by little communities will discover that it does not pay to allow a few people to make money by practices, otherwise useless, which spoil the trade of their neighbors.

It would be more flattering to national pride, I own, to hope that emancipation was to be obtained at once by some great outburst of enthusiasm; but it is our English way to do things slowly, and to effect even a beneficial revolution by reliance on the free play of local judgment and mole like prudence. If those who view with shame and grief the loss of so much that was lovely and pleasant in the Britain of our fathers will add patience and moderation to patriotic zeal; if they will lay aside the longing for a cataclysm, and make the most of the mere turning of the tide, our children may inherit a land worthy of their love. But if we are content to nurse an impotent disdain, posterity will, with good cause, reproach us, and not the defacers, with the doom to which we leave them; for the deformities which beset us now are but signs and tokens of the desolation that must be hereafter.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF TRIAL BY JURY IN ENGLAND.

BY J. E. R. STEPHENS.

In the following pages it is proposed to investigate the origin and growth of "Trial by Jury" in England. It is a subject which ought certainly to be of interest not only to the lawyer but to every Englishman who values the institutions of his country. The national origin of trial by jury, its historical development, and the moral ideas on which it is founded, have all been discussed by a variety of writers with the acute penetration of philosophical research. The foundation of the institution of trial by jury was not laid in any act of the Legislature, but it arose silently and gradually out of the usages of a state of society which has forever

passed away. It used to be the generally received opinion at one time that the founder of this institution was Alfred the Great; but this idea has been dispelled of recent years by an enlightened spirit of historical criticism which has been applied to the subject.

Various and conflicting have been the opinions expressed by writers as to the origin of this institution, some writers even considering it a hopeless task to attempt to inquire into its origin. Thus Bourguignon says: *Son origine se perd dans la nuit des temps*. Blackstone, one of our great legal authorities, speaks of it as "a trial that hath been used time out of mind in

this nation, and seems to have been coeval with the first civil government thereof," and he adds, "that certain it is that juries were in use among the earliest Saxon colonies." Du Cange and Hickes were of opinion that it was introduced by the Normans, who themselves borrowed the idea from the Goths. Meyer, in his work on *The Origin and Progress of the Judicial Institutions of Europe*, looks upon the jury as partly a modification of the Grand Assize established by Henry II., and partly an imitation of the feudal courts erected in Palestine by the Crusaders; and he fixes upon the reign of Henry III. as the era of its introduction into England. Reeves, in his *History of English Law*, gives it as his opinion, that when Rollo led his followers into Normandy, they carried with them this mode of trial from the North. He says that it was used in Normandy in all cases of small importance, and that when the Normans had transplanted themselves into England, they endeavored to substitute it in the place of the Saxon tribunals. He, therefore, speaks of it as a novelty introduced by them soon after the Conquest, and says that the system did not exist in Anglo-Saxon times. Sir Francis Palgrave says, that a tribunal of sworn witnesses, elected out of the popular courts, and employed for the decision of rights of property, may be traced to the Anglo-Saxon times; but that in criminal cases the jury appears to have been unknown until it was enacted by William I. Mr. Sergeant Stephen says, "that we owe the germ of this (as of so many of our institutions) to the Normans, and that it was derived by them from the Scandinavian tribunals, where the judicial number of twelve was always held in great reverence." Many eminent writers have strongly maintained that the English jury is of indigenous growth, and was not derived, either directly or indirectly, from any of the tribunals that existed on the Continent. Some others have held that it is of ancient British or Romano-British origin. Others, again, have considered that the Anglo-Saxon compurgators (or sworn witnesses to credibility), the sworn witnesses to facts, the frith-borh, the

twelve senior thegns of Ethelred's law, who were sworn to accuse none falsely, the system of trial in local courts, by the whole body of the Shire or Hundred, contain the germ of the modern jury. Yet with the exception of what may be termed Ethelred's Jury of Presentment, not one of these supposed origins would be found, if we examined them closely, to possess much more than a superficial analogy to the inquest by sworn recognitors, the historic progenitor of the existing jury.

The theory which presents the fewest difficulties, and which is supported by very weighty arguments, regards the English system of sworn inquests as being derived from Normandy. There, both prior to and subsequent to the cession of the Neustrian province to Rollo by Charles the Simple, it had existed, as in the rest of France, from its establishment under the Carolingian kings, whose Capitularies contain minute instructions for inquisitions by sworn witnesses in the local courts. But, whatever may be the remote source of this institution, out of which trial by jury grew, two points are at any rate clear: (1) The system of inquest by sworn recognitors, even in its simplest form, makes its first appearance in England soon after the Norman conquest. (2) This system was in England, from the first, worked in close combination with the previously existing procedure of the shire moot; and, in its developed form of "trial by jury," is distinctly an English institution. When we attempt to inquire into the origin of an institution which has been handed down to us from hoary antiquity we must carefully note under what form it appears when for the first time it receives the notice of contemporary writers. This often differs considerably from the form and character which it assumes in the growth of years. There is one important feature in this institution, and it is this, that its members give their decision under the solemn sanction of an oath; but this feature is not peculiar to this institution, for, under the like sanction, the Dicasts at Athens, and the Judices at Rome decided. The same rule also prevailed in the old Norse Thing and German Mallum, where the right of all

the inhabitants of the gau or mark to be present in the judicial proceedings of these periodical assemblies became in practice limited to a few, as the representatives of the community. But the distinguishing characteristic of the system is that the jury consists of a body of men taken from the community at large, and summoned for the purpose of finding the truth of disputed facts, who are quite distinct from the judges or the court. Their duty is to decide upon the effect of evidence, so that the court may be able to pronounce a right judgment. Twelve men of ordinary ability are just as capable of deciding to-day on the effect of evidence as they were in the infancy of the institution. Although the technicality of the law has increased, yet it in no way interferes with their fitness to decide on the effect of proofs. And this is the reason why the English jury flourishes still in its pristine vigor, while the old juries of the Continent have either fallen into decay or been entirely swept away.

No trace of such an institution as a jury can be found in Anglo-Saxon times, for, if it had existed, distinct mention would have been frequently made of it in the body of Anglo-Saxon laws and contemporary chronicles which we possess, extending from the time of Ethelbert (A. D. 568-616) to the Norman Conquest; but no mention is made.

With respect to criminal trials, we meet, in the ordinance of King Ethelred II. (978-1016), with a kind of jury of accusation, resembling our Grand Jury, and possibly its direct progenitor. In Gemot of every Hundred, the twelve senior thegns, with the reeve, were directed to go apart, and bring accusation against all whom they believed to have committed any crime. But this jury did not decide the guilt or innocence of the accused; that had to be decided by compurgation, or the ordeal. This primitive Grand Jury probably continued in use after the Norman Conquest, until it was reconstituted by Henry II. For more than a hundred years after the Conquest the ancient Anglo-Saxon modes of trial, or forms of proof, by ordeal (*judicium Dei*), by oath (compurgation, termed later on

"wager of law"), by witnesses and production of charters, continued in general use, alongside the Norman procedure—the wager of battle, and the occasional use of the inquest by sworn recognitors. The Conqueror was doubtless desirous that the English should still continue to enjoy the rights and usages to which they had been accustomed. Consequently we find that the distinctive features of the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence were retained by the Conqueror. But he made, however, some important changes in the judicial system; he separated the spiritual and temporal courts; he introduced the combat, or duel, as a means of determining civil suits and questions of guilt or innocence; and he appointed justices to administer justice throughout the realm.

It was only by degrees, however, that the advantages of the principle of recognition by jury in its application to judicial matters were realized. The sworn inquest appears to have been at first chiefly used for the determining of non-judicial matters, such as the ascertaining of the laws of King Edward, the assessing of feudal taxation under William II. and Henry I., and the customs of the Church of York, which the latter monarch, in 1106, directed five commissioners to verify by the oath of twelve of the citizens. On one occasion the Conqueror ordered the Justiciars to summon the shire moots, which had taken part in a suit touching the rights of Ely; a number of the English who knew the state of the lands in question in the reign of Edward, were then to be chosen, these were to swear to the truth of their depositions; and action was to be taken accordingly. But still, there are equally early instances of strictly legal matters being decided by the recognition on oath of a certain number of *probi et legales homines*, selected from the men of the county to represent the neighborhood, and testify to facts of which they had special knowledge. Recognition by jury was applied by Henry II. to every description of business, both fiscal and legal.

The primitive German courts were tribunals of fully qualified members of the community, capable of declaring

the law or custom of the country, and of deciding what, according to that custom, should be done in the particular case brought before them. They were not set to decide, what was the truth of facts, but to determine what action ought to be taken upon proof given. The proof itself was furnished by the oaths of the parties to the suit, and their compurgators, the production of witnesses, and the use of the ordeal; trial by battle, being a sort of ultimate expedient for obtaining a practical decision, an expedient partly akin to the ordeal, as a judgment of God, and partly founded on the idea that when legal measures had failed, recourse must be had to force. The complainant addressed his charge to the defendant in solemn traditional form; the defendant replied to the complainant by an equally solemn verbal and logical contradiction.

The compurgators joining their hands, in one voice, swore to the purity of the oath of their principal. If the oath was inconclusive the parties brought their witnesses to declare such knowledge, as their position as neighbors had given them, the court having determined the point to which the witnesses must swear, they swore to that particular fact. If the witnesses also failed, the ordeal was made use of. And where the defeated party called in question the sentence thus obtained, he might challenge the decision of the court, by appealing to the members of it for a trial by combat. This practice, however common among some branches of the German stock, was by no means universal, and was not practised among the native English.

In these proceedings we find circumstances, which when viewed superficially appear to be analogous to the later trial by jury; but on closer examination, we see that they warrant no such impression. The ancient judges who declared the law, and gave the sentence—the *rachinburgii*, or the *scabini*—were by no means the equivalent of the modern jury, who ascertain the fact, by hearing and balancing evidence, leaving the law and sentence to the presiding magistrate. Nor were the ancient witnesses who deposed to the precise point in dispute, more near-

ly akin to the jurors, who have to inquire the truth and declare the result of the inquiry, than to the modern witnesses, who swear to speak not only the truth and nothing but the truth, but the whole truth. The compurgators swore to confirm the oath of their principal, and the only thing they had in common with the modern jury, was, that they took an oath. Although this is so, yet the procedure in question is a step in the history of the jury: the first form in which the jury appears is that of witness, and the principle which gives weight to that witness is the belief that it is the testimony of the community; even the idea of the compurgatory oath is not without the same element, the compurgators have certain legal qualifications which shall secure their credibility. Beyond this point, modified here as elsewhere by local usages, the Anglo-Saxon system did not proceed. The compurgation, the sworn witness, and the ordeal supplied the proof; and the sheriff with his fellows, the bishop, the shire-thegns, the judices and juratores and the suitors of the court, declare the law.

The Normans generally abolished trial by compurgators in criminal cases, and though the trial by ordeal long continued in force, it began to be looked upon as an impious absurdity. In the year 1215, the year of the granting of Magna Charta, the ordeal was abolished throughout Western Europe by the fourth Lateran Council, which prohibited the further use of that mode of trial, so that trial by jury became unavoidably general in England, in order to dispose of the numerous class of cases, when the charge was preferred, not by an injured individual against the culprit in the form of an appeal, but by the great inquest of the country (our modern Grand Jury) in the form of a presentment. For it was only where there was an accusing appellant, that the trial by battle was possible. But still there was for a long time no mode of compelling a prisoner to submit the question of his guilt or innocence to twelve sworn men, summoned from the neighborhood.

The Thirty-Ninth Section of Magna Charta says: "No free man shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized, or



outlawed, or exiled or anyways destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land" (*nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum, vel per legem terrae*). This has been generally taken as establishing the institution of trial by jury. But such cannot be the case, for we find the same expression occurring in a compilation of our laws of earlier date than Magna Charta. We find it in the *Leges Henrici Primi*. Thus: *unusquisque per pares suos iudicandus est et ejusdem provinciae*.

Mr. Forsyth, in his learned treatise entitled *History of Trial by Jury*, gives it as his opinion that the *pares* here spoken of have no reference to a jury. He considers that "they may possibly include the members of the county and other courts, who discharged the functions of judges, and who were the peers or fellows of the parties before them." And he goes on to say that, "In a stricter and more technical sense, however, they mean the homage or suitors of the baronial courts, which had seigniorial jurisdiction, corresponding to the hall-motes of the Anglo-Saxons, and in some degree to the manorial courts of the present day. And the words above quoted from the laws of Henry I. were taken by the compiler from the Capitularies of Louis IX. of France, where we know that no such institution as the jury existed until the period of the first Revolution." The "*iudicium parium*" of Magna Charta is the enunciation, however, of a general legal principle rather than the technical definition of a mode of trial. "It lay," says Stubbs, "at the foundation of all German law, and the very formula here used it probably adopted from the laws of the Franconian and Saxon Cæsars."

The use of a jury, both for criminal presentment and civil inquest, is mentioned for the first time in our statute law in the Constitutions of Clarendon. The manner in which the jury is referred to, gives one the impression that it was already in common use. The statute declared that "by the recognition of twelve lawful men," the Chief Justice should decide all disputes as to the lay or clerical tenure of land.

By the Assize of Clarendon, it was ordained that in every county twelve lawful men of each hundred, with four lawful men from each township, should be sworn to present all reputed criminals of their district in each county court. The persons so presented were to be at once seized, and sent to the water ordeal. This was simply a revival, in an expanded form, of the old English institution analogous to a Grand Jury, which, as we have seen, had existed at least since the time of Ethelred II.

It was in the Grand Assize (the exact date of which is unknown) that the principle of recognition by jury, having gradually grown into familiar use in various civil matters, was applied by Henry II., in an expanded form, to the decision of suits to try the right to land. This Assize is called by Glanvill, a contemporary and the earliest of our judicial writers, a *regalis institutio*. In it we first find the jury in its distinct form, but the elements of which it was composed were all familiar to the jurisprudence of the time. By the Grand Assize the defendant was allowed his choice between wager of battle and the recognition of a jury of twelve sworn knights of the vicinage summoned for that purpose by the sheriff.

The Assiza or Magna Assiza, as it was usually termed, was a mode of trial confined to questions concerning (1) the recovery of lands of which the complainant had been disseized; (2) rights of advowsons; (3) claims of vassalage affecting the civil status of the defendant. A writ was then addressed to the sheriff, commanding him to summon four knights of the neighborhood, where the disputed property lay, who were, after that they were sworn, to choose twelve lawful knights who were most cognizant of the facts (*qui melius veritatem sciant*), and who were upon their oaths to decide which of the parties was entitled to the land. The defendant was also summoned to hear the election of the twelve jurors made by the four knights, and he might object to any of them. When the twelve were duly chosen they were summoned by writ to appear in court, and testify on oath the rights of the parties. They

took an oath that they would not give false evidence, nor knowingly conceal the truth; and by knowledge, says Glanvill, was meant what they had seen or heard by trustworthy information, and this shows most clearly how entirely they were looked upon as mere witnesses, and how different the idea of their duties then was from what it is now. If they were all ignorant as to the rightful claimant they testified this in court, and then others were chosen who were acquainted with the facts in dispute. But if some did and some did not know the facts, the latter only were removed, and others were summoned in their place until twelve at least were found who knew and agreed upon the facts. If the jurors could not all agree, others were added to the number until twelve, at least, agreed in favor of one side or the other. This process was called "afforcing" the assize. The verdict of the jury was conclusive; and there could be no subsequent action brought upon the same claim, for it was a legal maxim that *lites per magnam assisam domini Regis legitime decisæ nulla occasione rite resuscitantur imposterum*. If the jurors were guilty of perjury, and were convicted or confessed their crime, they were deprived of all their personal property, and were imprisoned for a year at the least. They were declared to be infamous, and became incompetent to act as witnesses or compurgators in future (*legem terras amittunt*), but were allowed to retain their freeholds. From this we see that this proceeding by assize was nothing more than the sworn testimony of a certain number of persons summoned that they might testify concerning matters of which they were cognizant. So entirely did the verdict of the recognitors proceed upon their own prejudgment of the disputed facts that they seem to have considered themselves at liberty to disregard the evidence which was offered in court, however clearly it might disprove the case they had come there to support.

Although twelve was the most usual it was not the unvarying number of the jurors of assize for some years. When the institution was in its infancy the number appears to have fluctuated according to convenience or local custom.

In trial by jury, as permanently established, both in civil and criminal cases, by Henry II., the function of the jury continued for a long time to be very different from that of the jury of the present day. The jurymen were still mere recognitors, giving their verdict solely on their own knowledge of the facts, or from tradition, and not upon evidence produced before them; and this was the reason why they were always chosen from the hundred or vicinage in which the question arose. On the other hand, jurymen in the present day are triers of the issue; they base their decision upon the evidence, whether oral or written, brought before them. But the ancient jurymen were not impanelled to examine into the credibility of evidence; the question was not discussed before them; they, the jurymen, were the witnesses themselves, and the verdict was, in reality, the examination of these witnesses, who of their own knowledge gave their evidence concerning the facts in dispute to the best of their belief. Trial by jury was, therefore, in the infancy of the institution only a trial by witnesses; and jurymen were distinguished from other witnesses only by customs which imposed upon them the obligations of an oath, and regulated their number, and which prescribed their rank, and defined the territorial qualifications, whence they obtained their degree and influence in society.

Thus we see that the jurors founded their verdict on their personal knowledge of the facts in dispute, without hearing the evidence of witnesses in court. But there was an exception in the case of deeds in which persons were named as witnessing the grant or other matter testified by the deed. And thus an important change was made, whereby the jury, ceasing to be witnesses themselves, gave their verdict upon the evidence brought before them at the trials.

In the time of Glanvill, the usual mode of proving deeds, the execution of which was denied, was by combat, in which one of the attesting witnesses was the champion of the plaintiff. If the name of no attesting witness was inserted in the deed the combat had to

be maintained by some other person, who had seen or known of the execution. Another mode of proof was by comparing the disputed deed with others admitted or proved to have been executed by the party; but this, which would at the present day be a question for the jury, was determined then by the court.

Let us now consider the later development, common both to the civil and criminal jury, by which the jurors gradually changed from witnesses into the judges of fact, the proof of which rested exclusively on the evidence. In reality, however, since jurymen were originally mere witnesses, there was no distinction of principle between them and the attesting witnesses, and that gradually in the course of time a separation took place in the reign of Edward III.; for, although we find in the *Year Books* of that period the expression, "the witnesses were joined to the assize," a clear distinction is, notwithstanding, drawn between them. Thus, in a passage where these words occur, we are told that a witness was challenged because he was of kin to the plaintiff; but the objection was overruled on the ground that "the verdict could not be received from witnesses, but from the jurors of assize." And it was said that, when the witnesses did not agree with the verdict in an inquest, the defeated party might have an attaint.

The difficulty that was found of procuring a verdict of twelve caused for a time the verdict of the majority to be received. In the time of Edward IV., however, the necessity for a unanimous verdict of twelve was re-established.

In the *Year Books* of 23d Edward III. mention is made of witnesses being adjoined to the jury to give them their testimony, but without having any voice in the verdict. This is the first indication of the jury deciding on evidence formally produced in addition to their own knowledge, and forms the connecting-link between the ancient and modern jury. As the use of juries became more frequent, and the advantage of employing them in the decision of disputes more manifest, the witnesses who formed the secta of a plaintiff began to give their evidence before them,

and, like the attesting witnesses to deeds, furnished them with that information which in theory they were supposed to possess previously respecting the matter in dispute. The rules of evidence now became more strict. We find that, early in the reign of Henry IV., a still further advance was made. All evidence was required to be given at the bar of the court, so that the judges might be able to exclude improper testimony. From this change two important consequences followed: (1) From the exercise of control on the part of the judges sprang up the whole system of rules as to evidence: (2) the practice of receiving evidence openly at the bar of the court produced a great extension of the duty of an advocate. Henceforward witnesses were examined and cross-examined in open court. Except as regards the right of the jury to found their verdict upon their own private knowledge, the trial was conducted on much the same principles as at the present day. Juries were, however, for a long time entitled to rely on their own knowledge in addition to the evidence. In the first year of Queen Anne the Court of Queen's Bench decided that if a jury gave a verdict of their own knowledge, they ought so to inform the court, that they might be sworn as witnesses. This, and a subsequent case in the reign of George I., at length put an end to all remains of the ancient functions of juries as recognitors. While the jurymen were mere recognitors, if they gave a wrong verdict, they must usually have been guilty of perjury. Hence, at Common Law, they became liable to the writ of attaint. In attaint the cause was tried again by a jury of twenty-four. If the verdict of the second jury was opposed to that of the first, the original twelve jurors were arrested and imprisoned; their personal chattels were forfeited to the king, and they became for the future infamous. After the jury became distinct from witnesses, attaint gradually fell into disuse. Besides the legal method of attaint, there was also another and illegal method of punishing a jury for a false verdict, frequently employed by the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns for political purposes. This was by fine and imprisonment by the

Court of the Star Chamber. After the abolition of the Star Chamber, the Crown made use of the judges to intimidate juries. At length the immunity of juries was finally established in 1670 by the celebrated decision of Chief Justice Vaughan in *Bushell's* case. The institution of a jury has thus been traced from the period of its first introduction into England, when the jury acted as mere recognitors, up to the time when they finally became separated from the witnesses, and gave their verdict, not from their own previous knowledge of the disputed facts, but from a consideration of the evidence which was brought before them. An

institution like the jury, existing for ages among a people, cannot but influence the national character. The very essence of trial by jury is its principle of fairness. The right of being tried by his equals, that is, his fellow-citizens, taken indiscriminately from the mass, who feel neither malice nor favor, but simply decide according to what in their conscience they believe to be the truth, gives every man a conviction that he will be dealt with impartially, and inspires him with the wish to mete out to others the same measure of equity that is dealt to himself.—*Westminster Review*.

## THE REVOLUTION IN GRUB STREET.

### A BOSWELLIAN FRAGMENT.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

... Some days ago I accepted for Dr. Johnson and myself an invitation to a London spirit-party, at which a very distinguished author was to be among the corporeal guests. It was with some uneasiness that I announced this to my revered friend, as hitherto I had been always accustomed to take his pleasure on the matter before making any engagement of the kind. At first, as I feared, he took it very much amiss. "Sir," he said, "you have permitted yourself to use an unwarrantable freedom. Why did you accept for me?" BOSWELL: "I imagined, sir, that I was sufficiently acquainted with your tastes to justify me in assuming that this visit to my friend would be agreeable to you." JOHNSON: "Sir, the event itself shows that you were mistaken, as people commonly are who act upon 'imagination's'" (blowing with derision) "as though they were reasoned beliefs. Sir, the very word you employ convicts you of levity and officiousness." BOSWELL: "You used to be well pleased to dine with our friend Mr. Dilly, the bookseller, in the Poultry, where we met many literary persons." JOHNSON: "Well, sir, and what of that? This gentleman you speak of is no friend of Mr. Dilly's,

nor have I met him before." BOSWELL: "True, sir; but I thought that as you were formerly not averse from the company of authors, you might be amused by again meeting one of them." JOHNSON (testily): "And so, sir, you might argue that because I had a liking for roast veal and stuffing, I should have an equal relish for apple-pie and custard. Sir, you are talking at random. Authors are not like peas in a pod, and if some of them are civil and clubbable men, we are not to suppose that all are so." I was casting about for other excuses with which to mollify him, but he cut me short. "Nay, sir," he said, "let us deal plainly with each other. You wished to accept the invitation because you had a curiosity to meet the gentleman, and you father your own inclinations upon me."

I saw from the humor he was in that it would be better to drop the subject for the time, in the expectation that when the day of our engagement arrived, he would recur to it of his own accord, and in a more compliant mood. Of this I was not disappointed, for when the day came he said, in a sudden way: "Well, sir, are we not going to your friend's?" To this I replied



that I was myself ready and willing, and should like nothing better; but that the least I could do to atone for my unfortunate misapprehension of his wishes was to make quite sure of them now, and that I had merely been waiting for soem indication of their direction. JOHNSON (smiling): "I see, sir, that you are determined to make an accomplice of me. Well, let us go." Here I saw my opportunity for appealing to his love of controversy. "I beg, sir," I said, "that you will not consider yourself under any obligation to fulfil this unauthorized engagement which I have made for you. Pray look upon yourself as released from it." JOHNSON: "How can I do that, sir, without permission, and what right have you to permit me? The right is your friend's, and he has given you no more authority to release me than I gave you to bind me. Sir, you are seeking to make amends for one freedom by committing another." BOSWELL: "But surely, sir, it is not possible that an undertaking given in your name, but without your sanction, can impose upon you any liability to discharge it." JOHNSON: "Why not, sir? It happens every day in the City of London. You have forgot the maxim, *Fieri non debet, factum valet*. Your friend may well suppose that I have given you a general authority to accept invitations for me, and that I have specially revoked it in his case. I should not like the dog to think that we have no manners here. Come, sir, let us go."

His argumentative victory had so pleased him that he started on his journey in high good humor; but before we reached my friend's house I saw that a change had come over him. I believe he was vexed by the informality of the invitation, now that he had time to reflect upon it, and came prepared to stand on his dignity. He was certainly in his gruffest mood when the Eminent Author, whose name I think it better to conceal, was brought forward to be introduced to him.

The conversation, to which I listened very attentively, began thus: THE AUTHOR: "Dr. Johnson, your most obedient servant." JOHNSON: "Who are you, sir?" THE AUTHOR: "I am

a humble soldier, in the army of which you were the illustrious commander. My weapons are those which, in your powerful hand—" JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, I asked for neither flatteries nor figures of speech. A plain answer to a plain question will serve me well enough. Are you a writer of books?" THE AUTHOR: "That is indeed my calling." JOHNSON: "Then, sir, I wish you joy of it. It was a beggarly trade in my day, and many a man who plied it had better left it alone. But you, at any rate, seem to have prospered at it. There are no holes in your coat, and you do not look as if you had often had to go without your dinner." THE AUTHOR (complacently): "'Tis true, sir, I have been prosperous enough. My last book has just reached its fiftieth thousand." JOHNSON: "Sir, you surprise me. Either the sales of all books must be vastly larger than ever I remember, or you must be the most admired writer of your time, or indeed of all time." THE AUTHOR: "You offer me an embarrassing choice of alternatives, Dr. Johnson; and, unfortunately, honesty rejects the one which modesty would prefer. I cannot truthfully say that the sales of all books are larger than you remember them." JOHNSON: "Is it an epic, sir?" THE AUTHOR: "Some of my friends are good enough to call it a prose epic." JOHNSON: "A prose epic! Not like Mr. Macpherson's *Ossian*, I trust." THE AUTHOR: "No, indeed, it is a work of fiction." JOHNSON: "So, in my opinion, was Mr. Macpherson's *Ossian*. But doubtless you mean a romance, sir, like my own *Rasselas*."

The gentleman seemed rather discomposed, I thought, at the comparison, and I judged it time to come to his assistance. "Perhaps, sir," I said, "Mr. ———'s romance is of a less philosophical cast than your history of the Prince of Abyssinia." JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, let the gentleman speak for himself. Why trouble us with your 'perhaps this,' and 'perhaps t'other'? You are wasting our time over conjectures, when, if you would only be silent for a moment, we should learn the facts. Was your romance a love story, sir?" THE AUTHOR: "It was;

a story of love and of betrayal." JOHNSON: "I surmised as much. A tale after the manner of Dr. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, I suppose?" Here the gentleman again seemed a little in doubt, but, after a short pause, he replied that, with allowances for differences of treatment, the tale was one of the same kind. JOHNSON (laughing and rolling about): "And you tell me, sir, that the booksellers have sold fifty thousand copies of this history of Jenny and Jessamy. Pray, sir, at what price?" THE AUTHOR: "The published price is six shillings." JOHNSON: "Six shillings only! Then I conclude it must be a little book." The author, however, assured him that that was not the case. It was at least three times the length of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. At this Dr. Johnson was greatly surprised, being unable, as he said, to understand how so large a book could be sold at such a price and return a profit. "Why, sir," he inquired, "what in the world does it cost to produce it?" The gentleman replied, a shilling. JOHNSON: "What, and sells for six?" THE AUTHOR: "No, sir, six shillings is but the published price, as it is called. The price to the purchaser is only four shillings and sixpence." JOHNSON: "Be it so, sir; but that leaves still a handsome profit to the bookseller. Why, sir, if the fellow does all his business on those terms he must roll in wealth." THE AUTHOR: "It is not all clear profit to him, but he does very well."

The conversation here shifted for a time to other topics, but I could see that my illustrious friend was still revolving in his mind the strange particulars he had just heard, and that he was, above all, curious to know what could have been the author's gains from this marvellous book. I therefore had the temerity to say: "There is a question, sir, which I see Dr. Johnson wishes to ask you; but he is afraid to do so for fear of appearing uncivil. He would like to know what was the sum paid you for the book." I confess I put this question with no little trepidation, and held myself prepared for a terrible rebuke; but to my great relief the Sage took my interfer-

ence in excellent part. "Sir," said he, smiling, "when you become better acquainted with Mr. Boswell you will find that it is his common practice to impute his own weaknesses to me. But I own that, in this case, I keep him in countenance. It would interest me much to hear what the bookseller paid you for so vastly successful a work." The author not at once replying, Dr. Johnson added: "I trust the rogue did not get it too cheap." BOSWELL: "Dr. Goldsmith, sir, only got sixty guineas for the *Vicar of Wakefield*." JOHNSON: "What of that, sir? Beggars cannot be choosers, and poor Goldy was in great straits when I found him a purchaser for his book." BOSWELL: "But the purchaser, sir! Ought any man to take advantage of another in that situation?" JOHNSON: "Sir, what matters whether he ought or not? We know that, as man is constituted, he usually will, and the spendthrift whose necessities place him at the mercy of others should blame his own improvidence, not their cupidity. But you, sir" (turning to the author), "can have had no necessities for cupidity to prey upon. I trust you did not part with your romance for less than a hundred pounds?"

Here a gentleman of the company, who had been listening to the talk with evident signs of amusement, could contain himself no longer, and burst out a-laughing. JOHNSON (sternly): "Sir, this ill-timed merriment is mighty offensive. What was it in my last speech that you are pleased to find ridiculous?" The gentleman, much alarmed, made haste to assure Dr. Johnson that he meant no offence, and was laughing, not so much at anything that had been said, as at his own thoughts. JOHNSON (somewhat mollified, but unwilling to let the gentleman go without another rub): "For aught I know, sir, your thoughts may deserve to be laughed at for their absurdity; but" (smiling) "if it is their wit that tickles you, I think you should share them with the company." THE GENTLEMAN (vastly relieved by the Sage's return to good humor): "With all my heart, though I cannot claim the merit of wit for them. I happen for my sins, or those of other people, to be a

bookseller, and I was laughing to myself at the thought of what our successful authors would say if we paid them as we did in your days." JOHNSON: "O ho! sir, you are a bookseller, are you? Then you will be able to check Mr. —'s accounts for us: at least, when he renders them, which he seems somewhat loath to do." THE AUTHOR: "Not at all, Dr. Johnson, not at all, I assure you. I consider the laborer worthy of his hire. I receive a modest royalty of five-and-twenty per cent., thirteen copies as twelve." JOHNSON: "Sir, I do not catch your meaning." The gentleman who had described himself as a bookseller explained that the royalty spoken of was a percentage on the published price of each copy sold, with the exception of one in every thirteen, on which no royalty is paid. THE AUTHOR: "It came to one and fourpence-halfpenny a copy."

Dr. Johnson receiving this information in silence, the author, after a few moments, observed, somewhat anxiously, "I hope, sir, you do not consider that as otherwise than a modest sum. But you say nothing." JOHNSON (something impatiently): "Sir, I wish you would follow my example for a moment, if you desire me to answer your questions. You mistake the silence of computation for the reticence of dissent. I was reckoning the profits of this love-story of yours, and I find" (he added, after a few moments) "that they come to near three thousand five hundred pounds." THE AUTHOR: "Well, sir, is that sum an exorbitant one?" JOHNSON: "Why, no, sir. It is large, but we are to consider things in their relations. There was a very large sum to be divided." THE AUTHOR: "Then you would not accuse me of unbridled greed for demanding and obtaining this share of the sum so divisible?" JOHNSON: "No, sir. Let us not wrest language from its natural meaning. He only is greedy who grasps at a larger share of anything than he can justly claim. The bookseller, I suppose, was a free agent; and if so, in agreeing to your claim, he admitted its justice." BOSWELL: "But might he not agree to it, sir, for reasons of his own, yet without consider-

ing it just?" JOHNSON: "I do not think so. How can it be unjust for one man to strike a bargain with another, which each judges to be to his advantage? Moreover, the event showed that each judged rightly. The sale of Mr. —'s romance at four shillings and sixpence, after it had cost but a shilling to print and bind, left three shillings and sixpence to be divided between the author and the bookseller. If the author's share of this was one shilling and fourpence-halfpenny, there must have remained for the bookseller a profit of two shillings and three-halfpence on each volume—surely a very pretty sum."

Seeing that the bookseller was again hard put to it to restrain his laughter, Johnson turned to him and said good-humoredly, "I see that either I or this gentleman's thoughts have again been fortunate enough to amuse him. If it be his thoughts, I hope he will once more entertain us with them." THE BOOKSELLER: "I wish, sir, you would ask Mr. — whether his bookseller—or, as he and I should call him, his publisher—drew two shillings and three-halfpence of profit per copy from the sale of his last novel." JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, ask him yourself, or tell us without asking him, since it is pretty evident that you know." But the author here interposed, and admitted of his own accord that his publisher's profit on the book had not amounted to more than elevenpence a copy. JOHNSON: "Then pray, sir, what becomes of the rest of the money?" THE AUTHOR: "Sir, it is sweated away as it passes through the hands of middlemen. The London publisher, or bookseller as you would have called him, passes it on to some great wholesale bookseller or other, and by the time it reaches the country bookshop there is nothing left but a beggarly shred of profit for the last seller."

As I saw that the bookseller was listening to this with much impatience, and with many signs of a desire to speak, I endeavored to obtain a hearing for him by interrupting Mr. — with the words, "Sir, the gentleman wishes to be heard. Pray, sir, give the gentleman leave." Dr. Johnson, however, seemed nettled at my interference

and rapped out smartly: "Nay, sir, give *this* gentleman leave. Mr. —, as I judge, is relating facts within his own experience, and that is a relation which no one else is qualified to correct. I conclude that he is going on to tell us why the seller of his book took it at all from the man through whose hands it last passed if he could not resell it at a reasonable profit, or why he did not clap so much on to the last price as would repay him." The author assured us that this was impossible because of the active competition of others in the trade who would undersell and ruin him if he attempted such a thing. JOHNSON: "Then why, sir, does he not buy direct of the bookseller who printed the work? Why should he let any wholesale dealer come between them?" THE AUTHOR: "That, sir, would in fact be competing with the wholesale dealer, and he has not the capital for such a venture." JOHNSON: "Sir, if that is so, he had better quit bookselling and shift his money to some other concern." THE AUTHOR: "Surely, sir, he has a right to live and thrive on this business which his father before him found at least profitable enough to subsist upon. The publisher should take care that the book reaches him at a price which will afford him what we now call 'a living wage.' I have before this stipulated with my publisher as part of my own agreement with him that the country bookseller should get my book on such terms as will afford him a decent margin of profit on the sales." JOHNSON: "Vastly well, indeed, sir. Of course, if you choose out of charity to forego a part of your own profits (perhaps the fourpence-halfpenny over the shilling on each copy) in order that a worthy man may be supported in a trade that he cannot make a living at, you can do so, and there's an end on't."

Here, for some reason or other, the company fell silent. The bookseller seemed to be again so much diverted with his own thoughts and with watching the author (who appeared to me mighty uneasy) as to have lost all his former inclination to speak. The conversation, moreover, was becoming rather tedious to myself, and I wished, if I could, to give it an impulse in some

new direction. I therefore turned to the bookseller, and inquired the meaning of an expression which had fallen from one of the company before our talk about bookselling had begun. Who and what, I asked, was the New Woman? Seeing that the gentleman hesitated a little, Johnson said pleasantly enough: "You see, sir, that Mr. Boswell's habit of curiosity still survives. But the term which perplexes him is one I have never heard; nor should I readily believe that there is anything in nature corresponding to it." THE BOOKSELLER: "What, sir, you think a New Woman an impossibility?" JOHNSON: "Why, yes, sir, to be sure. Man himself has changed but infinitesimally in the course of ages, and woman, in whom the primitive instincts are necessarily stronger, changes with still more difficulty." BOSWELL: "What do you say, sir, to the *Varium et mutabile* of Virgil?" JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, you should finish your quotation before asking me what I say to it. It is *varium et mutabile semper femina*. What do you say to the *semper*? The poet is on my side, not yours. What he ascribes to woman is an immutable mutability. He says in effect of her, that she is constant to her inconstancy, an unchanging type of change."

I was not convinced nor, I think, was the bookseller by the reply of Johnson's, who here, as in other instances, seemed to me to be merely talking for an argumentative victory. But the author, who had remained silent, and who seemed to me to be reflecting with more and more disquiet on the remark Johnson had last addressed to him, here broke in, a little abruptly, with the question, "Why, sir, should the publisher exist at all?" Johnson, who never relished such sudden interruptions of a conversation in which he was interested, answered him something shortly: "I thought we were done with your business, sir. We cannot be forever talking of you and your wonderful book." The author, however, seemed in no wise dashed by the Sage's reproof, but continued to enlarge upon what was evidently the favorite subject, with increasing vehemence of manner. "Why should not we deal



directly with the country bookseller and squeeze out the publisher altogether? Only two parties are necessary to the production of a book—the man who makes it and the man who sells it to the public. The publisher is a modern invention, or rather a late and superfluous growth. He is a mere excrescence, a wart, a wen. He did not exist in England even as recently as your own day, Dr. Johnson. Authors then talked of writing for the booksellers, not for the publishers.”

JOHNSON: “Why, sir, what stuff is this? How did Mr. Cave, or Mr. Cadell, or Mr. Millar, or Mr. Dodsley differ from the men you now call publishers? It is true we talked of writing for the booksellers; but the book had to be made before it could be sold, and the one bookseller who made it to be sold by himself and other booksellers answered to your publisher. Do you say there is no need for him?”

THE AUTHOR: “No, sir. I repeat that only two parties are necessary to the production of a book: the man who makes it and the man who sells it to the public.” JOHNSON: “Yes, sir, I hear you repeat it. Like many other disputants you are content with merely repeating what it is your business to elucidate and defend. Let me observe, however, that you do not state your own case accurately, or as favorably for yourself as you might. You say that two parties are necessary to the production of a book, and you set about to prove it by adding that it takes one man to produce the book and another to sell it, which is a wholly different operation. Why, sir (laughing), this is to talk like the urchin who said that currant pie was of two kinds—currant pie, and currant-and-raspberry pie.”

I saw that Johnson had put himself into good humor by his jest, so I thought it well to interpose no remark of my own. But the author, thinking to trip up my venerable friend in his talk, exclaimed rather loudly: “Be it so, sir, I accept your estimate. Let me say that only one man is required.”

JOHNSON: “Let us say no such thing, sir. The estimate, as you call it, is none of mine. I did but correct yours in order to reduce it *ad absurdum*. For what can be more absurd than to

say that even to the production of a book but one man is necessary—the man who makes it. Is it then made by one man, and that man the author, or is it to be so made in future? Is the writer of the book to make the paper on which it is printed, and to set up the type, and to bind the volumes?”

THE AUTHOR: “No, sir, I do not mean that. I should, perhaps, have used the word ‘distribution’ instead of the word ‘production.’ It is in the distribution of a book that the publisher is, in my opinion, unnecessary. To that process there are, I maintain, but two necessary parties—the author and the bookseller. Why should not the author send his book direct from the printer and bookbinder to the shop of the bookseller? A business representative, a clerk, a cashier, is all he would want for such a purpose?” JOHNSON: “Does a book then drop down from heaven ready printed and bound? If not, how is it to be got into the hands of the printer and bookbinder? Is the author’s clerk, his cashier, to do this business for him, too? Is he to make his contract with the paper-maker for the paper, and with the printer for the printing, and with the binder for the binding? Why, sir, at that rate every author will have to keep a counting-house of his own, with all its apparatus, and will have to spend more hours at his ledger than in his library. Besides, if he can do this, why stop there? Why should he not abolish the bookseller and sell his own books? Why not plant a clerk or a cashier in a rented shop in fifty country towns? They could doubtless make shift to sell a thousand copies each, and you would then add the bookseller’s profits, such as they are, on the whole fifty thousand, to your own.”

In spite of the vigor with which Johnson pressed home these arguments, the author still held his ground sturdily. “Publishers,” he complained, “have been threatening in a high and mighty fashion to send us back to Grub Street, but we will show them that in these days the dwellers in Grub Street have learned the lesson of revolt. They had no such temptation in your time, Dr. Johnson; for bookselling was in a thriving state in those days,

and authors were not so often starved out of existence." JOHNSON (agitated): "Hold, sir. You are now talking of matters you know nothing of. In all ages there have been writers who lacked bread, and there are some such, I doubt not, in your own times. But if you think you would have bettered yourselves by going back to the days of Richard Savage, or if any one has led you to suppose, that there were fewer pens scribbling in vain to feed an empty belly in my time than in yours, why then, sir, your credulity has been much abused. We do not forget what we suffered in Grub Street, though there is neither sense nor pleasure in recalling it."

I have not often seen this firm-minded and almost stoic philosopher so deeply moved at anything, and by way of turning his thoughts in the more pleasant direction of his own poetical treatment of this sad subject, I softly whispered the well-known couplet from the *Vanity of Human Wishes*:

"There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

"At least," I added, "you have got rid of patrons." THE AUTHOR: "There is but little gain in that. The publisher is but the patron in another form. And you know what the publisher is, Dr. Johnson; you who once knocked down a bookseller with a fo—" JOHNSON (hastily): "Sir, it was not so. The story is a ridiculous fable. The fellow was impertinent to me and I beat him, but it was not with a folio. I had too much respect for books." THE AUTHOR: "But you have spoken against booksellers." JOHNSON: "Why, yes, sir; and so may you have spoken against those you have a value for. But I have said much more for them than I have ever said against them. Mr. Boswell's book, if indeed it is still to be procured, will tell you that I spoke of them as 'generous, liberal-minded men.' I acknowledged myself to have been handsomely treated by Mr. Millar for my Dictionary, though the sum I received for it will seem small indeed to you, sir—a poor fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds—but little more than a third of the profits which have come to you from your

love-tale." THE AUTHOR: "Posterity, Dr. Johnson, has admired your own magnanimity more than the liberality of the booksellers." JOHNSON: "Sir, I am much beholden to posterity; but what, pray, is your own complaint of them? You do not seem to have fared so ill at their hands. Their faults, whatever they are, have not prevented you from obtaining a princely sum for your last work. This seems no sufficient cause for a grudge against them."

THE AUTHOR: "Pardon me, Dr. Johnson, but you mistake my motives. I have no grudge against the publisher. I am merely anxious to protect the country bookseller." JOHNSON: "Oh, if that is all you are concerned about, I think you may very well let it alone. I had supposed that you wished to increase your profits. You said, did you not, that by dealing directly with the last handler of your book before it goes to the reader you would put more into your own pocket as well as into his?"

THE AUTHOR: "True, I did say so; and so it would be; but that is a consideration which does not weigh with me. My object is to save the country bookseller from extinction." JOHNSON: "Sir, the country bookseller would have reason to be grateful to you, but you would hardly earn the applause of the virtuous by so invidious a benevolence. Nor will you increase the sum of human happiness if you merely save one trade from extinction by extinguishing another."

The author was about to answer, but Johnson, who I perceived was becoming impatient of his tenacity, anticipated his reply with a "Nay, sir, I beg you will use no further argument on a question that, in truth, admits of none. Had you pleaded your own interest you had silenced me; for that must be left to every man to decide for himself." BOSWELL: "Yes, sir, every man is the best judge of that." JOHNSON: "Why, no, sir, a man is not necessarily the best judge of it. But he is the only judge with an authoritative commission to act, or with any power to execute his decrees. And so, sir, had you told me that you were consulting your own advantage in this, I had said nothing. But when you inform me that you are for setting the world to

rights in this matter, I shall hardly be thought intrusive in attempting to dissuade you from such an adventure. It is not for fallible mortals to determine what lawful trades shall continue to exist for the good of Society, or to essay the part of an earthly Providence by attempting to cocker one trade and to crush out another. No, sir, if you will be guided by me, you will write another love-story, since such tales seem most to take the present taste of the town, and see if you cannot sell a hundred thousand copies of it at the same, or, if you can obtain it, at a higher percentage, leaving the booksellers, in town and country, to settle their own bargains with each other by the higgling of the market."

It being now cock-crow we took our leave, and on our way back I ventured to rally Dr. Johnson on his zeal in the cause of the booksellers. "After all, sir," I said, "is it any concern of the world how the author and the bookseller divide their spoils? And would it not be more decent of them to keep their disputes to themselves?" JOHNSON: "Why, yes, sir, that may be; but we are not to allow ourselves to be put off with false morality and bad reasoning in a public controversy because the disputants ought to have quarrelled in private. If a man and his wife fall to fist-cuffs in Drury Lane instead of within doors, we may have an opinion on the battle and express it." BOSWELL: "That is true, sir; but we do not care a fig which wins; and why, then, should it matter to you whether Mr. — could extinguish publishers or

not." JOHNSON: "Sir, it does matter. It matters to every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. Suppose it were possible for him to do without the publisher in his own case, and, by that means, to drive an even better trade in his own works than he seems to have driven hitherto. Nay, suppose all other writers of the same kind could do the same thing. What would that prove as to the publishers' utility or inutility to the world? The gentleman talks as if all literature were contained within the covers of six-shilling romances that run through fifty editions in a year. But unless all literature be, in fact, contained therein, how will it fare with the remainder of it? Could the publisher be dispensed with for that? Can the poet, the historian, the moralist, open shop for themselves and send their own works by 'a clerk or a cashier' direct from the binder to the country bookseller, to be by him disposed of to an eager crowd of buyers at the rate of a thousand copies a week? No, sir, we all well know that they cannot; and that since they cannot, they will always need the services of some trader—call him publisher, bookseller, or what you will—with capital enough to undertake the venture, and to lie out of his money till its slow returns come back to him."

Though I was only half convinced, I did not well see what to reply to this argument; which, Johnson noticing, he observed in a playful way. . . .

(Here, unfortunately, the fragment ends.)—*Fortnightly Review*.

## THE CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME OF SOCIAL REFORM.

BY JOHN E. GQRST.

NOTHING has contributed more to the downfall in public estimation of the present Government than its failure to deal effectively with any of the social problems of the day. The hopes which were held out by its supporters at the general election of 1892 could indeed never have been realized, because all the Parliamentary time was mortgaged from the outset to measures of political

change; but this fact does not seem to have been appreciated by a great number of the electors. The general desire of the people to try what the other side can do in social legislation will be one of the most powerful influences at work in the coming general election. If it should give a majority to the opponents of the Government, their own retention of the confidence of the people will in

its turn depend upon their fulfilment of expectations which have been built quite as much upon popular hope as upon any definite pledges which the leaders of the Opposition have given. They will have one immense and obvious advantage over their predecessors. Pledged to no political changes, they can devote the whole of their Parliamentary time and the entire energy of their administration to the framing, discussing, and passing of measures which directly affect the well-being of the people: they will not be obliged to put off reform by Royal Commissions, Select Committees, and sham Bills.

The policy of the Conservative party in reference to labor and social legislation would be guided by constitutional principles, and would necessarily proceed along the existing lines of social organization. During the last fifty years solid and substantial improvement has taken place in the condition of the people. It would be folly not to seek for further progress along the same lines, and to imperil all that has been attained by some wild experiment in socialism, contrary to that caution and sobriety of sentiment which has always characterized the British people.

But there are two diseases or disorders of the body politic which, though of old standing, have in recent times undergone a new and alarming development. They not only obstruct progress, but threaten to destroy the stability of the existing social order. Some immediate remedy for them is urgently called for. They are—

1. Strikes and lock-outs.
2. The unemployed.

The first efforts of any administration which is placed in office by the next Parliament will have to be directed to the treatment of these pressing and dangerous disorders: they have been fully discussed; their symptoms have been studied; remedies have been suggested; they are ripe for remedial legislation, if legislation can cure them.

#### STRIKES.

The first of these disorders is not so hard to deal with as the second, of which it is moreover one of the aggravating causes. The task is also made easier by the example of laws existing

in our own colonies, in American States, and in European countries, many of which have been in operation with excellent results for some years.

Certain of the best-organized trades in our own country, such as the Cleveland iron-workers and the Northumberland miners, have for many years had the relations between employers and employed regulated by voluntary joint committees, which have successfully dealt with questions of wages and hours of labor, and have maintained industrial peace for long periods. Guided by these precedents, the Government should now work out a plan by which the benefits possessed by the well-organized industries can be to some extent conferred on the general mass of less organized workers. Public bodies, local and central, should be called into existence, to impede, if they could not altogether prevent, industrial conflicts. Local bodies would deal with local disputes, which, though individually small, produce a vast aggregate of misery and loss. Central bodies would deal with conflicts affecting the great staple industries of the country. Authority to create such bodies should be derived from Parliament, which should prescribe their general constitution and the fundamental principles on which they should act. The appointment of local bodies would be made under schemes prescribed by the Councils of counties and the municipal corporations of boroughs, which should have considerable latitude in adapting their constitution and procedure, and their mode of election or appointment, to the particular circumstances of the neighborhood. The appointment of central bodies would be made directly by the Government. The general principles to be laid down and observed are such as these:—

1. They should be permanent. People object to the intrusion of volunteers and to the meddling of a Government department. Disputants cavil at the choice of persons to judge their particular quarrel. A standing body acquires experience and prestige.

2. Employer and employed should have an equal voice. They should themselves as far as practicable choose their own representatives, and should



jointly appoint an impartial and judicial president.

3. They should act with the authority of the law and in the name of the people at large. The nation, as well as the parties to the quarrel, suffer from a labor war; but the interests of the former are little thought of, and it is assumed that its function is only to keep the ring, while the latter fight out their quarrel without regard to the damage they are inflicting upon the rest of the community.

4. They should be clothed with sufficient legal power, in the way of summoning parties and securing the production of evidence, to enable them to discharge the duties for which they are appointed.

5. Their first effort should be to bring the parties together and induce them by mediation to come to a common understanding.

6. If this failed they should ascertain the facts of the dispute. They should publish them to the parties, who are often ignorant of them, and to the world. They should add, if they think fit, their own judgment thereon. This would bring the disputants to the bar of public opinion. A right of appeal in certain cases from the local to the central body might be allowed.

Some of the decisions of these bodies, especially those relating to existing contracts of service, would be capable of being enforced by the ordinary processes of law in the same manner as the judgments of courts of justice; but most of them would not. The commonest ground of dispute is whether future wages shall be raised or lowered, and this is one in which neither party can by any possibility be coerced into a specific performance of the award. You cannot force employers to pay wages they think too high; you cannot force workers to accept wages they think too low. In such a case, when conciliation has failed to bring the parties to an agreement, and when the influence of public opinion has not induced either to give way, it seems impossible to prevent a trial of strength in a labor war. But experience has proved that conciliation is effective in many cases; that in others arbitration, backed by public opinion, can force

the party pronounced to be in the wrong to submit; and there is no reason why these efficacious remedies should not be applied, because there is a small residuum of cases for which no adequate cure has been yet discovered.

The first item, therefore, of social reform to which the new Parliament should address itself should be the establishment of real and effective Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration in trade disputes.

#### THE UNEMPLOYED.

The problem of the unemployed is one which Governments shrink from taking in hand. Society refuses to recognize the "*droit du travail*." Machinery to give effect to it is not in existence, and society does not see its way to create it. The tragedy in Paris in 1848 has taught Governments what the rash recognition of such a right, while the State has no work to give, may lead to. But society can no longer shut its eyes to the fact that under the conditions of modern industry the drunken, the undeserving, and the wilfully idle constitute a small part only of the mass of those who are out of work. Fluctuations of trade, inventions of machinery, changes of fashion, immigration of foreigners, influences over which the worker has no control, may take away at any moment the market value of that skill which is his only possession, and sink him temporarily or permanently into the quicksand of the unemployed. The majority of these victims of the vicissitudes of modern industry may, by a process of natural selection, be composed of those who are possessed of less than the average diligence and capacity. But they are not all such. Even the best are liable to the calamity. Whether the actual number of the unemployed is or is not on the increase is a question which our existing statistics seem not to enable us to answer; but the rapid depopulation of rural districts and the concentration of increasing masses of unemployed, half employed, and sweated workers in great cities is an undoubted fact; and even if the total number is not increasing the evil is becoming more conspicuous and more dangerous.

The situation is extraordinary and paradoxical. There is land lying waste within thirty miles of the metropolis, capital so plentiful that the Government can borrow as much as it pleases on short loan for 1 per cent. and permanently at less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and labor vainly crying for employment, while society at large maintains, at a great cost to itself, but in the most miserable plight, this army of unemployed workers in involuntary idleness. It is quite true that such a dangerous and diseased state of society cannot be remedied suddenly nor by any one specific; but it ought not on that account to be less the object of anxious concern to the Government of the country. Remedies have been suggested, some of which would at least palliate the existing symptoms; local authorities have displayed invention and resource and a disposition to experiment much in advance of the central Government. The latter, instead of thwarting, should sedulously promote all schemes for removing workers from the ranks of the unemployed which are of such a character as not to cause a subsequent aggravation of the mischief. Every single person out of work, who is converted into a self-supporting citizen, is a solid gain to the community at large. The time has come when the central Government should abandon the policy of irresolution and procrastination and adopt such definite measures as are hereafter enumerated for the reduction of the numbers of the unemployed.

1. The general good government of the country, the maintenance of peace at home and abroad, the protection of our trade and commerce, the security of property, the opening of foreign markets for our industries, the establishment of public confidence, all tend to widen the area of employment and thus to lessen the number of the unemployed.

2. Labor registries for those seeking work have proved a conspicuous success in our own colonies and in foreign countries. Many have been established by local authorities in our own country. It is an attempt to provide as far as possible for the unskilled and unorganized workers those benefits which the

best trade unions provide for their members. The further development of the scheme is arrested by the omission of the central Government to provide a clearing house with which the local registries should be in correspondence. There should be means for shifting labor with certainty and exactness from places where it is not wanted to places where it is. To have people tramping about in a land of telegraphs and telephones "in search of work" is a stupid and unnecessary way of demoralizing the worker.

3. The disposition on the part of the local authorities to set the unemployed to work should be encouraged as a sound view of that which has been their constitutional duty for centuries. But the changed circumstances of modern industry require that the powers possessed by local authorities for that purpose should be revised, and that the principles, the conditions, and the restrictions under which the work is to be performed should be clearly laid down by Parliament. Those out of work are a burden on society already; they are fed, clothed, and lodged at the expense of the rest. The provision for their wants which reaches them is indeed mean and paltry, but the cost which society incurs in making it is very large. Any plan under which the people supply even a part of their own necessities, unless the net cost of it is greater than that to which society is already subject, is an economic gain, besides the moral one of having an industrious instead of an idle population. The danger of throwing other people out of work by competing with the products of private industry would have to be guarded against. The industry of those in public employment should be directed to making such articles or growing such food as would be consumed by themselves or by those already supported at the expense of the public. They should not make goods for sale in foreign or home markets. Carried to its utmost development, the system would be an experiment not in Socialism but in Co-operation, under the benevolent supervision of a public authority. But in the great majority of cases there would be little risk of local authorities trying to carry the ex-

periment beyond a very elementary stage. Experience would bring to light in ample time the dangers which had to be guarded against.

4. A considerable proportion of those out of work are not only unemployed, but unemployable. Every mental and physical capacity which is unused speedily degenerates; and to this law the capacity to do an honest day's work in any trade, skilled or unskilled, is no exception. After a few weeks of compulsory idleness a worker cannot recover all at once the full vigor of his former powers. When he has once sunk into the ranks of the chronically unemployed, some remedial treatment becomes necessary before he can be restored again to the industrial efficiency from which he has lapsed. Experimental labor colonies, which have been established by volunteer agencies both in this country and abroad, have proved that a certain percentage of social waste can be reclaimed and converted from a burden into a support. It is the interest of the State to foster all projects of this sort which may be set on foot either by local authorities or voluntary associations. A comprehensive system for the education of the idle and worthless in habits of industry might be gradually evolved, just as elementary education grew out of private effort. Our social waste might be passed through a process which would reclaim a certain percentage of it.

5. It is to be hoped that the residuum, which being able to work will not, or which being unfit to work refuses to be restored to efficiency, would be small. When the public is once convinced that every honest worker out of employment can be put into the way of getting work, it will be prepared to treat this residuum with wholesome severity. It will no longer be permitted to prey upon the compassion of the charitable, to live in idleness upon the ratepayers, or to wander about the country at the cost of the public. It will become the object of such an amount of coercive restraint as may be necessary to break off its habits of indolence and vagabondage, and will receive from public authority such compulsory training in industry as may convert a portion into self-supporting

citizens, and prevent the more incorrigible from being a standing annoyance and danger to the community.

Such an active policy of removing the insecurity which hinders the development of our industry, and of encouraging and enabling local authorities to find public employment for the best of those out of work, schools of industry for those willing to be reformed, and houses of wholesome correction for the wilfully idle, would lessen the evil and danger of the unemployed while the world was looking for some means to bring about the permanent extinction of the class.

#### EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

There is one danger which hangs over the most prosperous worker all his life long, that of having his capacity to earn wages cut short by accident. He may be changed in a moment from the bread-winner and support of his family into a helpless burden upon it for months, or even for the rest of his days. It is true that he may protect himself against some part of the pecuniary loss arising from such a disaster by insurance. But accident is the last of the ills of life against which mankind thinks of insuring: it is not so common as sickness; it is not so certain as old age. Modern industry, with its applications of steam and electricity to every sort of operation, exacts its annual toll of life and limb. The killed and wounded and their families, so far as they are incapacitated from maintaining themselves, have now to be supported in some fashion or other by the rest of society. It is desirable that the burden from which the community at large cannot shake itself free should be fairly and evenly adjusted. In a few cases the loss falls upon the Friendly Society of which the victim is a member; oftener upon the benevolence or sense of justice of the employer in whose service he has suffered; in many cases upon the savings of his family or friends, which the poor apply with such touching generosity to each other's necessities; sometimes upon public or private charity; and in the last, which is frequently the only, resort upon the ratepayers, in the shape

of the relief of the infirmary and work-house.

Justly this inevitable destruction of life and limb in the processes of modern trade and manufacture is part of the costs of rendering the service or of producing the article, and should be reckoned and paid for as such. It is just as much a matter to be taken into account in determining price as the consumption of material or the destruction of instruments of production.

The most convenient and effective arrangement for society to make is to cast, in the first instance, the responsibility upon the capitalist of providing the necessary compensation to the workers and their families, and to leave him to recoup himself by an adjustment, of which the amount would be infinitesimal, of wages, profits, or prices, as the condition of his particular industry may require. The injured worker would thus look to his employer for the indemnity which in a clumsy and unequal fashion society now allots to him; and if neither wages nor profits will bear the minute reduction which the extra cost would entail, some trifling increase of price will have to be paid, as it ought to be, by the consumer for the service rendered or for the article purchased. So far as we can judge from the statistics of foreign countries—we have no reliable statistics of our own—about one-fourth only of the accidents which occur in the processes of modern industry are attributable to negligence. A measure like that proposed by the Government two years ago, the effect of which was to make the employer liable merely in those cases in which negligence on the part of his servants could be proved, is a wholly inadequate remedy. Everybody who has had any experience of courts knows the difficulty, the expense, and the uncertainty of proving negligence even where there is not the slightest moral doubt of its existence. But even if proof were in every case certain, the workers, as to three-fourths of the accidents to which they are exposed, would be no better off than they are now. The law of liability, in the shape proposed by the Government, was actually enacted in Germany some years ago, and after a fair trial was

abandoned by general consent, because of the costly litigation and universal dissatisfaction to which it gave rise. A Bill should be proposed to the next Parliament giving every worker a right to receive compensation from his employer for all accidents which befall him in the prosecution of the duties of his employment, unless they are caused by his own misconduct. A scale of compensation for various degrees of injury and disablement, according to the rate of wages received, might be specified in a schedule, instead of being left to the fluctuating caprices of judges and juries. From such a complete right to compensation as this no contracting out is necessary, and none should be allowed. The right is conferred not only for the sake of the worker himself, but for that of society at large, which would otherwise be unequally and unjustly burdened by his maintenance. If the worker were permitted, in consideration of some immediate advantage, to renounce his contingent compensation, he would in reality be selling not his own rights, but those of society. He is not in a condition to guarantee that, in the event of accident befalling him, he will not become a burden to the public, upon whom, if the employer is released from his liability, the loss will ultimately fall. In the case of a partial scheme of indemnity, like that of the Government, there is plausible ground for contending that some power of contracting out should be allowed. Prudent workers must make some provision for the three-fourths of the accidents in respect of which their employer cannot, under the proposed law, be made liable. If they form a solvent association which secures to them compensation for all accidents, it is hard to prevent such an association from selling their partial rights against their employer for an adequate contribution to their insurance fund. Indeed, a law forbidding contracting out could, if both employers and employed wished it, be easily evaded wherever a sound and solvent society for insurance against accident was established. All that would be necessary would be that the employer should receive, in exchange for a subscription to the insurance



fund, an indemnity from the society against all claims for compensation which were made upon him by any of its members. He would be then in virtually the same position as if the individual members of the society had contracted with him not to prosecute their legal rights.

The rival Conservative programme is thus complete, as against partial, indemnity. Under the former the employers, because payment comes through them, would have the strongest interest in making use of every safeguard that could be invented; and the workers, though nothing can protect them against all risk, would be relieved from the dread of financial ruin as the consequence of an accident.

#### THE CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

The measures which have been already discussed tend to diminish the number of the poor and relieve society from the burden of their maintenance. But it will be a long time before poverty is extinct, and the character of the Poor Law and of its administration will for generations to come be an element of great influence in Social Reform. That Poor Law Relief should be made so unpleasant as to deter people from applying for and accepting it is a very sound general principle, but it requires discretion in the application. A system which has no terrors for the vagabond and the loafer, but frightens the helpless widow and punishes the veteran of industry, is not satisfactory as a deterrent; while a reduction of relief, produced, not by diminishing the numbers of the idle, but by cutting off the assistance to which the young, the helpless, and the aged are justly entitled, is not a form of economy that can be commended.

Without making any fundamental change in the Poor Law and its administration, for which public opinion is not yet ripe, great reforms could be effected by changes in the law which involve no new principles, and by the use of a little more common sense in its administration. Such reforms specially affect—

1. The children.
2. The sick.
3. The aged.

The condition of Poor Law children has fundamentally changed for the better since the days of *Oliver Twist*; but we are still far from the universal recognition of the doctrine that it is the duty of the State to turn the children for whom it has become responsible into virtuous and self-supporting men and women, and that whatever expense may be necessary for the performance of this duty is the truest economy in the end. Among the maxims that need to be impressed on authorities, central and local, are these:—

1. The interests of children should not be subordinated to the object of using them as a deterrent to keep their parents off the rates. To put a young family on the back of a tramp is seldom effective as a cure for his vagabond propensities; and a method which, in a futile effort to extinguish an old pauper, runs a pretty certain risk of manufacturing half a dozen new ones is repugnant to political economy and common sense. Let society use any other means at its disposal for afflicting able-bodied paupers; children are too precious and too important to the community to be expended for that purpose.

2. Parents who cast upon the public the duty of maintaining their children ought not to be allowed to retain unchallenged their parental authority. In London workhouses children are to be found who have been maintained for more than a year by the ratepayers, and have never found their way into the district schools. On the morning of the periodic day when children are drafted off to the schools the parent discharges himself and family, and re-enters in the evening, when the children are gone. Every child which becomes chargeable to the public should become the ward of some public authority, empowered, under proper restrictions and conditions, to prevent the parents from injuring the child. In colonies and foreign countries in which such a system has been tried it has proved most efficacious not only in benefiting those who have become children of the State, but in inducing parents to provide for children at home and not throw them upon the public. In comparison with our plan of tying

children as deterrents round the parent's neck it has proved infinitely more effective.

3. Nature and experience both declare that the proper place in which to bring up a child is a family. The best thing the State can do for a child, for which it has become responsible, is to find a family in which it can be brought up at the expense of the State; in some colonies and foreign countries State children are even boarded out on this principle with their own widowed mothers. Children reared in an ordinary family become lost in the general population; as they are watched by public authority, their food, their clothes, their lodging, their schooling, are rather above than below the average of those by whom they are surrounded; and as the foster parents are selected as the best of their class, the child of the State has a rather better chance than others of securing parental love and support. In the manufacture of good men and women the cost of the process is a very unimportant element of consideration. If boarding out were the most costly way of bringing up children, it would be good economy for society, if it were also the most efficacious, to adopt it; but trials in various countries under varying conditions have proved that of all ways of bringing up children it is by a long way the cheapest.

4. If a child cannot be placed in a real home, the next best thing is to make for it an artificial one as like a real home as can be contrived. The Sheffield guardians, after having surmounted all the difficulties and obstacles placed in their way by the Local Government Board, have established a system whereby children chargeable to the rates are dispersed about the town in small houses, reared by the guardians and widely separated from one another. In each of these a dozen children, of both sexes and various ages, under the charge of an artificial mother, are lodged, clothed, and fed, like the children of an ordinary worker's family; they attend the elementary schools, Sunday services, and children's entertainments of the neighborhood. Local intelligence has, with scant encouragement of the central authority,

devised other methods of giving to the children of the State some of the advantages possessed by those brought up in ordinary family life. Distinctive uniform has been abolished; work-house children have been sent to share with others the common instruction of the elementary schools; institutions have been broken up into blocks, containing smaller numbers maintained as a separate family. The nearer the approach to family life the better has been the result on the health, intellect, and morals of the children; in no case has the cost been greatly increased; in most it has been materially diminished.

5. Of all methods of bringing up children, the worst is to collect them together in hundreds in great barrack schools. Their health suffers: ophthalmia is ever present, and can only be kept in check by rigid quarantine and costly apparatus for washing; ringworm and other skin disorders are rife; contagious disease, whenever it obtains an inroad, spreads with frightful rapidity. Their intellects suffer: in spite of the regularity of attendance, and the discipline out of school from which they are never free, their scholastic attainments are vastly inferior to those of the children in common elementary schools. Their characters suffer: modesty, self-respect, and self-dependence are uncultivated. They miss that best part of education which is given by the incidents of family life. They have nobody who loves and cares for them, for what guardian or superintendent, however benevolent, can love a thousand children? They are turned out into the world as helpless as the chickens from an incubator. But the buildings, the staff, the contractors, and all the vested interests gathered round such institutions exist and form a strong passive obstacle to any reform that would prevent the machine from grinding on. The interest of the ratepayers demands its destruction. If the apparatus for turning out men and women which they have bought and paid for is inefficient and produces disastrous results, it is better to throw it away than to go on using it.

#### THE SICK.

It is obviously the direct interest of

society that workers who are disabled by temporary sickness should be cured as quickly as possible and restored to the ranks of self-supporting citizens. Society has got the burden of the sick already upon its shoulders. They have to be somehow cared for and maintained by those who are whole. But the demand upon society is much increased, the comfort of the sick diminished, and their recovery retarded by the lamentable defects in the organization of medical relief. There is here a wide field for reform, legislative and administrative. Besides medical out-relief and workhouse infirmaries there are the hospitals for those who are able to beg letters of recommendation from the subscribers; there are free dispensaries connected with the Church and religious bodies; there are clubs and societies of every degree of respectability and solvency—all liable to overlap. A lady resident in East London informed me that she once knew a man who was attending fourteen doctors at the same time. The man died.

Sickness is such a common incident of life that everybody should make provision against it. In Germany people are compelled to do so by law. In our country a large proportion do it spontaneously through the agency of Friendly Societies and clubs. On the other hand neither humanity nor self-interest permits society to abandon those, who while in health have in this respect neglected their duty, to languish unaided in sickness. Our State has so entirely given up the theory that it is the duty of every citizen to rely for aid in sickness upon his own providence as to declare by law that medical relief does not pauperize, and that the recipient of it is entitled to all the rights of an independent citizen. The logical outcome of such a doctrine is that society should provide free medical advice and treatment for all who think fit to apply. By a better organization of existing institutions even this could be effected not only without throwing any additional burden upon the public, but probably with some alleviation of that which it has already assumed.

But whatever opinions may be held as to the expediency of the State carrying out in practice the free medical re-

lief to which it has committed itself in theory, there can be no two opinions as to the duty of maintaining such public institutions for the sick as do exist in a state of complete efficiency. There are some workhouse infirmaries which compare favorably with the best hospitals; but there are many, as appears from recent reports in the *British Medical Journal*, in which there is no trained nurse at all; in many there is no night nurse; in most the nursing staff is composed of pauper inmates, wholly unfit for the duty. There is no service of nurses recognized by the Local Government Board. The nurse is placed at the mercy of the matron, who is generally her inferior in education and character. In many unions, both in London and the country, the buildings are antiquated or imperfectly adapted to modern requirements by patching; there are no baths, no hot and cold water supply, no sanitary arrangements, no children's wards, no classification, no screens, no surgical supplies. In many the wards in which the sick have to pass the whole of their time are shamefully overcrowded. The master and matron of these, as of other Poor Law institutions, are often wholly incompetent for the difficult duties they have to discharge. The Local Government Board inspectors having eyes see not, and having noses smell not; no special qualification or training for their duties is required of them, and they might go on visiting infirmaries till doomsday, without discovering their defects. Inspection by women has not been attempted. All this inefficiency is the result of the ignorance and apathy of local authorities, seconded by the indifference and incapacity of the Local Government Board. Much of it is the result of ill-judged efforts at economy, by persons who seem unaware that economy of this sort is more costly in the end than the most reckless extravagance.

#### THE AGED.

In the case of children and of the sick an appeal can be made to those selfish interests of society which are involved in the proper education of the former and the speedy cure of the latter, but in the case of the aged it is

only justice and mercy that can be invoked. They have finished their life's work, and can be of no further direct advantage to society. They are of little use for the purpose to which they are now applied—examples, to terrify the young into making independent provision for old age. Men and women in the vigor of youth are little disturbed by the contemplation of the discomforts endured by the aged in the workhouse. For centuries the people of this country have undertaken the maintenance of the destitute aged; and the conditions of modern industry are such that the great majority of the workers, who live long enough, have to end their days as pensioners upon society. In their case, as in that of the children and the sick, it is no new liability which it is proposed to impose upon the people. The aged are now maintained by the rest of the community: the only question is whether their public maintenance can be given to them in a pleasanter shape, without unduly increasing the burden upon their neighbors. It is undoubtedly possible even at present rates of wages for men and women between eighteen and twenty-five years of age to make provision for old age, and if marriage could be postponed till this had been done it would be a great benefit to the community at large. But that is just the time of life when nobody thinks of destitute old age except as a very remote and uncertain calamity; and although no effort should be spared to inculcate the duty of thrift and provide facilities for its exercise, it is utopian to expect that any premium which the State could offer, by augmenting the provision voluntarily made, would be sufficient to induce the young generally to embrace a system of insurance against old age. What is most wanted to stimulate such insurance is not subsidies, but security. In rural districts in particular the spectacle of old men who have subscribed for pensions to clubs which have become insolvent, and who have therefore to go to the workhouse notwithstanding their early thrift, is the great obstacle to insurance. The richer classes are protected by the laws to which life assurance offices are subjected; the poorer classes

stand in much greater need of protection against the risk of entrusting their savings to clubs and societies which are financially unsound.

But all schemes for old-age pensions partly subscribed by the people themselves are too late for the existing aged and for the survivors of the generation now in middle life. Their lot might be improved in two ways—

1. By better classification within the workhouse itself. Many local authorities are desirous of trying such experiments in this direction as with the sanction of the central authority are already within their legal powers. These experiments should be encouraged and not thwarted. There is no justice in treating all alike, irrespective of their antecedents and character. There is no reason for subjecting godly men and women, whose only fault is that they are desolate and helpless, to the blasphemies and indecent language of the common pauper.

2. The experiment of State pensions for the aged might be tried. The chief objection to such a system is its cost. But by placing the age at which the right to a State pension should accrue high enough, and by making the conditions sufficiently stringent, the cost could be kept within any limits that were thought right. If the title to a pension depended upon the applicant not having for a long antecedent period been chargeable to the public, a new and powerful motive for keeping off the rates would come into operation. The community would retain full power to lower the age, and to relax the conditions, according to the results of the experiment. It might even prove less costly than maintenance in a workhouse.

It thus appears that a reform of the Poor Law in the direction of better treatment of the children, the sick, and the aged may be effected on sound Conservative principles, with advantage not only to the persons immediately concerned, but also to the community at large. Bringing up the children of the State in homes real or artificial, so as to make good men and women of them, will inure to the benefit of the next generation. The social problems with which it will be confronted will



be the more easily solved. Organizing medical relief and making public hospitals and infirmaries available and effective for the cure of the destitute sick will lessen the burden that has to be borne by the existing community. And the classification of the aged in workhouses and a system of State pensions for the veterans of industry is not a mere piece of sentimental benevolence. It is justified by a profound regard for the permanence of our social progress. Western writers seldom refer to Chinese civilization unless to scoff

at it. But it has one excellence in which it is unique. Ancestors are not only worshipped when dead, but are revered while still alive. To the last moment of their lives they remain the cherished and honored heads of their families of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. And it has also another peculiarity, in which it is unique. Compared with our ephemeral Western civilizations, its days have been long in the land.—*Nineteenth Century.*

---

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S SERIOUS VERSE.\*

BY LAURIE MAGNUS.

WHATEVER the arguments—and they are many—against an English Academy of Letters, the poetical criticism of to-day misses, and shows that it misses, the standardizing force with such an institution might give. We read again and again of the birth of another laureate, whose fame after all is nothing but the fashion of his admirers. Wordsworth's tardy recognition is amply avenged by the moral terror of his example. But critics notwithstanding, popular appreciation waits slowly upon poetry. We have long lost our distrust of science, and accord a ready welcome to practical inventions; but in our poetry we are still conservative. Yet a time comes at last when the justice and the wisdom of this exclusiveness cannot but be reconsidered—its justice toward the claimants, its wisdom for ourselves. In the case of one of these new poets, that time would seem to be at hand. For while the critics are crowning him and the editors besiege his throne, to the majority of English readers Mr. William Watson is still unknown. Remembering how rare such unanimity is, and how contrary the common fortune of the siege, we shall do well to examine his pretensions: if they are sound, to put off our jealousy, and reverence the new voice

beside the old; if they are vicious, to leave to time, who can afford to wait, the final arrangement of the groups upon Parnassus, when the hands of the critics are dust.

We start with a twofold prepossession in Mr. Watson's favor; but because it takes hold of us only in the ante-chamber of poetry, and does not fill us with his presence, nor carry us outside ourselves, it fails to establish the claims which have been made for him. The first point is—for it would be ungracious to thank him for the slight bulk of his work—that Mr. Watson takes himself quite seriously. Poetry, as he conceives it, is not alone the ornament or the recreation of life, but its interpretation, life itself. It is a grave matter, this mandate to sing, and cannot be discharged by peculiar attention to type, paper, and margin. In the bewildering chorus of irresponsible poetasters, it is refreshing to meet one man on whom the authority as of a prophet has fallen, who fearlessly asserts the paramount dignity of his mission. Mr. Watson's conviction of the message of poetry is at least an earnest that he will not be content with mere prettiness on the one hand, or with false emotion on the other. It is the more to be regretted that to him, as to so many others, it is easier to demand than to supply. In the verses addressed to "England, my Mother," he writes—

\* *Lachrymæ Musarum.* Macmillan & Co., 1892.—*Poems.* Macmillan & Co., 1893.—*Odes and other Poems.* John Lane, 1894.

"Deemest thou, labor  
Only is earnest?  
Grave is all beauty,  
Solemn is joy.

"Song is no bauble,—  
Slight not the songsmith,  
England, my mother,  
Maker of men." \*

Nor does he fail to rebuke those for whose indifference or lack-lustre the muse has been suffered to fall into contempt:—

"And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng  
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,  
And little masters make a toy of song  
Till grave men weary of the sound of  
rhyme." †

The reminder is as timely as it is dignified; for the cowardice of our poets and the conceit of their readers have too long indulged our lazy oblivion of "the divine mystery," as Carlyle called it, which all may see but few may read. Poetry has been complacent too long—so long that her votaries had almost fallen into our own easy forgetfulness of the burden and the yoke which its practice entails. The metrical annalist of very early Rome has told us, humorously enough, that he could never compose unless inflamed by gout or wine, so true it is that poetry is no elegant appurtenance of leisure or wealth, but the outcome of the stress of life. Mr. Watson recalls us to the ancient synonymy of prophet and poet so modestly, but so surely withal, that we are a trifle ashamed of our temporary lapse. Nor does he forget, while insisting on the authority of the poet, that his work must be tuneful as well as true, enlightening as well as wise:—

"Forget not, brother singer! that though  
Prose  
Can never be too truthful or too wise,  
Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the  
rose  
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's  
eyes." ‡

On the beauty of this expression it is not relevant to dwell. It is quoted to complete the consideration of Mr. Watson's attitude toward his craft; for this at least is certain, in the confusion of politics and economies, that the laborer

who despises his work is undeserving of his wage. Mr. Watson recognizes to the full the solemn priesthood of poesy. It may be that his powers are limited—

"Not mine the rich and showering hand, that  
strews  
The facile largeness of a stintless Muse;  
A fitful presence seldom tarrying long,  
Capriciously she touches me to song," \*—

or it may be that his range is narrow, but at least he aims at the highest and the best. And he aims at them through the highest and the best; for the second point at which Mr. Watson attracts us, and almost proves himself a poet, at least in the sense of Carlyle's dictum, "We are all poets when we read a poem well," is in the account which he gives of his poetic discipline. This is told most fully in a poem addressed "To Edward Dowden, on receiving from him a copy of 'The Life of Shelley.'" Since Mr. Watson touches his high-water mark in these lines, a longer quotation may perhaps be permitted. After a brief but graceful acknowledgment of the gift, Mr. Watson passes by a natural transition to consider the subject of the biography:—

"In my young days of fervid poesy  
He drew me to him with his strange far  
light,—  
He held me in a world all clouds and  
gleams,  
And vasty phantoms, where ev'n Man him-  
self  
Moved like a phantom 'mid the clouds and  
gleams.  
Anon the Earth recalled me, and a voice  
Murmuring of dethroned divinities  
And dead times deathless upon sculptured  
urn—  
And Philomela's long-descended pain  
Flooding the night—and maidens of ro-  
manee  
To whom asleep St. Agnes' love-dreams  
come—  
Awhile constrained me to a sweet duresse  
And thralldom, lapping me in high content,  
Soft as the bondage of white amorous arms,  
And then a third voice, long unheeded—  
held  
Claustal and cold, and dissonant and tame—  
Found me at last with ears to hear.

It sang  
Of lowly sorrows and familiar joys,  
Of simple manhood, artless womanhood,  
And childhood fragrant as the limpid morn;  
And from the homely matter nigh at hand  
Ascending and dilating, it disclosed

\* *Lachrymæ Musarum*, p. 69.

† *Poems*, p. 143.

‡ *Odes and other Poems*, p. 71.

\* *Poems*, *Prelude*.

Spaces and avenues, calm heights and breadths  
Of vision, whence I saw each blade of grass  
With roots that groped about eternity,  
And in each drop of dew upon each blade  
The mirror of the inseparable All.  
The first voice, then the second, in their turns  
Had sung me captive. This voice sang me free." \*

Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth,—perhaps not an uncommon experience; but the lines which summarize their respective merits and influence, it must be admitted, are very fine, and the criticism which follows of Keats—

"a lucid presence, great  
With somewhat of a glorious soullessness;"  
and of Shelley—

"great with an excess of soul,  
Shelley, the hectic flame-like rose of verse,  
All color, and all odor, and all bloom,  
Steeped in the noon-light, glutted in the sun,"  
leading to the generous and heartfelt paean of Wordsworth's praise, although, perhaps, a little less than justice is done to the Keats of the nightingale ode, yet cannot be read by any one at all familiar with these poets without admiration, gratitude, and delight. As literary criticism it is unsurpassed, as literature it is unsurpassable. There is indeed a very considerable amount not of criticism so much as of appreciation in Mr. Watson's works. We know all his sympathies and dislikes, and they are all orthodox, not to say conventional. We gain from him a welcome reassurance that the great names which in the growing bulk of minor literature have begun to exist for us as names alone, are really the best, really the nearest, really the most abiding. He has scant courtesy for the fads and fashions of a shifty generation. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, our fathers' gods shall be our gods in the tranquil ingathering of the fruit. He is not to be led away by any affectation of foreign culture—

"More than the froth and flotsam of the Seine,  
More than your Hugo-flare against the night,  
And more than Weimar's proud elaborate calm,  
One flash of Byron's lightning, Wordsworth's light." †

He is not to be beguiled by daintiness, or charmed by melody, or reasoned by learning into a paltry acquiescence in noisy exaggeration and convenient makeshifts—

"I hear it vouched the Muse is with us still;  
If less divinely frenzied than of yore,  
In lieu of feelings she has wondrous skill  
To simulate emotion felt no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,  
And one, the heart refreshing, tires the brain." \*

He has a sturdy loyalty for the old masters of song, founded, it is everywhere obvious, not on a mere acceptance of their merits, but on the trial and proof of their deserts, on a genuine and a personal love. His stubbornness is of the most invincible sort, the obstinacy of contentment.

It may seem that there is a certain monotony in all this: Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, are household words whom it is superfluous, if not presumptuous, to recommend. This "Wordsworth's Grave," these tears for Tennyson, this "Shelley's Centenary,"—why should he advertise his respectable preferences and quite common place tastes? Are there not popular editions of these poets which he who runs may read, without pausing to pant out an elegy or eulogy on the way? The apology, should this protest be seriously made, is not far to seek. To plead in melodious numbers for the true realization of our inalienable heritage of song, with all its blessings and responsibilities, its realization in national conduct and in individual character, in the beauty of our homes and the purity of our streets, in honesty to ourselves and charity to our kind, is by no means a work of supererogation in these latter days. We repeat again and again, and it is well that this should be so, that England is the mistress of poetry, the laureate among nations; but to most of us this brings but a transitory thrill, or perhaps only confirms us in our insularity. Yet if a poet is anything more than "the idle singer of an empty day," if in Carlyle's language again, "the Great Man here too, as always, is a Force of Nature,"

\* Poems, pp. 85, 86.

† *Ib.*, p. 33.

\* Poems, pp. 137, 143.

then surely the most ordinary mortal in his moments of reflection cannot but admit that there is something amiss with his world which Mr. Watson is trying to set straight. It is not that poetry, used aright, should issue in noisy deeds which go to the making of history: "Let us honor the great empire of Silence once more! the boundless treasury which we do *not* jingle in our pockets, or count up and present before men!" But let us at least make sure that the silence is golden, not a leaden lethargy, or a make-shift with a baser metal. It is against the indifference to poetry and the circulation of an inferior currency that Mr. Watson has here lifted up his voice, unashamed to worship with the multitude, but with this saving difference, that he has felt the Hallelujahs which they are but conventionally repeating. "This voice sang me free," and it is to the freedom which Wordsworth can bring, to the

"Rest! 'twas the gift he gave; and peace!  
the shade  
He spread, for spirits fevered with the  
sun,"\*

that Mr. Watson would recall us now, to the peace and freedom which are so alien to the hurry and the bustle, the growing laxity and irresponsibility of modern life, to the peace which is joy and the freedom which is order,

"Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless  
flower,  
There in white languors to decline and  
cease;  
But peace whose names are also rapture,  
power,  
Clear sight, and love; for these are parts  
of peace."†

Unfortunately, this is the whole of Mr. Watson's message; and salutary and tuneful though it be, it by no means justifies the extravagance of his critics, who have discovered in him a new "major poet," akin to the mighty dead. The spirit which breathes in these memorial verses is rather of the satirist than the poet, of one who sees in what universal honor his text is held—

"Video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor."

This sad conviction is eloquent in Mr.

Watson, but of all the guesses that have been made at the definition of poetry, none perhaps is more suggestive than the dictum of Mill, that "Eloquence is heard, poetry is *overheard*." The preacher, the orator, and the satirist—and Mr. Watson is something of all three—are thus differentiated from the poet. The pity is that the critics have placed him in the wrong category.

We have dwelt at this length in the porches of Mr. Watson's work, partly for the pleasure of listening to his appeal, partly for shrinking from the examination of his poetry. For while we yield to none in admiration of the fervor and the delicacy of his literary criticism, with the subdued sense of its inefficacy which he subtly conveys, we are surprised at the indiscriminating temerity of those who have either confounded the appreciation of poetry with its creation, or have read the achievement of the critic into the endeavor of the poet. And in rejecting Mr. Watson from the inner circle of our true poets, we would be as brief as possible, both for distaste of the task and for the delight which his high gifts have otherwise afforded us.

Almost the first question which we ask of a new poet is, What is his attitude toward Nature? Here may be mentioned, by way of parenthesis, an opinion which has compared Mr. Watson's poetry with Wordsworth's, for underlying the comparison is a confusion of considerable importance. Mr. Watson's study of the elder poet has been searching enough to satisfy the most exacting Wordsworthian, and in certain external characteristics there is therefore an illusory likeness. "*Ver Tenebrosum*, the Sonnets of March and April, 1885," bear a formal resemblance to Wordsworth's collection of "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty." "The Ideal Popular Leader" suggests perhaps by its name "The Happy Warrior," and in some rather lumbering and awkward titles Mr. Watson reminds us of Wordsworth's equally infelicitous choice. But here, excepting only their common patriotism and the accident that the elder poet is often the younger writer's subject, all likeness ceases. Wordsworth's Muse is as rustic and spontaneous as Mr. Watson's is

\* Poems, p. 148.

† *Ib.*, p. 137.



urban and academic. He never goes direct to Nature, to daisied meadows and thickly-planted woods, lakes radiant with sunset, and banks where the primrose grows, reading straight from what lies before him lessons of faith and messages of joy. He takes us rather to interpreted Nature, to the Nature of literary convention. Let us consider in this aspect his ode to "The First Skylark of Spring,"\* a subject which is peculiarly helpful, as it has been treated already by Shelley and Wordsworth. Mr. Watson differs characteristically from both, and neither in inspiration nor in contagion can he bear comparison with either. While Shelley has caught the skylark's own throb of joy in the flood of verse which he pours forth, so that the poem itself is a very skylark's song, panting and ascending; while Wordsworth draws from our pleasure in the song an assurance of something common to the skylark and to us, the *anima mundi* which was his constant care, and sees that order in its freedom which he desiderated for men; Mr. Watson only contrasts the skylark's lot with our own, neither abandoning himself, like Shelley, to the intoxication of its joy, nor claiming our share in it, like Wordsworth.

"We sing of Life, with stormy breath  
That shakes the lute's distempered string;  
We sing of Love, and loveless Death  
Takes up the song we sing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,  
And fretful ignorance irks it more,  
Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,  
And lightly held'st thy lore."

This is neither abandonment nor consolation, but it answers, nevertheless, to a note within us; not, indeed, to the first note which is struck when we listen to the lark, for that is of the pure joy which Shelley has rendered; nor to the secondary note which comes with reflection, when we pass from considering the lark, how it sings, to considering its relation to ourselves, for that is of the transcendental joy which Wordsworth has attained; but to a note of discontented humanity, too feeble for self-respect.

"Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,  
In porches of the lucent morn,  
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,  
Or cursed his iron bourn.

"The spring-tide bubbled in his heart,  
The sweet sky seemed not far above,  
And young and lovesome came the note;—  
Ah, thine is Youth and Love!"

It is, in a sense, if we may further press the point, a note of the later nineteenth century, when we have drifted far from the intimate sympathy with Nature which characterized its opening years, yet find in the very contrast which we evoke that pity of self, which too, in its way, refreshes and soothes, even if it cannot heal. Shelley's verses fuse our clinging clay with the liquid gladness of the song. Our identity is lost, space and time are forgotten in a delicious sense of flight and flood; we are like children living in fairy land, too soon, alas! bodied and solidified again. The audacity of anarchism and atheism riots through his lines. On Wordsworth lies the burden and the blessing of the world, the eternal paradox of voluntary knowledge. If we miss in him the *fusion d'âme* of joy which Shelley gives us, we gain that higher joy of order, that loftier freedom of responsibility, in which the song is made articulate with design, and man becomes spiritual in execution. Mr. Watson, as we have seen, is a spectator rather than an interpreter. He neither draws man outside cosmos, like Shelley, nor raises both man and bird to cosmic terms, like Wordsworth—

"True to the kindred points of Heav'n and home."

It is not unfair to make this a crucial instance, for the contrast is so very striking. For all his admiration of Wordsworth, Mr. Watson, as a creator, never comes near the master's height of vision. For all his sense of the dignity of poetry, he is yet a "minor poet," who only expresses more eloquently than the rest the feelings that are common to us all. Listen closely as we may, we never "overhear" Mr. Watson's finer interpretation of those feelings. He has no salve to offer to us, no secret to share with us. He never wins for himself from nature

\* Odes and other Poems, pp. 21-25.

"That blessed mood  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened. . . .  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things,"

although in two poems at least, "Vita Nuova" and "The Things that are More Excellent," he has succeeded in conveying the reflection of that ready-made mood. He is a fine critic, a master of form and metre, but no poet, as those to whom he has been so lightly likened have taught us to count poets. We are grateful for his earnest satire on our national indifference, for his eloquent recall to our national treasures; but when his friends go further, and claim for him, too, room among those treasures, we listen in vain to his wandering and plaintive voice for the sound to turn that key which is in the keeping of the people's heart. Had this position never been challenged, it would be unnecessary, as it is ungracious, to defend it; but Mr. Watson does so little to relieve, except by its expression, the despair and the weariness of life, pipes so persistently in a minor key, that, really beautiful as many of his verses are, we are more concerned with the help which we miss than with the sympathy which we find. We are all commonplace; he sets our platitudes to music. With the two exceptions just now mentioned by name, Mr. Watson fails on the side of joy. He draws from Nature just what he brings to it, not hope nor comfort, but a vision of alien beauty, a confirmation of his own despair. Even those two poems, lofty in sentiment as they are, cannot be regarded as true poetry. "The Things that are More Excellent"\* is an eloquent satire or sermon in verse, illustrated by natural objects; while "Vita Nuova"† is a fragment of autobiography so unique in inspiration as to be rather morbidly personal than poetically universal.

We might, indeed, without offending the blind side of opinion, venture further than this. The function of the critic is synthetic no less than analyti-

cal, and his work is but half done, and therefore badly done, if he stops short at the form while neglecting the matter. For the poetry of an age, more discreetly considered, is but the expression of the mass, the moulding out of the raw bulk of civilization the type and character which are its content, and it is in this sense that a poet is said to be the mirror of his age. The difference is, that the mirror is magical, shaping while it reflects. It can hardly be seriously maintained that Mr. Watson satisfies this condition. There is a phrase, depreciated of late by the free-trade of the press, to which sociologists might extend a partial protection, for *fin de siècle* is not equivalent to the end of a century but to the close of an age. A superstitious reverence for an arbitrary division of time has cheapened the word and confused the thought; but there is, nevertheless, a certain significance to be recovered. We are living in a *fin de siècle* which has nothing to do with the hundreds column of our calendar. Historians, in the fulness of time, will see enacted in our midst a revolution no less sure for being silent. Feudalism is surrendering its last stronghold before the incoming wave of democracy, and the long war between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," where the latter have been victorious at every point, is resolving itself into a last duel between Capital and Labor, a duel of which the issue is foregone. The political parties of the future will move on a plane, like the guests at the Mad Tea-Party. The Conservatives will succeed to the Individualistic policy which the van of the Liberals is deserting, and in this faith will correct and temper the Socialism with which their opponents tend more and more to become identified. Under these banners the final conflict will be fought, and the new age inaugurated. In all this there is no room for Mr. Watson. Transition can neither be crystallized nor made artistic; "Virgil's Laokoon was obliged to shriek," but Lessing is shocked none the less. There is nothing solid beneath our feet, and form cannot be imposed upon shifting matter. The very fact that Mr. Watson is mainly occupied as a eulogist and an advocate be-

\* *Lachrymæ Musarum*, p. 54 and foll.

† *Odes and other Poems*, pp. 45, 46.

comes in this light not an isolated statement, but a reasonable judgment from the foregoing generalizations. Seen aright, there would be cause for surprise if a "major poet" had arisen in times when there is no stability and no clearness of vision, when the last stage of an antiquated order is dragging itself slowly to the new, to the consummation of that silent revolution which has been working out of sight. Seen aright, criticism would be stultified if it recognized in the wail of the reactionary or the war-cry of the reformer, in the *laudator temporis acti* or the dreamer of things to be, an abiding and uplifting voice, more than the consolation of the moment, the murmur of the passing hour. Youth only is eternal, and eternally the same, and with every cycle of the world's renewal the new-old songs are sung; every morning the lark goes up, and there is "a clear shining after rain," but in age and darkness poetry is not made.

There is much to admire in Mr. Watson, and it is pleasant to return to this. He has a painter's eye for the various attitudes of the sea, though here, too, we look in vain for "the light that never was, . . . the poet's dream," and somewhat akin to his love for the sea is his love for the great ocean of London. Certain moods of both these subjects he renders with attractive fidelity, and the best of both is perhaps combined in the following lines from a Dedication "To London, my Hostess":—

"Yes, alien in thy midst am I,  
Not of thy brood;  
The nursling of a norland sky  
Of rougher mood:  
To me, thy tarrying guest, to me,  
'Mid thy loud hum,

Strayed visions of the moor or sea  
Tormenting come.  
Above the thunder of the wheels  
That hurry by.  
From lapping of lone waves there steals  
A far-sent sigh;  
And many a dream-reared mountain-crest  
My feet have trod  
There where thy Minster in the West  
Gropes toward God.  
Yet from thy presence if I go,  
By woodlands deep  
Or ocean fringes, thou, I know,  
Wilt haunt my sleep;  
Thy restless tides of life will foam,  
Still, in my sight;  
Thy imperturbable dark dome  
Will crown my night.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
O living forest, living sea,  
Take thou my song." \* \*

He gives us very few flowers, but occasionally he catches their charm in a happy phrase. This is oftenest the case with the rose, but we may also select the passage—

"Where gentian flowers  
Make mimic sky in mountain bowers," †

though here, as elsewhere, be it observed that he stands outside of his picture, and is "heard," not "overheard." But perhaps enough has been said and quoted to learn what to look for without disappointment in Mr. Watson's slender volumes. He is not, nor has he ever claimed to be, a poet of the higher rank, and those who have made this claim on his behalf may live to see it reversed by the verdict of time. On the other hand, he is a graceful critic, a kindly satirist, and a cultured observer; a man withal of deep personal emotion matched by a stateliness of expression. There is ample room for his like in the land, but in the valley, not on the heights of Parnassus.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## A MAN OF PROMISE.

(Conclusion.)

BY ROBERT HICHENS.

### IV.

AFTER that day their conversations became long and frequent. Elliot again made the experiment of trying

to live in the life of his son, and, it seemed outwardly, with success. Jack

\* *Lachrymæ Musarum*, pp. 12, 13, 15.

† *Poems*, p. 21.

found him apparently strongly sympathetic, no longer ambitious for himself, but ambitious for the younger generation, as the best among the old learn to be when they have laid down their weapons and retired from the battle. Elliot even went so far as to formally make over his writing-room to his son, who worked there almost every day with a passionate eagerness. The father was fighting strenuously with himself, and all he did at this time was done deliberately in the teeth of his real inclination. For he confessed to himself that he hated the labor which was not his own, the creation that did not spring from his own brain. And the hatred grew within him despite his effort against it. He realized thoroughly for the first time in his life a strange powerlessness against an internal foe that beset him. This debasing jealousy of his son increased steadily, stealthily day by day, until it was ever present and began to catch his fatherly affection by the throat as if to strangle it.

While Jack was shut up writing, Elliot was possessed by a dreadful restlessness. He found it difficult and almost impossible to fix his mind upon anything, or even to continue in any attitude of body. If he sat down and took up a book, he could not read—he could not remain quiet. He found himself trying to follow his son's progress in the next room—trying to think himself into his son's mind, to feel his excitement, his alternations of hope and despair, even his enervation and fatigue at the close of the wearying task. He was living in another's life, but with agony, almost with fury, for he was only an onlooker after all, a spectator of the strife which it had been his great joy to partake in. The pen wrote, but his hand did not hold it, and it wrote down the thoughts of another in the language of another.

Did it write better now than when he held it?

That was a question that he continually asked himself, and not with the hope that would have been natural and beautiful, but with a dread that was horrible and debasing.

Was his son surpassing him in each of these long hours of effort? Was he

building up an edifice that would endure?

Elliot never forgot the day on which he flatly acknowledged to himself that he hoped not, for on that day he crossed a rubicon and deserted his better self upon the farther shore. The rags of self-deception fell from him finally, and left him naked. He shivered with the cold. Then a strange impulse seized him. He got up from his armchair, walked over to the mantelpiece, and stared into the mirror that surmounted it. Surely there must be a definite change in his face, come with the change in his nature. Surely there must be a line about the eyes, a curve by the mouth, a contraction in the forehead, something to outwardly mark the internal cancer that had now been diagnosed and called by its name. He examined his reflection long and minutely, but all he could notice in it was that it looked startlingly old with a sad and dreary elderliness. Failure seemed to be legibly written upon it—failure that corrodes the soul and corrupts the heart. Yes, his face revealed the sordidness of failure rather than failure's lonely tragedy. He had confessed to his son that first evening. It had not been necessary—his face confessed even when his lips were silent. His face confessed all. After that day he never looked into the glass again—he was afraid.

Jack was so immersed in the labor of creating that he was far less observant than usual at that time. Concentration rendered him short-sighted and careless when he looked at things that did not concern his creation. When he was with his father he ceased to watch him, he failed to pounce upon gradations of manner, shades of temper, little revelations of conduct, and to analyze them as he would have analyzed them when he first came home. Therefore he did not even see what his father had seen in the mirror, much less that which no shining sheet of glass revealed. And once having taken Elliot into his confidence, he fell into a habit of eager frankness, and told his story day by day as he made it. Not one inch did it grow without the elder man's knowledge, not one subtlety sprang up in it that he was



not called to comment upon. Each evening the son read aloud the pages he had written during the day, and each night Elliot lay awake trying to judge them, to form a correct idea of their merit. Was this work better than any he had done? Would it grip the public? Would it? Would it? He seldom slept much, and his face grew more lined and weary as the agony of his mind increased. Sometimes it seemed to him that each page his son completed drew one more drop of energy, of capability out of his own mind, and that as the youth gathered strength with flight, he failed more and more certainly. The growing book was like a vampire sucking out his life-blood. One night a new and horrible thought came to him. If Jack won a real and lasting success, how it would accentuate and draw attention to his own reiterated failure! He had never considered the matter in precisely this light before, but now he began to dwell morbidly upon it, and to turn it ceaselessly over and over in his mind. He had resolved that the critics should never have another chance of discussing him. His own son would give them the chance. Already he saw reviews in all the papers lauding Jack to the skies, and referring to him with the scarcely veiled pity that suggests so much contempt. His son, in springing up the ladder, would, of necessity almost, spurn him to the ground. Unless the book were published anonymously, or a pseudonym were adopted.

"Jack," he said one evening, "if you publish your book, what name shall you take?"

"I shall stick to my own, pater," said his son.

"But it is the same as mine?"

"Ah, so it is. Would that injure you? Do you intend to write any more?"

"Never! Still the critics would naturally assume that the book was mine if it was issued under my name."

"Yes. Then I suppose I must add, Junior;—John Elliot, Junior. Would it look very bad on a title-page? If I ever do anything I should like to own it. Even if the 'gentlemen of the press' fall upon me, let them know whom they are attacking."

"John Elliot, Junior, let it be then!" said his father, thinking silently to himself, "How inevitably such a name will suggest comparison. Not a paper will avoid some reference to me."

Nevertheless he did not attempt to dissuade his son from his decision. The younger generation seemed beyond his power to control. He could only sit still and wait for the march of events.

And so he waited until at last the book was finished. John Elliot never forgot that day through all the years of his after life.

It was summer time now, late summer time. August was waning, was drooping in a languid dream of lustrous weather. The world was a world of blue and gold, for the cloudless skies and the myriads of sunbeams seemed to color all Nature, to lay a spell upon the green leafage of talking woods, the gray rocks of mountains, the fluffy white foam of musical waterfalls, the flaxen tresses of whispering corn lands. There was a voice of dreams in the soft and languid airs, and a fantasy in the delicate and cloudless twilights. Day sank into night imperceptibly, glided from night breathlessly, as a graceful lady fades from consciousness to slumber, steals from slumber to serene consciousness, without effort and without awkwardness. Even the flight of birds, above the trees or near the flowers, seemed subdued, languorous, unalert, an activity that was picturesque rather than an activity that was purposeful, a movement giving the necessary gentle touch of contrast to the general sense of rest. The house in Eaton Square was shut up, and John Elliot and his son had hidden themselves in a low white cottage that stood on the summit of a green slope, at whose foot a small lake spread away into the dancing haze created by the sun's heat. There they possessed silence, beauty, and a little boat, in which at evening they made expeditions round the reedy shores, from which they watched the sunsets and greeted the coming of the night. No visitors disturbed their solitude. No social duties interfered with their enjoyment of the season. They lived alone together.

And there, in that white cottage, the

book begun in winter was completed in summer.

One afternoon John Elliot was sitting on a green bench before the bow window of the cottage, smoking and watching idly the slow movements of the cattle in the meadow by the lake, when he heard the sound of a pen dashed down on the table in the room behind him, and a deep long sigh. Then, after a silence, a chair was pushed back with a certain heavy deliberation that suggested the final uprising of some one from a long and finished task.

Elliot did not turn his head. He went on smoking evenly and with apparent enjoyment; but his eyes no longer watched the munching cattle—they stared into vacancy with a strange expression of suspense, and two deep lines appeared in his forehead as he drew down his brows painfully. He understood that at last he would have to face his own nature fully and fairly. The hour of battle was at hand. A step sounded on the little loose gray stones of the sickle-shaped path, and Jack joined him in silence, took a cigarette from a case, struck a match with a slightly tremulous hand, lit it, and sat down beside him. No word was spoken for several minutes. Elliot stealing a glance at his son, saw that his face was deeply flushed, and that his eyes shone with excitement and an emotion that he was endeavoring to quiet and to subdue. He had a curious indefinable air of having reached a crisis in his life, a crisis that stirred him to intense exaltation of feeling, and rendered him strongly, if mutely, at variance with the tired summer world that lay around him, with the lethargic lake and the sleepy meadows. Elliot knew well what that crisis was; but at first he did not speak, for he too was face to face with a crisis of a different kind, and he knew he should have to put forth all his self-control to hide from his son his real feelings at this strange moment.

The book was finished and Jack had come to tell him so.

The cursed book was finished.

Elliot set his teeth and thrust his hands deep into his pockets, where he clenched them tensely till his finger

nails ran into the palms. He stretched his legs out before him. This stiffening of all his muscles seemed in some curious way, that he could not explain, to relieve him.

Then he waited for Jack to speak. At last his son said with a drawing in of the breath—

"It's done, pater, as well as I can do it."

"I knew that by the way you pushed your chair back," answered Elliot. "It sounded as if you never intended to sit down again at that table, or any other table, for the term of your natural life."

Jack laughed and grew more natural.

"Did it? Well, that's how I felt—just! And you have written—how many books? By Jove, it's a task. The most elaborate practical joking's nothing to it; and practical joking requires immense care and thought too," he added whimsically. "Let's take the boat out. I want to have a talk, and I must do something; I can't sit quite still. Shall we?"

They got up and walked down the hill to the rickety wooden landing-stage.

When they were out on the water, Jack rowing and his father leaning back on the cushions in the stern of the boat, the former said—

"Yes, it's done, and I feel done too. I feel as if I want to forget it, to stick it into a drawer and let it lie there."

An eager look came into Elliot's face—the look a man might wear who thinks suddenly to obtain a respite from some threatening terror.

"And let it lie there?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes, isn't it absurd? I believe one really writes simply for one's own pleasure, and that one's pleasure is one's misery, and perhaps eventually the misery of the critics too. One creates, as one so often sins, merely to get rid of a hunger. I am no longer hungry, and that seems to be all I want."

"But surely you want to reap some further reward, of fame or money?"

Jack laughed and pulled hard at his oars till the boat shot across the lake, leaving a glistening wake in the sunshine.

"I can't believe I shall win fame—

who can really, till it is won? Pater, I am going to ask you a favor."

"Well, Jack?"

"You know all about publishers and their doings, and they know you. Will you try and manage to get the book out for me in the best way? It's beastly selfish of me, but I don't feel as if I could have anything more to do with it. I have had my nose to the grindstone so long—oof! I want to breathe and to live, now. You'll think me mad, but I should like to go and play boy's pranks all over Grasmere to-night. I should like to frighten old women, and give hot coppers to little urchins, and stir up the wrath of the toppers at the Prince of Wales's, and do a dozen blackguard things. I'm a 'literary gent' no longer. I'm a man, and—hang it!—I feel like a boy!"

Elliot smiled at the reaction, and at the easy selfishness of youth. He forced himself to smile. There was no reaction for him. He had lost the elastic vitality of the rosy days of dawn forever.

"Will you manage about the book, pater?" Jack said, "or is it too much to ask?"

Elliot felt as if it was almost too much, though Jack did not know why. He did not answer for a moment, then he said slowly—

"No, leave it to me; I will do my best for you."

Jack thanked him warmly, and all the evening continued to be in the wildest spirits. Next morning that brilliant walker, the hardy lake-postman, brought him a letter, which he tore open carelessly.

"Here's Bowen asking me to go for a walking tour with him in Scotland," he said, "and to stay on for the shooting as long as I like afterward." He glanced at his father. "What's to be done, pater?"

"Why, go by all means."

"And leave you alone?"

"I will pay some visits, and see to your book."

"You're an awfully good father," Jack said earnestly and gratefully. He longed for active physical exercise, for movement, for change. The onward march of a strenuous walking tour, the perpetual variety of scenery, the com-

panionship of some one who knew nothing of his previous labors, all these things would, combined, make up the very tonic he needed. In three days he was gone, with a knapsack, looking the very personification of rather rowdy health and activity.

He was gone, and John Elliot and the book were left alone together in the little white cottage on the brow of the green hill by the lake.

## V.

THEY were companions, but enemies, the live man and the welded together words. Elliot hated the book, and he grew to have a fantastic notion that the book returned his hatred, and added to it a contempt, stinging and burning like fire. How absurd that was—the wild idea of a lonely and defeated man! But Elliot meant to act up to his promise to his son, and accordingly he eventually dispatched the manuscript to a London publisher. Only he withheld the name of the author. An unconquerable impulse caused him to do this. Of course if the book was accepted he would give the name. Till then it was not necessary to do so. It might even, he said to himself, with obvious sophistry, prejudice the publisher against it. He might be inclined to say, "What good can come from a younger Elliot?" For he had not exactly realized a fortune from the works of John Elliot, Senior. No, better to conceal the name for the present. So he merely wrote a note to the publisher saying that the work was written by a friend, and then awaited events.

Time passed on while the fate of the book hung in the balance. Elliot left the white cottage, paid some visits, and in the late autumn returned to Eaton Square. Jack was still in Scotland shooting and fishing. Occasionally he wrote and inquired if there was any news of the book, but, having once got it off his mind, with the hunger to write, the love of his literary child seemed to have left him. The book was evidently little to him now. He was full of sport, of the glory of playing a tough salmon, of the fine, bracing patience that deer-stalking demands of its votaries. As he had said, he was

no longer a "literary gent." The serpent of Moses had only swallowed the rest of the serpents for a time. They were beginning to creep out again one by one, and to stretch themselves and to uncoil in the sun.

At the beginning of November Jack wrote to say that Bowen and another man meditated a sporting expedition to Africa, and were very keen on his joining them. What did his father say? He pointed out that he might combine work with pleasure by writing a book on their tour, for they intended to go rather far afield. Elliot after some consideration agreed to the plan, and in the result Jack, after a brief visit to London to get together his kit, sailed from Southampton for the Cape, before the fogs of December had fully set in. Three days after he had gone Elliot received a note from his publisher. He found it lying on the breakfast-table one dark raw morning, when the aspect of the square was blurred and sinister, and the gas lamps were left to flicker faintly, even though the night was supposed to have departed.

He took it up slowly and looked at it. Then he laid it down again and began his breakfast. When the footman had left the room finally, he turned from his tea, left his eggs untasted, and tore the envelope open with a hand that slightly shook. The note was as follows:—

DEAR MR. ELLIOT,—Our reader has examined the MS. you kindly forwarded to us, and advises us to accept it. He predicts a great success for the book. Although the name of the author is not given, you will, I am sure, forgive me for saying that I think I can supply it. There is internal evidence which convinces me it is by yourself. If I am not wrong in this supposition, allow me to congratulate you. This book will far eclipse your other successes, I feel sure, and will add enormously to your already high reputation. If you can call upon us on Friday next, we shall be glad to see you with reference to terms, etc.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

FREDERIC R. JAYNE.

To the Honorable John Elliot.

John Elliot laid the note down very quietly and continued mechanically to eat his breakfast, but he tasted nothing. If the eggs had been oysters and the tea Chablis, he would hardly have been the wiser. What he had feared

was coming upon him, had almost come; but it was a strange chance that had led the publisher to mistake the work of the son for that of the father. Evidently Jack had not been able to completely subdue the imitative faculty that is so highly developed in many clever young men; or else Elliot himself had, in conversation, imparted to him some characteristic suggestions or modes of thought which had previously been embodied in his own novels. Elliot dwelt upon this idea, suggested by the publisher's letter, until he began to feel as if he had actually had some definite part in the production of the book. He recalled the long and frequent conversations that had taken place between himself and Jack, the scraps of advice he had given, the suggestions he had made. Trifling as he had thought them at the time, they began to assume some importance now. After all there had been a sort of mild collaboration, unacknowledged, unconfessed on either side. Surely there had been. Yes, the more he thought about it, the greater Elliot's share in the book seemed to be. An excitement was born in him. He looked at the publisher's note again, and began to take its generous praise to himself, and to feel once more the sweet anticipations of a hard-earned triumph.

But then suddenly he recollected himself, and crumpled up the note in his hand fiercely. Was he a child to be carried away in dreams like this? He looked out into the vague darkness of the foggy square with hard, staring eyes. That thick, murky atmosphere, yellow and sinister, in which people were but fantastic shadows, and things horrible and unnatural shapes—was it not like his distorted mind? Why did he allow, and love to allow, such monstrous thoughts to come to him? His career was finished; yes, finished, despite this note of praise from a deceived man. And now it was his duty to sit down and write to his publisher the truth. It was his duty to say, "My son has done this, a boy of twenty-six. I could not have done it; I could never have done it. All my years of labor and of thought, all my climbing ambition, all my perseverance, all my prayers have never lifted me to the level



of this boy, who scarcely thinks of, or cares for, what he has done."

Elliot got up heavily and moved toward the writing-table, carrying the letter still in his hand. He walked very slowly over the thick carpet; his head was bent down, and he moved like a man who is tired. Reaching the writing-table, he sat down mechanically in the revolving chair before it and took up a pen. But he did not begin to write, and half an hour later, when the footman had cleared away the breakfast things, made up the fire, and shut the door after a soft-footed exit, he was still sitting with the pen in his hand, plunged in thought.

"Jack is on his way to Africa." That was the sentence, irrelevant enough, that kept persistently starting to his mind. "Jack is on his way to Africa."

At first this thought did not lead him definitely on to any other. His mind stopped just there, in a paralyzed, numbed sort of way. Then he found himself mechanically dwelling upon the great stretch of sea that lies between Southampton and the Cape. He saw the eternally rolling waters, restless and hungry for the ships. He saw the sea-birds blown by the winds along the leaping crests of the waves. He saw great storms filling deep dark nights with wild voices and wild deeds. By degrees he began to dwell with a strange fixity upon the chances of travel. Was not the bottom of the sea lined with the ribs of foundered vessels? What had that to do with a publisher's note? He tried to think, but again he saw the vague wildernesses under sea, the faint sea lights and sea shadows, the dim outlines of rocks and caves. Peering out of the window, the fog seemed to him as an opaque mass of surging water drowning a fainting world. The gas lamps stood up black, like the tapering masts of vessels. Listening, he almost fancied he could hear the liquid note of waves, thrusting themselves into the hollows and the crevices of the earth. It was so dark outside, so dim. There was no clear light of the world above the sea, and under the sea men have no more knowledge, no more recollection. They care for nothing; ambition is nothing to them.

They have no rights to struggle for; they have no dreams and no desires. The chances of travel. . . . How great and how many they were!

He dipped the pen at last into the ink and began to write with a slow and careful deliberation.

EATON SQUARE, December 4th.

DEAR MR. JAYNE.—Many thanks for your kind note. For the present the authorship of the book must remain a secret. But I have power to conclude terms for the author, and will call upon you on Friday morning to discuss them.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

J. ELLIOT.

He laid the pen down again after addressing the envelope, and looking out into the dark day he said to himself in a whisper:—

"The bottom of the sea is lined with the ribs of foundered vessels."

## VI.

DURING the ensuing weeks it often seemed to John Elliot as if he were moving in some nightmare. There was a certain unreality, at once dreary and confusing, about things and people. Even when he was actually conversing with some one, or performing some definite action, he had a sense of being detached, of being a long way off. Distance seemed to separate him from all his world, and, whenever it was possible, he shut himself up and saw no one. He felt more natural when he was alone. One day a letter arrived from Jack, saying that he and his friends had landed safely at the Cape, and were starting up country almost immediately. "Any news about the book yet?" the letter ended. Elliot sat down and wrote an answer. "There is no news yet," he wrote.

The first proofs littered his table at that moment, and he had to push them aside to find room for a piece of note-paper. Yet the sentence flowed almost involuntarily from his pen, and once it was there on paper it seemed so useless to alter it. So Elliot left it, and it found its way to Africa.

And now proofs poured in, and Elliot gave himself up entirely to the task of reading and correcting them. He labored incessantly and most conscientiously for his son, but he had a curi-

ous ever-present feeling that he was laboring for himself, for himself alone. He knew that it was not so, but he could not feel that it was not. Perhaps the sly innuendoes of his publisher had set his mind in this direction—for Mr. Jayne, proud of his discernment, persisted in his first belief that Elliot was the author of the book—perhaps his intimate knowledge of the book itself had started the idea, with which at first he loved to amuse himself, playing with it as a child plays with a toy train, setting it in motion and stopping it at will, after a few minutes given to the pleasures of imagination. However that might have been in the first instance, the idea after a while became scarcely a toy. It developed into a treasure. During long hours of toil Elliot hugged it, and allowed it to, make the burden, that might have been heavy, light. In the course of his proof-reading he now and then came upon suggestions and thoughts of his embodied in the printed words, and then his face lighted up as if he met a dear acquaintance, and he thought, "This is really mine!" and his fancy seemed no longer a fancy, but a reality. The book had surely sprung into being out of those conversations with his son. We certainly give our thoughts life when we speak them for those to whom we speak them; why should it not be that we give them life that all the world may know?

Who wrote this book? Nobody. It grew of itself from the seeds of united thoughts—seeds sown by speech. Elliot loved to dwell upon this fantastic imagination, and to brush aside the remembrance of his son sitting in the bent attitude of the laborious man of letters. And by degrees that remembrance died, or nearly died, and he began to call the book, even to himself, "My book!" Jack was so far away, and so careless of what he had done. He had not merely the possibility of one life within him, but the possibility of many lives, each one for the moment engrossing and beautiful. Springing from one to the other, he revelled in the agile versatility of a various youth. But, for Elliot, there was only one life, and he had lived it for years. Then, at a sad period, he had ruthlessly resolved to bring it to a close. He had

done so determinedly, while fate perhaps laughed, thinking of the hazards of the future. Now his life renewed itself almost as a dead season of spring. Sap stole through the shrunken veins that had been sapless. A bird or two ventured on a broken twitter. And why not?

Nobody was listening but himself. If he, from sheer love of fantasy, lent ear to the music for a moment, how could it matter? It made him so much happier.

And Jack was radiantly joyous living under the open skies, plunged in a grand life of activity, in which the smallest wild animal that crept stealthily to drink from the hidden stream at nightfall had more place than all the books that were ever written.

He could have so many kinds of happiness. For Elliot there was but one.

So he let the birds twitter to him, and day by day he listened more and more eagerly, till at last his work was done. All the proofs had been carefully revised and amended. The last had been dispatched to the printer. Elliot's life was empty again, and he was forced to wake from the foolish dreams in which he had lost himself for awhile. A few days passed wearily, and then a note came from the publisher, asking for the disclosure of the author's identity.

"Not that it is necessary for me," Mr. Jayne wrote, "but I want your authority to give it to the public on the title page of the book. What is the name?"

The crisis which Elliot had been dreading had come at last—a crisis in the internal struggle which had been going on within him for so long. He would have given worlds to postpone it, but that was impossible. Face to face with bare facts, all his cherished imaginings, his deliberate delusions, were swept away. What was there left for him to do but to tell the simple truth, that he had chosen to make so hard? What was there left?

He took up his pen to write the truth. He had even put down the words:—

"DEAR MR. JAYNE,

I think it will surprise you to learn that my son—"

when the door opened and the footman entered with a salver.

"A telegram, sir," he said.

Elliot took it, opened it, and uttered an incoherent exclamation. It was from Jack's friend, Bowen, and ran as follows :—

"Jack dangerously ill. Useless come. Writing. Fever."

The footman stood waiting impassively.

"Is there any answer, sir?" he said.

Elliot bent down and scribbled hastily :—

"Wire further news.—ELLIOT."

"Give that to the boy," he said hoarsely.

The man took the paper, went out, and shut the door softly behind him.

Elliot began to pace up and down the room, twisting his hands together. What devil was it that walked with him, and whispered thoughts to him, that the world would have cried out against in horror—thoughts that horrified himself?

He turned pale at the contemplation of his own mind in that moment. For he knew that could the telegram he had just read have been recalled, and the necessity that had occasioned its dispatch be swept away from existence, he would not—as he felt then—have had it so. The chances of travel fought in favor of his demented desire. All that was good in his nature seemed to have been swallowed up by his passionate antagonism against failure. He longed at that moment for the world to believe him a success more than he longed for his son to live.

That was horrible. Jack was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and he was glad. Had it come to that? He was glad! A feeling of relief stole over him despite an absolutely conscious effort that he made against it. His nature was too strong for his sense of right, and rendered him what is called unnatural. He was glad.

Over and over again he read the telegram, as a man might read the reprieve which has saved him from death at the last moment. And then he sat down at his table, and looked at the note he had begun to write to his publisher.

For a long time he looked at it musingly. Then he slowly tore it in two and dropped it into the waste-paper basket. Taking another sheet, he wrote as follows :—

EATON SQUARE, February, 189—.

DEAR MR. JAYNE,—Please put the name "John Elliot" on the title page of the book.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN ELLIOT.

He put the note into an envelope, sealed it, addressed it, and rang for the servant.

"Take this to the post at once," he said.

The man glanced at him in surprise. He did not know that his voice was strange and faltering. When the man had gone he sat down again with the telegram before him and continued mechanically to read it over and over.

## VII.

On the following day a second telegram arrived stating that the fever was severe and that a letter would follow; a letter also came from Mr. Jayne warmly congratulating Elliot on being the author of the book. "It will crown your career with honor," he said.

The smile that flitted over Elliot's face as he read the words was more tragic than any tears could have been. He was beginning to reap his reward. Long afterward, when that year of mental tumult slept with its forerunners in the grave of the past, he asked himself if he had been mad and not known it, mad with a dreary dementia that forced him into acts without affecting his reasoning power or his outlook upon things. For he understood what he was doing. He foresaw possible consequences. His sight was clear. There was no haze before his mind. He sinned with an extreme deliberation that shocked him as he sinned, and that yet seemed beyond his volition to control or to avoid. There was an inevitableness about his actions, as if some power had arranged the whole drama long beforehand, and was calmly carrying out a settled scheme in which it resolutely involved him. Each action followed appropriately upon the other, and was led up to, and prepared

for, by a corresponding mental phase of which it was the necessary outcome. And yet surely it was all a madness, long-continued and accumulative.

Are we not driven sometimes by creatures invisible who govern us, who walk beside us, take us by the hand, lead us out into the street when we would sleep within doors, introduce us to accomplices in sin whom we desire not to know, bring us blindfold and mentally resisting to houses where the plague dwells?

Elliot often asked himself some such question in after times. But at the moment he asked himself nothing. He simply went mechanically through a series of acts which led to an end that he thought he desired, and that end was the recognition of the world—the adulation of the critics, pleased to believe their extended prophecies fulfilled—the amazement of his friends, astonished to find their settled convictions upset at the eleventh hour.

While he waited for the letter from Africa the book was prepared for publication, and Mr. Jayne went about in literary circles blazoning its merits abroad, and telling the name of the supposed author. When the letter at length arrived it gave an account of Jack's imprudence in sitting in wet clothes after fording a deep stream. Bowen said he was doing everything possible for him, but that his condition was very dangerous, and that it was best to prepare for the worst. It would be useless for his father to come out, as by the time he reached the Cape and travelled on to the place in which they were, the life or death question would be decided one way or the other.

Elliot read the letter to the last word. What did he feel? Scarcely anything. He seemed to have passed beyond the possibility of acute sensation. Only suspense, vague suspense, was his companion. Utterly involved in a strange sequence of events, he merely waited their coming one by one, as a Stoic awaits the onward march of fate.

Before any further news arrived from Africa the book was published, and the reviews began to come in. Elliot sitting at home read them one by one. There was no longer any talk about a man of promise. Unstinted praise was

measured out to the new work. Its freshness, its virility, its fearless daring were admiringly dwelt upon.

One paper said:—

“Mr. Elliot seems to have renewed his youth, and to have combined the glow and the enthusiasm that generally belong only to those beginning their career with the mature strength that comes with age.”

And all this time in a far country perhaps Jack lay dying.

Elliot did not go into society at this period. His son's illness was, of course, a sufficient excuse for his retirement. But he could not keep out Mr. Jayne, and some of his old friends who came to congratulate him, and, by silently accepting their compliments, he told again the shameful lie that was already beginning to open the gates of hell to his soul. And once the lie had gone abroad, he felt that he was doomed. Whatever the event of the future, whether his son returned to reproach him or to forgive him, whether Jack lived or fell asleep in the African forest and was buried under the Southern sky in some wild spot far from the haunts of men, Elliot's fate was already sealed.

He had sinned basely. All time and all eternity could never alter that fact.

The mad wickedness of his crazy attempt to seize a triumph that was not his stared him ruthlessly in the face, even as he stretched out his hands . . . but too late!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was twilight on a spring afternoon. The air was warm with the breath of coming summer, and the windows of John Elliot's writing-room were thrown open to admit the gentle breeze. Sunset was dying out of the sky, and from the Square gardens rose the sound of children's lively voices calling to each other, heedless of the tide of mystery that flows in over the world before the falling of night.

At first sight it might have been thought that the room was empty, for darkness had begun to stealthily invade it, and the furniture and hangings were sombre, and assisted the silent work of the twilight as it extinguished one by one the lamps of day with invisible hands. Yet the room was not empty. By the writing-table, near the



empty fireplace, a man was sitting alone absolutely motionless. His face was dusky pale. His eyes were wide open and stared straight before him into vacancy. The table at his side was littered with cuttings from newspapers, gummed on to pale green paper, with the name of the agency which had sent them printed in large letters at the top. They were critiques of a new book which had just appeared, and they spoke of it in terms of enthusiastic praise, crowning the author with phrases as with chaplets of laurel.

The room grew darker and darker, and still the man sat on, never moving. There was nothing restful in his attitude. He was not reposing. He did not even lean back in the hard, cushionless chair. The colors of things, painted by the light of day it seemed, faded drearily away until the pale spaces in which the windows were set looked far off and phantom-like. The sound of the children's voices ceased. They had gone to their homes.

A silence fell around the silent man. Presently it was broken upon by quick footsteps, which rang cheerfully along the pavement without. They paused a moment outside the house, and then in one of the window spaces an uneasy tongue of flame sprang up. The ringing footsteps struck once more upon the pavement. Growing fainter and fainter in a steady diminuendo, they died away in the distance.

The man sat still, but now his wide-

ly opened eyes were fixed upon the flickering flame in the gas lamp, and expression began to steal into them slowly. His benumbed mind was waking from an unnatural passivity. His soul stirred from the lethargy of a strange slumber. He gazed and gazed at the flame until a veil fell over his eyes, and his lips moved slowly; but at first no sound broke from them.

Upon the ground at his feet lay a crumpled scrap of paper, a telegram brief and curtly worded:—

"Jack died this morning peacefully. Said send you love.—BOWEN."

The man's lips moved, and now repeated mechanically one word.

"Jack!" he said. "Jack!"

Through the gathering night the voice rose, and it was shaken and harsh, and full of an anguish that was terrifying. It sounded like the voice of one passionately calling upon an invisible presence to listen, to listen—and to forgive; but it only reiterated that one word over and over again with an unwearying persistence while the darkness closed slowly round.

Until at last the voice failed.

There was a sudden movement in the room.

The papers on the writing-table rustled, as if hands were laid upon them, and rent them into fragments.

And then a low, long-drawn sob shuddered through the night.—*Temple Bar.*

## IN PRAISE OF CONVENTION.

BY A. CLERK.

WHEN a novelist wishes to praise his hero, the attribute which he most commonly alleges is that he hated shams and had "a fierce scorn of convention." "Unconventional" is always a term of laudation, and "conventional" almost always a word of abuse. It generally means stupid, it almost always means hypocritical; and through this convention, which by the way is both imperfect and illiterate, few writers ever break. It may, therefore, be interesting, and possibly useful, to consider

what Convention, Conventional, and Conventionality really mean, and how we should get on if we did not most of us habitually behave in the ways they indicate.

First, how does the word come to exist? *Venire* means "to come;" *cum* means "with;" and *conventio*, which is the substantive made by the two words in composition, means "coming together." A convention is, therefore, a coming together, and the word means that sort of coming together

which in English is most commonly indicated by the word agreement. A convention is really a rule upon which people at large have agreed, or, it may be, upon which a certain number of specific people—as, for example, the members of a nation, a city, a club, a class, a family, or the like—have mutually agreed.

It was an axiom of ancient science, that nothing existed without a cause, and like most other axioms it contained much extremely important truth. We may be quite certain that no convention was ever made without a reason, and that the substantial reason for every convention always was, that the people who made it expected to get some advantage by it. No two people ever took the trouble to come together for nothing—still less any greater number of people; and it takes more than two people to make a convention in the ordinary sense of the word. That being so, we may take it to be a general rule that, wherever a convention exists, it does so because somebody once found it convenient, and not only somebody but a more or less considerable number of people, and not only people, but people of sufficient ability to enforce their views of what was convenient, or desirable, upon the majority of the other people with whom they had to do.

This may seem a simple inference, but it bears cogently upon the question: whether or not fierce scorn is the right attitude of mind to adopt toward conventions, as such? For, paradoxical as it may appear, most people are not idiots, or, if that be too optimistically general a statement, most sets of people which are able to enforce their views with some degree of permanence upon their neighbors are collectively very much the reverse of idiotic. Let us take a few of the conventions which govern civilized life, and see. It is conventional to wear clothes, and for particular kinds of people to wear particular kinds of clothes on particular occasions. It is conventional to have regular meals at hours fixed within rather narrow limits. It is conventional to address other people on different occasions in life in certain well-ascertained forms of speech, which are

modified according to the mutual relations—of blood, acquaintanceship, rank, or other—of the people who use them. Some people would probably be happier, or think they would, if they never ate or drank except when they were hungry or thirsty; if they could call for a glass of sherry when their inward monitor suggested sherry, brew a cup of chocolate when they felt chocolate to be the right thing, eat red herrings or oysters at the moment when the idea of those dainties was most attractive, and so on. Others might wish to glance at the sky, think of the occupations in which they were about to engage, and forthwith array themselves in a window-curtain or an ulster, a tea-gown or a bathing-suit, or nothing at all, as the exigencies of the moment, without regard to what is usual, might seem to require. Others, again, might possibly gain some satisfaction from being at liberty on meeting an acquaintance either to take no notice, or to utter their true sentiments by saying, as the case may be, "You back? What a bore! I hoped you were still abroad," or, "Do let us come out of this crowd to some place where I can make love to you without interruption." It may be observed parenthetically, that the same sentiments can, if it is desired, be conveyed as effectively, by a moderately intelligent person, with the most absolute observance of conventional propriety.

Convention, however, comes in, and practically prevents everybody from doing any of these things, each harmless—perhaps laudable—in itself, upon pain (at least) of being eccentric. And convention is perfectly right. There is hardly any kind of practical human business which can be carried on for any length of time otherwise than in set forms. The principal reason for this is that they save such infinite trouble. In the times of the Plantagenets people went to the courts of law with grievances against their neighbors of every imaginable kind. In order to obtain redress it was necessary to supply a verbal statement of what the grievance was. The lawyers perceived that if everybody were to tell his own story, and allege, generally, that he wanted judgment, the docu-

ments in each case would be so long and intricate, and would afford opportunity for so much discussion, that nothing would ever get finished. They therefore invented a number of magic words, like "trespass," "detinue," and so forth. In themselves, or to a lay ear, these vocables were jargon; but, when you went into court and ejaculated one of them, the judges and counsel knew where you were, and what sort of evidence you must give in order to win your case, and what would happen when you had won (or lost) it. The technical, and strictly conventional, phrases had saved an immense deal of time and trouble. The same kind of thing is done in medicine. You have grievous pains in your body, your blood becomes too hot by five or six degrees, and other uncomfortable symptoms occur. It would very likely take a competent observer ten minutes to rattle off a full account of all that appears to be the matter with you. But convention comes to his aid, he utters the mystic phrase "typhoid fever," and heaps of people all over England know in a general way how you ought to be treated. "Abracadabra," or "detinue," would do just as well, if the meaning was equally notorious.

The reason why practically all of us have agreed to take regular meals, of more or less regular kinds, is of a similar nature. It saves so much trouble. It may be amusing for once to reflect, and say, "It is now a quarter to four, and I have three more letters to write. At a quarter past four I will take a cup of boiled milk, a potato, a roast grouse, some cod *au gratin*, and a pint of draught beer." Practically, however, such a *menu*, though it may correspond closely with the whimsical desires of an unconventional *gourmet*, requires a good deal of thought, and the constant repetition of unnecessary thinking becomes laborious to the last degree. It is probable that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand, if they carried out the idea of eating and drinking whatever they thought they wanted whenever they thought they wanted it, would become so weary of the mental exertion of choosing time, meat, and drink, that they would heartily rejoice, when they had blun-

dered by not choosing to eat anything often enough, to be relieved of the responsibility by the orders of a conventionally behaving doctor. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the inconvenience which would arise from the clashing of the feeding-times of people who wanted to meet for business or amusement. As things are, we are all, or practically all, content to accept with trifling modifications the code laid down for us by whoever it was that made the conventions of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea: of tea, toast, eggs, and marmalade; of soup, fish, mutton, potatoes, and pudding; of sherry, beer, champagne, burgundy, port; of whisky and soda-water; and the rest of it.

One of the most important matters under the strict rule of convention is clothing. Practically everybody must dress very much as other people do, or be held a madman or at best a particularly uncomfortable kind of "crank." The chief rule, probably, is, that the distinction of sex must be marked by a corresponding distinction of attire. Very little knowledge of the world is needed to make it evident that this rule is convenient in the highest degree. Imagine the nuisance of being unable, in a general way and for general purposes, to tell, without more or less direct or indirect inquiry, whether a person who came under your observation was a man or a woman! But, whether for men or women or for both indifferently, there can be no more doubt than in the matter of food and feeding, that the conventions on the subject save an infinity of labor. Take a human being, and say: "Design for yourself a costume suitable for a person of your age, sex, figure, occupation, and tastes, which may be anything except a slavish copy of what other people wear." Except for a tailor or an artist, the task would be one of the most grievous difficulty, and if it had to be repeated whenever a change of apparel seemed desirable, life would speedily cease to be anything but a waking and inevitable nightmare.

Speech, not less than feeding and dressing, is prevented from being an intolerable burden only by the kindly support of convention. Such phrases as "Good-morning," "How do you

do?" "Good-bye," and the like, may seem trivial, or monotonous, or even ungrammatical or dishonest, to the callow mind of impetuous youth. But it would be a terrible thing, every time one encountered a fellow man deserving of notice, to have to think of words adapted to the peculiar intricacies, whatever they might be, of the specific occasion of intercourse. Without thought the tongue can utter the accustomed speeches, while the mind has time to deal, at ease and without undue haste, with the possibly weighty question: if in these particular circumstances the common forms of salutation shall be followed by any, and what, communication of a substantive and particular character? Consider, too, the case of the people who write the business part of newspapers—that is, neither the political diatribe nor the literary essay, but the statement of what has occurred. Is not conventional phraseology the only thing which makes it possible to write or convenient to read? A reporter at a fashionable wedding has occasion to mention the two persons who have been married. He would never get his report done in time, if he had to stop and choose his phrase: therefore he does nothing of the kind, but calls them "the happy pair." In the same way days "wear on," football-players "convert" and "equalize," judges sentence "with emotion," and distinguished invalids "pass peacefully away." Superficial observers may jeer at these and other every-day *clichés*, but they are invaluable as a means of saving the writer the trouble of unnecessary reiterations of slightly laborious thought. Even for the readers there is something of the same effect. You don't want literature: you do want to know that the married people went cheerfully off together; that whichever side it may be won or lost the football match; that the convict was sentenced to death; and that the public character is no longer, as another exquisite phrase has it, "in our midst." These facts you learn as certainly as you would if algebraical *formulae*, or dots and dashes, were used for the purpose of stating them, and they might just as well be used if they were as universally intel-

ligible. If any one doubts the merits of these expressions, let him get hold of—there have been seen from time to time—specimens of the work of an amateur reporter fired with the noble ambition of being a reporter, a gentleman, and a scholar all in one. The first time you read them they are startling, because all the conventional expressions have been discarded in favor of more or less literary English, the second time they are amusing, the third dull, and on every subsequent occasion increasingly disgusting. The reason why they are disgusting is that they give you the trouble of going through a little mental process to see what is meant. One reads a book because one wishes to exercise his mind, whether the process of exercise be little or big; but he who reads news in a newspaper likes to have his mind free to be solely engaged in taking in the facts. This is most completely the case when the facts are stated in the common forms of journalism.

The foregoing examples might be multiplied indefinitely in respect of affairs of almost every kind. The inference is that all the trivial and common affairs of life are transacted by the aid of convention more easily, and much more easily, than they could be if we had no conventions to guide us. We get up, wash, dress, feed ourselves, walk, sit, drive, talk, and go to bed, as and when it is conventional to do so, and because it is conventional. Of the serious business that is done in the world—trade, politics, and various kinds of professions, handicrafts, and arts—the vast bulk is done at least in a conventional manner. When you come to the most serious things of all—as whether or no you will marry such a person, wage such a war, make such a treaty, or produce such a poem or picture of the highest class—you transcend convention: for the excellent reason that, as such things are not done repeatedly but only now and then, it is impossible, in the nature of the case, for there to be a "coming together" of a sufficient number of people to make a convention upon the question, What form they ought to take? Things like *Hamlet*, and the Treaty of Berlin, are not, nor could they be, either conven-



tional or unconventional, any more than the moon could be conventional or unconventional. Yet the Treaty of Berlin would have been an event far less easy of achievement if the distinguished persons, to whose deliberations it gave effect, had not observed the purely conventional rules of good manners in dress and appearance, in the expressions by which they communicated with each other, in punctuality, in orderly behavior, and so on. Man cannot do anything worth doing by convention alone, but everything that he can do at all he can do incomparably more easily, and therefore better, by constant observance of several thousand conventions, than he could do if he had none to observe.

In so far as the heroes of novels alleged to entertain a fierce scorn of convention deserve that description, they are, as a rule, or they would be if alive, intolerable and ill-mannered cubs. But, in general, they do not deserve it in any marked degree. Let us imagine, though, the case of a person who really entertained a fierce scorn of convention, and was unable or unwilling to restrain the ferocity of his contempt. He would never get up when he felt inclined to stay in bed, or let other people go peaceably to bed when he happened to want to sit up. He would go out to dinner—supposing that his inclinations coincided with the existing convention of coming at about the time when you are expected to arrive—in whatever raiment seemed to him at the moment comfortable or convenient. Observe the probable consequence of this last. The convention of dressing for dinner insures a certain degree of cleanliness at the principal social meeting of the day. Suppose our unconventional hero showed his independence by dining out in an old shooting-jacket and slippers, which might be a very suitable and comfortable costume for his own fireside at certain times of the day, is it likely that he would take the trouble of going into a (possibly chilly) bedroom and washing himself in preparation for the feast? And if nobody thought a dinner-party worth the trouble of assuming a clean and orderly appearance, what a frowy and unseemly collection of scarecrows would

frequently be gathered together! And if you are dirty, why trouble to be polite? Almost all the minor pleasures of life arise from the observance of good manners, and good manners are the manners dictated by convention.

If the unconventional person were a woman the consequences might be still more piquant and disagreeable. Should she happen to fall in love she would probably not scruple to impart the circumstance to the beloved object, and, with no convention to prevent her from doing so, would more likely than not make her declaration before a large and mixed company. For the victim would probably have had sufficient intimations of her fancy to shun her sole society, and the dinner-table might very possibly be the only place where she could catch him. "And why not?" some thoughtless reformers may ask. This is why not. If women were to break down the conventions to which they are now subject, and press their suits upon the unresponsive objects of their attachment, and generally arrogate to themselves what are now the privileges of men, they would have perforce to forfeit the consideration of so many kinds which, as women, they now enjoy. If that were the case, and men and women in their mutual relations were to assert themselves as best they could, the greater muscular strength of men, the comparative instability of their affections, and the comparative insensibility of their hearts to personal emotions, leave no possibility of doubt as to which party would suffer worse by the change.

There can be no doubt that women act wisely in maintaining the vast majority of the conventions affecting their sex, and in regarding with suspicion and dislike those individuals who defy them. A few weeks ago a story went the round of the newspapers of a woman who rode, dressed in knickerbockers, on a bicycle. Some other women hissed at her, or otherwise signified disapprobation. The knickerbockered lady, with exquisitely feminine irrelevance, reproachfully asked them: if *they* did not, when bathing, wear costumes suitable for that purpose? and if *she* was not, therefore, to be commended for wearing knickerbockers when she was

riding a bicycle? (Being a woman, she would very likely not have understood the fallacy of her argument if it had been pointed out to her: that the suitability of her costume was one of the questions in issue, and the suitability of her riding a bicycle at all another.) A comic paper published a long and earnest satire on the subject, with the usual references to Mrs. Grundy, of which the main contention was that the bicycling lady had more of her person covered, and was, therefore, more "decently" dressed, than the women at an evening party. The unfortunate author had evidently not reflected that decency is mainly, if not entirely, a matter of convention. It varies, not only according to time and nationality, but according to everyday circumstances. There is nothing in the least indecent in the ordinary costume of a man rowing in a boat-race, but if a man were to appear in a drawing-room with no sleeves at all, and with flannel trousers reaching about two-thirds of the way down his thighs, his conduct would be indecent, as well as grossly offensive. There are circumstances in which it would be highly improper and disagreeable for a man to exhibit that part of his leg which is just above the knee, but at proper times and places he may wear a kilt with nothing but approbation. In the same way, whenever and wherever fashion, which is a branch of convention, requires or permits it, a woman—when ever she can do so with comfort to herself and to those who happen to be in her company—may wear a low dress without a shade of indecency or impropriety, and that circumstance has nothing whatever to do with the question whether or not she may go about in knickerbockers. It is the privilege of the comic writer—as it is inexpressibly characteristic of the worst of the follies stigmatized by the name of Mrs. Grundy—to identify decency with the covering up of the human frame.

If there were not a great number of effective conventions to the general effect that you must not say to other people a variety of things which they would not like to hear, and that you must say to them some things which they do like to hear, there would be an

end of civilized life. Suppose one said to one's neighbor, whenever it was true: "I am disgusted at having to talk to you; you are a bore of a kind I particularly dislike, and just now I am especially anxious to talk to somebody else." That would show a fierce scorn of convention, and it would render civilized conversation and social intercourse impossible. It might be honest to say to a young parent: "For God's sake don't chatter about your nasty baby. What I want to hear about from you is, your opinion of So-and-so's poems." But would it promote the friendly discussion of literature in the long run? The politely affected interest in the nursery, which a wholesome convention requires, is almost invariably as judicious as it is conventional. If we all did and said what we felt disposed to do and say when we felt disposed to do and say it, without any reference to the rules, we should cease to have any pleasant intercourse at all, and, probably, ere long the only rational employment left for any of us would be that of locking each other up in lunatic asylums.

There is another thing to be borne in mind about a great number of what may be scientifically described as polite falsehoods: which is, that the telling of them tends, to a not inconsiderable extent, to make them true. Human tastes are largely, though by no means entirely, amenable to treatment. Most people know that by steadily eating certain things, especially oysters, olives, and caviar, they can acquire a taste for them (if they had it not to begin with), and thus increase those opportunities of enjoyment the world affords. In the same way, when, in conversation with the too enthusiastic parent, you have sternly repressed your longing for literary criticism, have crushed back your own epigrams for use on some other occasion, and have attentively and mendaciously asseverated your enthusiasm for the baby's, you have at least made a step on the road toward acquiring an interest in babies, or in that baby; and a new interest is almost as great an acquisition as a new taste for easy-gotten food. By constant conventional implications of regard for a tiresome acquaintance you

may in time come to have a real regard for him, and an increase in the number of the people you like is undeniably advantageous. In fact, the general explanation of the polite falsehood is this: that you are required by convention to say what you ought to feel. And if by saying it you ultimately come to feel it, it is manifest that the convention has made you feel as you ought.

With conventions, as with all other sorts of rules, the man who understands them best, and follows them on the whole most completely, is the man who knows when he may advantageously depart from them. The most thoroughly conventional man is the man whom convention will least oppress, because he will best understand whether, and when the general advantage to him of obeying conventions is, or is not, outweighed by the particular advantage to him of disobeying a convention on a specific occasion. The most pleasant life to live is that which is ordered by sound rules, enabling one to know at once how to act without thinking about it: when one knows those rules thoroughly and understands the rea-

sons for them, and when one has no scruple whatever about breaking any or all of them, if, the cost being duly counted, it appears to be to one's advantage to do so. A highly important element in the determination of a particular question of this sort is the general undesirability of breaking rules, and that undesirability the truly, profoundly, and wisely conventional man is not likely to underrate. To every question of morals or manners that is continually arising there is a right answer and a wrong. Human experience has informed civilized and intelligent human beings which is right and which is wrong. It may now and then, for exceptional reasons, be desirable to do wrong; but one cannot satisfactorily and safely do wrong, unless one knows that it is wrong, and why, and how the consequences will work out. Therefore, a thorough knowledge of right and wrong upon these perpetually recurring problems is invaluable, and it can be attained only by following, comprehending, and respecting the conventions which are its formulated expression.—*New Review*.

## THE INTER-RELATION OF NATURAL FORCES.

BY ARTHUR H. IVENS.

LINNÆUS wrote, in 1748, that "The stony rocks are not primeval, but the daughters of Time." His idea was far in advance of his age, but has been since then borne out by the discoveries of Lyell, Darwin, and other geologists and scientific men, as well as by astronomers such as Laplace and Sir W. Herschel, that, not only this our earth, but also the planets and stars, have only come into their present liquid and solid condition and development after immense intervals of time, and very gradually.

Herschel was of opinion that "our earth may have been first in a gaseous state, resembling those nebulae which we behold in the heavens, and which are of dimensions so vast that some of them would fill the orbits of the remotest planets of our system."

Lyell's great work, *The Principles*

*of Geology*, was published in 1835, or a few years earlier, and refers mainly to the development of the rocks, whether primary and raised by volcanic agency, or from water by sedimentary deposits, or by the labors of coral insects in the secondary and later periods. Lyell wrote also on the order and appearance of vegetables and animals, and showed clearly that each and all of them only came into existence when the surrounding conditions were favorable to their development. In the present century Darwin and other great writers have borne out Lyell's opinion respecting the enormous periods of time requisite to bring the inorganic world into its present condition, and also slowly but very gradually to develop from the waters and rocks the vegetable and animal growths by evolution, whenever the environment favoring such growths

enabled the forces of Nature to call them forth; whether by chemical agency, by electricity, by magnetism, by voltaic action, or by that of the sun's rays; by heat, by cold, etc. We reinforce our statement, that such transformations could only take place, under certain and definite conditions, by a passage from the work of a highly esteemed writer: "It is a permanent and universal law in all inorganized bodies that the composition of substances is definite and invariable, the same compound always consisting of the same elements united together in the same proportions: for example, one part by weight of hydrogen gas will combine with eight parts by weight of oxygen gas, and form water. This law of definite proportions, established by Dr. Dalton, is of universal application." In continuation of our argument we may state that "heat and cold affect substances in very different degrees. Water freezes and becomes ice at 32° of Fahrenheit, whereas mercury only freezes at 39° below zero of Fahrenheit; olive oil, on the contrary, shows signs of congelation at from 40° to 45° of Fahrenheit. The three substances quoted being all liquids, the difference in the loss of heat requisite to bring them to solidification is very great indeed. The action of heat on fluids or solids is equally various. Water boils at 212° Fahrenheit, lead melts at 612°; the fusing point of gold is 2016°, and of iron 3000°. We give these particulars in order to show what enormous changes can be effected by cold in the transmutation of a substance from a liquid to a solid, or by heat from a solid to a liquid state. Ether boils at 96° of Fahrenheit, but has never been frozen by the severest cold. The forces exerted by the action and reaction of heat and cold are best exemplified under the head of steam, which has only been called forth and made use of by man since about the middle of the eighteenth century, but it has been in action on a gigantic scale in Nature for probably hundreds of thousands of years, it being the opinion of many geologists, including Lyell, that it is the generation of steam, whether developed by the internal heat of the earth in a state of fusion, or whether

by that of the chemical action of the elements in the bowels of the earth developing heat, which, acting on water and thus generating steam, is the great force that throws up such enormous rocks and masses of lava as Etna has lately been doing. The rocks and lava thus thrown up are in a state of fusion by heat; but they gradually cool by exposure to the air and form solid rocks and mountains. This action and reaction has been going on for thousands of years with little cessation. Heat and cold, again, cause the oceanic currents on our earth between the equator and the poles, and *vice versa*, and thereby affect the earth's magnetism or polarity, not only on our globe, but probably all throughout the universe. This is borne out by the fact that "the aurora borealis is decidedly an electrical phenomenon, which takes place in the highest regions of the atmosphere, since it is visible at the same time at places very distant from each other. Dr. Faraday conjectures that the electric equilibrium of the earth is restored by the aurora conveying the electricity from the Poles to the Equator. It may be well here to call attention to what is called "induction, which is the process by which magnetism, or electricity, is developed in a body by the magnetic, or electric, action of another body." When the North Pole of a magnet is brought near to or in a line with an unmagnetized iron bar, the bar acquires all the properties of a perfect magnet; the end next the North Pole becomes a South Pole, and *vice versa*. By induction the iron has not only acquired polarity, but the power of inducing polarity in a third body.

"Magnetism, galvanism, and the chemical affinities, which are all in intimate relation to each other, can be variously and greatly affected by almost any changes that may occur, whether by heat or by cold, by hammering perpendicularly on an iron or steel bar, by change of position, or by induction. But the changes are so numerous and so varied that we can only just advert to them in this paper. It has been proved by the experiments of Favre that the heat developed by the galvanic current is entirely due to the chemical action which takes place in the bat-



tery;" the chemical action depending on the current produced by the decomposition of the metals by the acids, it follows that by the augmentation and size of the plates almost any degree of heat can be produced. This has rendered the voltaic pile so valuable an instrument to effect the reduction of the alkalis to their metallic bases and to effect other extraordinary chemical changes, as was done by Sir Humphry Davy. We give these details to show the enormous force that can be generated and kept up by the voltaic battery. But Nature was in this respect ahead of man by countless ages of time, for she had produced, and still produces, voltaic electricity in a living animal, and by means analogous to the voltaic pile, generates in the living tissue of the torpedo (a fish like a ray or skate) a force or power of shock with which it attacks and kills other fish for its sustenance or defence. There are other fishes (seven in all), such as the electric eel, which have this power, and the eel in a very high degree.

It appears to us, therefore, that if Nature can produce so complicated an arrangement as a galvanic battery in the body of a skate, she can equally produce other complicated organs in animals of a higher grade, such as the mammalia. In these animals there are a number of important organs, the glands, all of them serving very necessary and indispensable purposes for the use and benefit of the animal; the glands all secrete some necessary fluid or product, of which the secretion of the liver, of the kidneys, of the mammary, the salivary, and of the lachrymal glands are well known, together with very numerous other glands distributed all over the different parts of our bodies, without which our life as mammalia could not be carried on. Yet every gland secretes its specific fluid or substance; these secretions are all derived from chemical processes, and it would seem that the glands probably act as galvanic batteries. Liebig (*Organic Chemistry*) shows that "for the production of bile in the animal body a certain quantity of soda is necessary; without the presence of a compound of sodium no bile can be formed." Again he says: "The venous blood, before

reaching the heart, is made to pass through the liver; the arterial blood, on the other hand, passes through the kidneys; these organs separate from both all substances incapable of contributing to nutrition. The substance of the brain and nerves contains a large quantity of albumen, and in addition to this, two peculiar fatty acids, distinguished from other fats by containing phosphorus (phosphoric acid); one of these contains "nitrogen." Thus it is clear that whether for the sustenance of the elements or organs of the body, or for those of the brain, all is brought about by means of chemical action, yet chemical action and galvanic action are analogous." Again, from the same author: "Physiology shows that every manifestation of force is the result of a transformation of the structure or of its substance; that every conception, every mental affection, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluid; that every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain, the ultimate cause of the different conditions of the vital force are chemical forces." Since, then, we have no knowledge of the manifestations of mental or of muscular activity, excepting through the substance or structure of the body, brain, and nerves, it appears impossible to doubt what Liebig asserts, that all such manifestations are due to changes effected in those substances. We may add that without oxygen there is no life, that the absence of air to a man for so short a time as two or three minutes is fatal. This, therefore, so far bears out the eminent chemist's opinion, since the air requisite to us is for the purpose of oxidizing the blood, of which iron forms a part, iron being more susceptible to the action of oxygen than any other metal. This action brings about constant changes and transformations of tissue by means of the heart and lungs. The power inherent in electricity and magnetism of transmitting to a third body the same force by induction thereby gives Nature the means of effecting any transformation, since she acts doubly by positive and negative, and thereby brings about as results third and new substances,

structures, or conditions. It may be replied that sensation and motion, so observable in animals, are not attributes of vegetables. We can, however, show that vegetable growths have both sensation and motion; their life, indeed, could not proceed without them. What is growth but life and movement, and can there be growth without sensation? If a tree or plant grows and reproduces, it does so because the conditions of the soil, of its food, of the necessary moisture and air, of the sun's rays of heat or of light, etc., are in relation and adapted to the plant's existence. If they be not so, the plant will die like any animal. The plant has, moreover, in it the power to discriminate and to select those parts of the soil suitable to its requirements, and to leave out the others. The vine and the olive, in the south of Europe, grow together in the same field and at the same time, which is, besides, often sown with maize and pulse; yet one plant produces grapes, the other oil, the third Indian corn, the fourth gram (a pulse), or kidney beans; yet no harm occurs to any of these products from their being grown in the same piece of ground, since they evidently each select that part of the soil necessary to them and of no use to the others. But selection implies sensation and growth, which never cease until the plant has reproduced its seed or its kind. Then again, creeping plants grow up to extraordinary heights, more especially in the tropics. The *Piassaba* (a kind of *Liana*) grows, climbing up trees thirty, forty, and, we believe, in some cases to over one hundred feet. The Rattan cane also grows to great lengths, as well as the bamboo; and the ivy in our own country the same. These creeping or climbing plants must all have both sensation, motion, and force in a large degree. There is in the Atlantic Ocean a seaweed growing in the Sargasso Sea, to the west of the Canaries and Cape de Verde Islands, where many hundreds of square miles of this weed are found, since it grows in such large quantities as to have alarmed Columbus and his sailors lest they were getting aground. Some of these seaweeds have stems more than a thousand feet long. Respecting sensations in

the vegetable world, this is more especially evidenced in the *Mimosa pudica*, or sensitive plant, which shrinks from the touch and gives other signs of animal life, since it is said to be acted on by chloroform, and to thus lose temporarily its sensitiveness, as do animals. Then again, there are other plants equally sensitive, and which can also digest animal food; we allude to the insectivorous plants, of which it appears that some five hundred species are known. These plants catch small flies or insects by means of their sticky leaves and other devices, digest them, and thus furnish themselves with food. One of them, well known, is the *Dionaea muscipula*, or Venus's fly-trap, thus proving that plants have sensation and movement, and even powers of digestion. We know of no life without growth, nor of growth without matter; what, therefore, is the difference between so-called inorganic or more highly organized structures? They are only differences of degree; the process is the same in both cases. Transformation and also structure are equally visible in the rocks and earths as they are in the more organized developments. Liebig states: "The formation of a crystal, of an octohedron, is not less incomprehensible than the production of a leaf or of muscular fibre; the production of vermilion from mercury and sulphur is as much an enigma as the formation of the eye from the substance of the blood." That the rocks have sensations is proved by their being acted on by magnetism, by electricity, by the oxygen of the air, and by chemical affinities; in other words, that they have a sort of power of selection, as is shown particularly by the magnetic ironstone, which can both attract and repel; in fact, most of the metals are found in the state of oxides. The whole earth is but one great magnet and vast chemical laboratory. To the action of the forces of electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and of the chemical affinities, it may be stated generally, that there is no limit, since man alone, during the present century, has, by experimental processes, discovered no less than 606 methods of transformation in the electricity of both kinds, as well as in magnetism. These forces are in

constant action, so that changes and transformations are ever and continually taking place. The very distant stars act on us, since we see them, and we believe that photographs have been taken of some of them, especially of Sirius, therefore we are (in such case) under the influence of his actinic rays, as we are under those of our sun. A large part of the electrical, magnetic, and chemical phenomena referred to have only been discovered during our present century; what limit, therefore, can we place to those and others of Nature's forces (many probably yet to be discovered), acting in the formation of the materials of our globe, for tens of millions of, or for yet more years. Surely, if chemistry in the hands of man has been able to effect such important changes in a century, Nature has both the power and the means of bringing about still greater changes, having had the whole earth and its surroundings at her disposal for millions of years. That the forces herein mentioned have been in action for long periods who can dispute, since, had they not existed, no changes could have been effected; no life, whether animal or vegetable, could have existed without oxygen and water, nor could the very earth we stand on hold us but for the attraction of gravitation. That the force of gravitation itself is only relative and conditional may be shown by its feeble action on a comet; nor can it call down the clouds from the heavens until they are previously transformed into snow, hail, or rain. Our endeavor has been to show that we know of life only by means of and through its relation to matter, on which it is as equally dependent as are what are designated inorganic substances; that from or through matter all sensation, all our forces are derived; that all living beings (vegetable or animal) grow; that growth is life; that living beings are only superior or more complicated structures, since the simpler formations came first into being, the more complicated ones afterward; that all came forth (whether

inorganic or organic) only and when the relations and the conditions necessary for their development enabled the powers of nature gradually, but slowly, to call them forth by means of evolution, and by the various forces we have mentioned. That not only this, our globe, but the whole universe, appears to us to have sensation as well as motion inherent in all matter, more or less, of which the formation, whether of rocks or of more highly organized structures, are only a part and a natural sequence—or perhaps we may better say a natural consequence—of every change in the relations and conditions of matter constantly taking place. In exemplification of our statement, we may refer to the fact, well known, of the fish inhabiting some subterranean lakes in Carniola (Austrian Alps), as well as to the similar lakes in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. These lakes are perfectly in darkness, and the fish inhabiting them are without eyes; they are blind, since eyes without light would be useless to the animals. It would thus appear as if light acts as a force in developing the formation of the eye. The want of the force in the case above mentioned prevents or inhibits the development of the organ of vision. We will give one more exemplification of our statements by a reference to the sun's heat rays. It is well known that the diminution of the heat of the sun's rays results in ice and snow at the top of Mont Blanc, or Chimborazo and other lofty mountains. Why so? It is said to be in consequence of the smaller quantity of earthy matter on the top of a hill, and to its greater abundance on a plain, whereby the rays of the sun on the latter have more matter to act upon—more fuel, as it were. Be that or not the true solution, the fact remains that the higher we go the cold increases. Thus, again, we see that even the action of such a force as the sun's heat is modified by the conditions of the materials on which it is brought to bear. — *Westminster Review*.

## STROLLERS.

"Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show."

If critics are sincere in the prayer they make nowadays for greater simplicity in stage-management—if their imaginations truly do hunger for an exercise of which they are deprived by the too luxurious realism of the modern stage—they might perhaps find their aspirations suited, and their expectations not wholly disappointed, by laying themselves in the way of one of the lowlier class of strolling companies which still stalk the country, and by visiting an opening performance in some district where the audience is as nearly rustic as it is possible to get it in these evil days of indiscriminating civilization.

They are advised to try for a first night, because, with strolling companies, the first night is pre-eminently the people's night. The *élite* of the neighborhood are invited later on to a Shakespearian revival, on which occasion the strollers strive to ape their inferiors in town, and the fashionable craze of the day for over-representation. To a first night, therefore, we give the lover of all that is primitive a cordial recommendation to go; and will now, by a short narrative of our own experience, offer him a sample of the glorious fare that is likely to fall to him.

It is a windy night, with a *soupsou* of rain in it, which has come to preside over the opening of a strolling company's theatre in the small midland town where we are staying. The canvas roof of the booth makes a great flapping; and the wooden walls rock—with wind from without, and with the surging of pittites from within; for the doors have been open some while—when we, for sixpence, obtain a stall in the second row from the stage. People who like to air their legs may pay a shilling, and sit out in front; but on first nights the shilling seats stay empty.

The place is too full of wind to be called draughty: against the two central poles of the booth swing flaring oil-lamps, which roar noisily when the

winds threaten to put them out. They manage to keep alight, however, causing a very Rembrandtesque effect while at variance with the powers of the air. To us a Rembrandtesque effect always gives a suggestion of strife between forces of darkness and light—darkness becoming an active *force*, a radiating power; and one gets a pleasant feeling, akin to excitement, in watching it. Here the powers of darkness, allied with the powers of the air, seemed striving to bring about a general collapse: the shadows bounded along the roof, till they grasped at the tent-pole; the wind worried it in its socket; then, as the wind fell off, the lamps flared up angrily, and away skipped the shadows to the back corners.

From these things our attention is called by the noise of the orchestra: a man, smuggling under an overcoat the makings of a stage-villain, is winding it round by the handle. The stamping populace in the rear sober down to take in this foretaste of the feast. Happily it is a brief one, and so does not dispel the imaginative turn our thoughts have taken.

Now the manager comes before the curtain, and announces the overwhelming respectability of his company: nothing will take place here to raise a blush on the most modest cheek; whereat the pit jeers good-humoredly, wondering, no doubt, what there is on the face of this earth which could make it blush. "Our company," the manager goes on to say, "wintered in the cathedral town of Hereford; and any of you who know what a cathedral town means will understand that no company, which was not of unimpeachable respectability, would be allowed by the dean and chapter to stay so long."

As we are probably alone in having any clear idea of what a cathedral town means, and what sort of fearful fowl a dean and chapter is, we enjoy the joke in separateness of spirit. But, to do the manager justice, he gave us no occasion to blush.

Now comes the play, for the curtain



struggles in its rising. The play is, and the females of the play are, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," these three, and the greatest of these is certainly Charity.

Charity is a big strapping wench—*so* big, and *so* strapping! Run a tape round her, lengthways and breadthways, as you do round a package to see if it comes within the official limitations for parcel post, and you may get her within sixteen feet more or less, probably more. She is an admirable low comedian—and really is it to be wondered at, bred as she has been on the applause she wins, that she plays low down for it?—the pit is in raptures over her, and sets the rear of the theatre reeling with its hobnailed plaudits.

The manager comes in as an old man, with a poor tattered suit of clothes on his back, and a snarl forever in his mouth. He snarls when he passes the rich man's door to the right; in the centre he says his prayers, and, crossing over to the left, knocks at the poor widow's door. She, after a short difficulty with the door, manages to scrape herself through the opening, and comes out. She is Faith, the mother of Hope and Charity. The old snarler offers her a basket of vegetables, which a "friend has sent her." She does not much believe in the vegetables, Faith does not; but, with her mind set on "things not seen," plunges her hand deep down under the cabbages and brussels-sprouts, and fetches forth a bag of money. In another minute we learn that this comes from habit.

"Oh, you good old man! this is the third time I have received means for paying my rent on the very day that it is due! Who is it that is so good to the poor lone fatherless widow?" She walks to the centre, and prays. The old man weeps, snarls, and goes; while Faith, discovering by a rapid forecast that in the next scene the cottage is going to be a freehold, pockets the cash and goes shopping.

Then follows a love scene between the good young son of the bad Squire, and Charity. The part of the Squire's son is taken by a weak-chinned, weedy little woman, with a pronounced bust, which a loose over-jacket, to the best of its buttons and ability, makes effort

to conceal; but as the poor young man has but one only attitude, to which, after all others, he finally returns—whether for expressing love, hatred, grief, courage, or despair—and that one the laying of an arm over his "middle so small," his clothing does not afford a very effectual concealment. He is constantly giving himself the most amazing digs in the waist, at which the waist, so seemingly solid, promptly collapses.

Charity makes love to him enough for two: he staggers under her kisses, and suffocates in her embraces. She chucks him under the chin, and he hangs his head simpering.

The house finds there is pleasant comedy in all this; and we too find comedy, perhaps in other ways, while the pit roars its applause. Charity looks across the footlights genuinely pleased with the audience, and with herself.

But now comes the bad Squire, breaking in upon this sweet idyl, and there begins a bad quarter of an hour for his son. Charity, however, does not desert her lover at a pinch; whatever grounds the Squire stands on, she cuts them from under him. Hear her! "What business have you in my mother's gyarden?" Her mother's gyarden for this occasion reaches to the Squire's front door; that, we suppose, is the reason why the Squire is so anxious to give the widow notice to quit.

Having obtained the title-deeds by theft, as he tells the audience in an aside, he is now in a position to give that widow "the sack."

The little episode of the rent has played its part, and is forgotten; the ownership of the cottage now depends on the possession of title-deeds, and these accordingly have henceforth to be sto'en, smuggled, forged, picked from pockets, and found in underground passages, as follows hereafter.

When the Squire lets Charity know that her mother's position is precarious and depends on his will and pleasure, Charity's fingers go snap in his face; at which the pit awakes its jovial thunders. Charity is willing to humor her audience with any mood whatever, so she gives right thumb and forefinger yet another snap, then ditto with the

left, and then altogether—a volley. After the louder roar which follows, she finds safety in tweaking the Squire's nose.

Anywhere else this world be vulgar—very vulgar; but here the amazingest things are spontaneous—they are at once natural and poetical. The Squire's house, the widow's cottage, the garden—which we have to imagine—have wrought us up to a poetic pitch from which we cannot loose ourselves. We are beholding what other eyes, the most sincere and native in the land, find to be both poetry and life: Life—the size of life, and twice as natural. The widow has at last noticed a noise, and, coming out, receives a week's warning to quit. Proudly she sends her daughter Hope to fetch the title-deeds. Of course they are gone. "You never had them," says the Squire in triumph. He speaks her mild, however, and will let her stay on if he may be allowed to pay his addresses to "Miss 'Ope," whom it is his crowning wickedness to love. The whole family rejects him with scorn; even his son plucks up heart to say that he will not have *him* for a brother-in-law.

Now the plot thickens into deep murkiness, as all retire but the Squire; and the old tatterdemalion comes on to threaten him in words of mystery. The pit has been waiting for its mystery, and now it has it. In every play there must be mystery—something that cannot be explained. So now begins mystery—real mystery, not to be explained. It never *is* explained; that is its beauty—the audience will presently be able to go home with a mystery on its conscience. The Squire is at last left alone, to stagger about his own doorstep and now and then trespass into the too contiguous garden of the widow—also to send for the stage-villain, who dresses like a bandit, and wears a glimmering of repentance in the corner of one eye. He is straightway dispatched to knock the tatterdemalion's brains out; and while he is absent, the Squire deposits a casket of jewels in the raspberry-canes behind the widow's house.

Then the villain returns to demand blood-money; but the Squire, who is a J.P., denies all knowledge, and warns him out of the country on pain of

death. So the stage-villain retires, with hatred more than glimmering in his baffled eye.

And now, in the nick of time, Hope trips in, carrying the casket. The Squire catches her, sends for a policeman, and sentences her, then and there, to a month's imprisonment. The family kneel and implore; they can prove an *alibi*, or something of that sort, if he will wait till to-morrow. He relents to the extent that he will allow Miss 'Ope to be locked up for the night in his own house instead of in the jail (his asides at this time are full of devilry); and the grateful, foolish family tears itself in two with weeping and smiles of reassurance.

Next the Squire warns his son into the wide wide world to seek a living; and the house being now left clear of anybody but the Squire and his prisoner, night falls with lightning celerity.

In steals the villain, waving a match-box, and creeps to the rear of the Squire's dwelling. The breathless audience hears the spurt of a match, then there fizzles a rosy magnesian light, and, in an instant, the house is suffused with fire, red-hot as a furnace.

Faith and Charity come rushing, fresh from slumber, and Hope's name resounds above the roaring of the flames. "Me daughter-r-r!" in a shrill blast of lungs from the mother, fetches the villain full of heroism and repentance. He had no idea, he says confusedly, while calling for a ladder, that Miss Hope was staying at the Squire's; but oh! for a ladder, and he will save her yet. Charity brings him a kitchen chair; through the chinks of the burning house we see Hope running to be rescued—her beautiful head and arms appear through a window, and commence waving. The chair on which the villain stands is rickety, the villain's legs are rickety, and the burning house is most rickety of all. Hope is half in and half out, and then sticks. The suspense is too dreadful in more ways than one—to the audience in one way, and to the villain and walls of the crumbling mansion in quite another. Is she hopelessly jammed? Are her legs catching fire while her beautiful head and arms gesticulate for help, and the villain totters under her weight,

but cannot draw her forth? Charity to the rescue! Charity opens the door of the house a little way, and gives her sister a vigorous hoist up. She is out like a pellet from a popgun, and the curtain comes down to sounds of sobbing and prayer.

Must not joy and delight be crowned in a scene like this? Is it not to be expected that the rest of the play will abate somewhat in novelty and interest? Wait, wait, only wait!

The stage-villain has come out, and has got the orchestra by the handle. There is religion in the music it begins to pour forth: "Poor old Joe," the "Waft her, angels" of rustic audiences, rubs shoulders with the "Rock of Ages," and the curtain rises on Faith lying a-dying. She has always trained up her daughters in the way they should go, and she now makes them go through their Catechism, as a preparation for facing the world alone.

The tatterdemalion is there with his head in bandages; he forgives the repentant villain on the spot when the latter comes to receive the thanks of the dying mother. Oh, that mother! How she dies! She has the advantage of a peculiarly bilious expression, with which to emphasize the pains of death; and now for the first time she begins to roll her eyes about. She rolls them on to the Squire when he enters, on eviction intent, and almost floors him.

Then she tells him to repent; so does Hope; so does Charity; so also does the stage-villain—very impressively, all the while stealing the title-deeds from the Squire's coat tail pocket, whence they have been conspicuously protruding since his entry.

But the Squire is anxious only to complete his business; he gets a little more courage now that those dreadful eyes have ceased to roll on him. Suddenly Hope and Charity lift up their voices with an exceeding bitter cry; the tatterdemalion strikes the Squire's hat from his head—"Take off your 'at, sir," he says impressively; "you are in the presence of the dead."

In the next scene the funeral is over; and the sense that the Catechism alone will not help them through the world strikes the lonely hearts of the two poor girls. Hope, the religious one, says,

"Let us pray to our mother to help us!" and Charity's knees thump the boards in obedience to her word. Then says Hope, "Mother, look down on your children, and help us!" Whereat the drop-scene, which represents the wall of a room, begins to lift itself; with many creaks, and a few jolts on the way, it trundles expeditiously to the top. A white light is fizzling away in the wings, and we see a glaring vision of a large cross of rock-salt, supported on the one side by a horrible wax angel, and on the other by the bilious-looking mamma. The cross is toppled slightly sideways, depending on the mamma for support, since the wax angel can do nothing; only his glass eye glares horribly in the limelight from its projecting socket. As soon as the limelight has burned itself out, down trundles the drop scene, and the sisters go forth into the wide wide world to fight the powers of darkness with scraps from the Catechism.

In the last act the inevitable takes place in a few dashing incidents. The Squire's son returns, within a fortnight, with a large fortune. The Squire hires a new villain to throw Miss Hope down a well, which he does in a perfectly blood-curdling manner, and is caught in the act by the other villain—the repentant one. Then enters Charity, and goes to the well's brink, making heartrending appeals to her departed sister. The Squire turns up with another title-deed, and proves the one taken out of his pocket to have been but a copy. But Hope turns up also, without a bruise on her beautiful body, and bringing with her the one true and genuine title-deed.

"Why! I thought I ordered you to be thrown down this well, Miss 'Ope," cries the Squire incontinently, and is taken into custody by the policeman for saying so.

"Yes," says Hope, "but my hair caught in some creepers, and broke my fall, and the well was dry, and I found a little door which led up some steps into a room, where I found the true title-deed, and a lot of money besides which belonged to my great grandfather."

Every one believes her, so all ends happily. The tatterdemalion turns out

to be the girls' uncle, once wicked, but now good, and very very rich.

The converted villain slips out, and round to the orchestra, and once more the drop-scene (this time involving in its folds a bridge, a field, a village church, and a few cows) rolls itself heavenward. Heaven has not cured the mother of her sullen and bilious expression even yet; and she and the wax angel vie with each other in hideousness; the cross is as sideways as ever, but the mother holds it up sturdily; the limelight fizzles out its brief life, and the orchestra grinds down the curtain to the tune of "Rock of Ages."

So the primitive pageant is over; and we think, and mourn to think, how much great London misses from not having its stage matters conducted thus, and no otherwise.

This we know—we have no memory of the stage so vivid, or so diverse from all others, as this one of "Faith, Hope, and Charity"—a play containing much sweetness and light of a certain sort, such as cannot readily be spared by those who value poetry in nature, and simplicity in poetry. And this is the play of which we have attempted to give a faithful and unvarnished account to the critics of Cockneydom.

And oh! manager of that company, whose name we no longer remember, if your eye should light upon these lines, and remind you that it is your intention once more to make circuit of our midlands, let us know of your seasons and you whereabouts, and we will try once more to follow the leadings of a willing fancy, and cross country to join you.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## NIGHT SCENES IN CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

BY W. H. GLEADELL.

If there be one characteristic more strongly developed in the Chinaman than another—more prominent even than his rapacity—it is his exclusiveness. No matter in what part of the globe it be, wherever the wandering Celestials manage, in any numbers, to secure a firm foothold, so surely do they raise up for themselves, within certain prescribed limits, a miniature China exclusively sacred to themselves. From this area all personages owning and acknowledging allegiance to any power other than the ruler of the "Flowery Land" are rigidly excluded. It could hardly be expected, therefore, that San Francisco, the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast and the El Dorado of the Asiatic, should be exempt from this characteristic of "the Plague," as Chinese immigration is euphemistically called in the Western States of America; for there, despite the most stringent efforts at repression, the epidemic continues to make ever-increasing headway.

Many places there are in this miniature China of San Francisco, it is said, to which no European has ever been admitted, or, if admitted, he has never

survived to return to the world with the story of the scenes and inhuman sights which rumor accredits to these underground dens. But there are certain parts which, at his own risk, the white man is free to traverse, though in no case is it prudent to visit even these without the escort of a properly armed police officer well known on the Chinatown beat. The reason of this immunity enjoyed by certain police officials in the Chinese Quarter is not far to seek, for it is an open secret that after an officer has been for a few years on a Chinatown beat he is in a position to retire on a comfortable independence, and it is considered no disgrace that a man receiving the dollars of the State for the express purpose of aiding in the suppression of vice and the enforcement of sanitary laws should be the man openly entrusted with the duty of exhibiting to the stranger the very worst vices and passions which it is possible to conceive in full and unhindered play.

For the seeker after the unusual, night—and the darker the better—is undoubtedly the best time to inspect a "Celestial" Quarter. The night chosen



for my visit to the Chinatown of San Francisco was an ideal one for the purpose, the darkness being almost Stygian when, at eight o'clock, our small party, headed by a trusted police-officer, set out on its tour of exploration.

Taking the car as far as practicable on our way, we alighted, and, passing by way of a short street exclusively devoted to the habitations of Western "marchandeuses d'amour"—who drove their trade in the most open manner, and clad in the lightest of garbs, although they are strictly confined by the authorities to their houses—we found ourselves within the Chinese boundary and in the principal thoroughfare of the Quarter. Dupont Street was by this time a blaze of color from the myriads of paper lanterns of every conceivable shape, size, and hue with which it was illuminated. Now, indeed, we began to feel ourselves in a foreign land. All trace of the presence of the white man appeared to be lost, and the Mongol, in the monotony of his blue breeches gathered tight round the ankles, black smock, yellow parchment-like skin, almond eyes, shaven forehead, and long black pigtail, held undisputed sway. Here they congregated from floor to ceiling, and no great stretch of imagination was required to fancy one's self in Peking or Canton. An interminable parrot-like chatter arose from all sides, and the same stony, unemotional gaze met our eyes wherever we looked. Pendant to the eaves of the houses hung gaudy signs in the vernacular, and on the lintels and door-posts were displayed similar scrolls of red paper and black hieroglyphics, while everywhere there was that unmistakable sheen of Oriental tawdriness which irresistibly strikes the Western eye when viewing an Eastern scene for the first time. Here and there a trader more enterprising than his neighbors had added his name of Shun Wo, Hang Ki, or Hop Wik, in Roman characters, to his signboard, but this was the extremest concession which could be made to Western civilization.

After visiting some of the principal stores, jewellers' shops, dealers in fancy goods, etc., and watching barbers dress the pigtails of various of the Faithful

(all the shops hung round with the eternal red scrolls and black characters), we were conducted by our guide to a mammoth restaurant, and attracted by the confused babel of noise proceeding from an upper room, we made our way thither, but all the time keeping carefully in touch with our leader. Here we found ourselves in a large square room, in the midst of a mixed crowd of Chinese men and women, all chattering and shouting at one and the same time, and busily engaged on their evening meal. The majority were seated round a table, in the centre of which stood a huge bowl. Chop-sticks were being dipped into and withdrawn from this receptacle from all corners with rare dispatch, each trying to get in twice to his neighbor's once, as though a recognized rivalry existed in this respect. The chop-sticks were used with marvellous dexterity, but the system was not one which commended itself to the eyes of the "untutored Barbarian." In another room some were discussing with evident relish a brew of exceptionally strong tea, while in a third several lay about in listless nonchalance enjoying their favorite drug. We walked about quite unchallenged, and apparently quite unremarked, without arousing the slightest expression of curiosity or concern, as though our presence there was nobody's business but our own.

From material to spiritual was an apt transition, and so our next halt was made at the principal Joss-house of the Quarter, where the ritual was duly explained for our benefit by an English-speaking attendant. The first image to which our attention was directed was pointed out as "Rich man god." "Got gold in hand," carefully explained the attendant, and on a closer inspection we observed that there really was some gilded stuff in the right hand of this hideously ugly incarnation of greed, which still retained remnants of former grandeur in the way of elaborate decoration. One of the party, not in a very reverent frame of mind, asked: "Will rich man go to hell?" "Oh no!" replied the priestly hanger-on, as though the very idea were preposterous; "no rich man go to hell. Him have plenty money!" We went on to the next

image. "Him good debbel," explained the man of Faith, but why he should be a good one we were unable to ascertain. "School-teacher man" came next, and beside him was "Medicine-man." Before this latter stood a jar containing sticks of various lengths. Every stick was numbered, and when a Chinaman is sick he speeds to the feet of this image, pays a certain sum, and draws a stick from the jar. With this he proceeds to a certain man who mixes drugs, by whom he is furnished with a mixture, according to the number of his stick, with the result that, according to our informant, "he is nebbber sick no more!" Probably for the good reason that he is dead.

The Chinese are evidently deeply impressed with the value of education, but more especially it seemed to us in the case of women, for the place of honor was accorded to three images of females, those on each flank being provided with crowns. These were described to us as "All same school-teacher woman and two queens. School-teacher woman got small feet, all same good woman; woman got small feet, all same good woman; woman hab big feet, all same bad woman!" Our sceptical friend, still exercised about the future state, inquired: "Will a woman with big feet go to hell?" "Oh yes," was the emphatic reply. "woman hab big feet, bad woman, all same go to hell!" Which we decided was a curious way of measuring one's virtues, and, if correct, was rather a bad lookout for many of our sisters in more civilized lands. And so we went through the catalogue of the deities, with their powers and virtues, before all of whom incense and small oil-lamps were kept continually burning night and day. Our attention was particularly attracted by three very small saucers also carefully placed before each image, and these the attendant, in reply to our inquiries, informed us were—with a keen eye to material wants—religiously filled each evening with whisky for the refreshment of the god. "Come here eight o'clock to-morrow morning," he said, "whisky all gone. Spirit come down, drink it up!" This was rather a large order on our credulity, but, after much time lost in cross-question-

ing, the only admission we could get from the man was that he was not *quite* sure that it was the spirit that did the drinking. Before quitting the Joss-house we were shown a superb piece of native carving, some twenty feet long by five feet high, all done in one piece, and said to represent all the battles ever fought—more probably ever won—by the Chinese. This piece of work, we were credibly informed, cost \$40,000, and was brought all the way from the Flowery Kingdom itself, with a special blessing.

We were not sorry to get once more into the open air, for the smell of incense pervading the temple was very sickening; but the end of overpowering odors was not yet. Through some narrow and dirty back streets we were now carefully piloted, and our eyes opened to some of the ways and customs of Chinese low life, sights which would hardly bear repetition here. On one occasion we stopped at the head of some rickety old wooden stairs, and the officer said: "Now, if you would really wish to see how some of the lower class of the Chinese live, this is not a bad place for the purpose. Go down that stair, push open the door at the foot, and walk right in. You will be quite safe, and I'll wait here till you come back, for the place has no attractions for me. My curiosity was satisfied long ago, and the smell is not pleasant." Cautiously feeling our way we proceeded as directed, and pushing open the door, without meeting with any opposition, we found ourselves in a small square, low-roofed room, in which we were just able to stand upright. With the exception of a stove in one corner, the place was quite destitute of furniture. A piece of tough straw matting was stretched horizontally across the room, midway between the ceiling and the floor, thus dividing the apartment into two compartments. The matting also answered the purpose of a bed, for at one end crouched a man, while a woman sat in the centre, and a wretched little cur grovelled between them. The odor which met us as we stepped inside could almost have been felt, and how any human being could exist in the loathsome squalor of that cellar was a marvel to

us. "Who lives here?" we asked after a general survey. "Me, wife, and little dog!" replied the man. The woman now began to mumble something which we could not understand, for both were evidently under the influence of opium, and apparently just recovering from its effects. But we did not wait to make many inquiries, and congratulated the detective on his good sense, when we once more joined him in the open.

From here we went by way of some narrow, dark, and evil-smelling entries—past numerous closed doors, in the centre panels of which were narrow slits, through which came cautious hisses to attract our attention—to a mammoth lodging-house, where, by some means or another, some thousands of Chinese were nightly stowed away. The bulk of the clients of the house had already retired to rest, packed like sardines in a box, side by side and tier over tier, one a few inches above another, from cellar to skylight; in fact, we had to pick our way very carefully and stoop considerably in our tour of inspection for fear of knocking against or walking over some of the lodgers as they slept. The beds were each some twelve inches apart, and were composed of a simple piece of straw matting or canvas stretched over poles. The building itself formed four sides of a square, and in the centre was a courtyard. In this yard, in spite of all sanitary laws, all the offal and refuse collected in and about the establishment was deposited, so that the very potent "Celestial" odor, offal and opium combined, caused us to cut our visit to this establishment as short as possible.

And now we stopped at one of the "superior" opium dens. In a large cellar-room, without the slightest attempt at any sort of ventilation, a number of Chinamen lay stretched in various attitudes in the several stages of somnolence produced by this drug. Some were already sound asleep; some, just going off, gazed on us with lack-lustre eyes; others were rapidly drifting into the land of dreams; while others were still in the first stages. The arrangements for the reception of the victim were sufficiently luxurious,

but when once he had succumbed to the baneful influence of the drug he was apparently treated with but scant courtesy. When the smoker—we saw no women smokers—first enters the den for the purpose of indulging his pet vice, he quietly stretches himself on a slanting hammock-couch, his head resting on a small square and fairly hard pillow. On a low table beside this lounge stands a small round table, on which are placed an oil-lamp in miniature, a pipe, and a small quantity of opium in an ivory receptacle resembling a thimble-box, along with the necessary implements for the manipulation of the drug. About thirteen pipes full are necessary to reduce an old and experienced hand to a state of coma, but five would be ample to settle the account of a novice. As we entered a smoker was just commencing operations. Quietly composing himself in a comfortable posture on one of several couches, he drew his table beside him, and, after trimming his lamp, took up the long wooden pipe provided by the establishment and carefully examined it. The head, or bowl, consisted of a small square piece of hard material, in the centre of which a very small hole was drilled for the reception of the drug. Then, taking up a long needle-like piece of steel, the smoker inserted it in the ivory box and drew therefrom a small quantity of prepared opium, bearing a remarkably close resemblance to very thick molasses. He now held this over the flame of the lamp—for the drug must be dried before it can be inhaled—carefully twisting and turning it about until the heat had frizzled it up. All this time he had been apparently quite oblivious of our presence, but now, carelessly turning round, he handed his preparation up to us to smell. To our unaccustomed nerves the heavy odor—more potent than sweet—was even worse than the incense of the Joss-house. The preparatory process had taken almost four minutes. The dried substance the smoker, by means of the steel probe, deposited in the hole in the pipe-head, and the smoke commenced. The pipe-stem was placed to the man's lips, and the head was held close over the flame of the lamp. Al-

most immediately a low gurgling sound was heard, and continued for the space of one minute; one tremendously long inhalation, with the exhalation of a perfect cloud of smoke through the nostrils, and the pipe was finished.

After watching this performance for a short time we began ourselves to feel the effects of the opium-laden atmosphere, and although we were much pressed to try a pipe ourselves, we unanimously declined, deterred as much, I think, by the fear of our surroundings as by the sight of the white, sickly faces and glassy eyes of the smokers around us, forcibly telling their own tales of the prostrating effects of the fatal drug on both system and intellect. Two sides of the den were lined with deep wooden shelves, each but a few inches above the other, and as soon as the smoker became thoroughly insensible he was roughly lifted by the attendants and thrust into one of these cavities. Each sleeper was pushed close up against his neighbor, and the most was made of every available inch of space. From these shelves rose a regular cadence of heavy breathing, like the soagh of the wind amid the trees of the forest; but we were unable to satisfy ourselves how the sleepers managed to extricate themselves from their positions when they regained consciousness, for those farthest back must naturally awake the first. The sickening odor of the place, which was gradually gaining on us, prevented us, however, from making too close an inquiry into insignificant details.

One of the most interesting places visited during the progress of our tour of the Quarter was the native theatre. Naturally fond of high-sounding titles, the Chinese imagination is drawn on to its fullest extent when called upon to christen the places devoted to its amusement. Such prosaic names as "Drury Lane," "Strand," or "Haymarket," would be treated with the contempt they deserve by Oriental minds. Here we have instead "The Newest Phoenix," or "The Ascending Luminous Dragon," and such-like-names to conjure with.

In the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco the theatres are situated principally on the north and south sides of

Jackson Street, between Kearney and Dupont Streets, and form one of the most curious sights of a curious city.

We entered the building assigned to "The Ascending Luminous Dragon" by a small side door, and proceeding for some distance along a very narrow whitewashed passage, and down a flight of steep and narrow wooden steps, we arrived at the kitchen of the establishment, where "Celestial" cooks were busily employed preparing savory (?) dishes for the performing company. Our place, however, was not there, so on we went, up two more flights of equally steep, dark, and uninviting stairs. Through a door at the top we walked unceremoniously into the "holy of holies," otherwise the "green room." Here the actors were in various stages of personal adornment, some applying cosmetics, others dressing, while many more, smoking and chattering, were rehearsing their particular parts, which, to our untutored eyes, seemed to be composed of the most absurd and extravagant antics. Here and there were scattered small tables, around and upon which those of the performers whose parts were over listlessly reclined. Habiliments and garments of wonderful cut hung around the walls, and were scattered about the floor and tables in reckless profusion, while huge chests containing "property" were deposited at intervals around the room. From here was the direct approach on to the stage.

The artistes were exclusively Chinese, and, despite the deceptive make-up, all men. No woman is allowed on the stage of a Chinese theatre in any capacity whatever. Strange as it may sound, the omission is, however, hardly noticeable, for the get-up of the men impersonating female characters is so perfect that it is with difficulty one can really be convinced that the unalterable law on the subject has not been infringed. Nevertheless, in its stern rigidity it is as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians.

The plays themselves are purely Oriental, and at times appear more than ludicrous to the uninitiated observer. Beyond a few pendent scrolls, on which, in the vernacular, are quotations from the classics of Mencius and



Confucius, no scenery is affected; while the entire theatre is void of ornamentation or decoration of the simplest kind. No saving of a play there owing to the external effects produced by scene-painter or *metteur en-scène*. No mechanical scene-shifting, no "fly" secrets, but everything done in the full view of the audience. The house is divided into a pit and two galleries. On the occasion of our visit the former was packed with male spectators only, and all standing. Up to the very foot-lights the sea of yellow faces came, and as, in the light of distinguished strangers, we looked down from the stage on this mass of upturned Celestial "parchments," we found the panorama stretched out before us to the full as interesting as the performance going on beside us. The left half of the first or lower gallery was appropriated solely to the women, while the right was partitioned off into boxes, in which the more affluent merchants of the district reclined at length, and, in the quiet enjoyment of a pipe or cigar, followed the performance in luxurious ease. The upper gallery was also partitioned off for the use of the men, but, excepting by the absence of the pigtail, it was often difficult to distinguish either by their dress or physiognomy between the sexes. We had the distinguished honor of being the only Europeans in the whole of the vast assemblage.

We took up our stand on the left-hand side of the stage, and remained there during a considerable portion of the performance without arousing the slightest mark of either curiosity or resentment on the part of either artistes or spectators.

The orchestra—heaven save the mark!—was placed on stools and chairs in an alcove at the rear of the stage, but the music discoursed was not of a nature to appeal to Western ears. The instruments used were principally gongs, discordant banjos, and bones. All were kept going at once without heed to either time or tune, each musician apparently vying with his brother as to who could pro-

duce the most racket and din, and their combined efforts were truly awful. The piece under performance was, we were told, an historical one, but beyond a great deal of slaughtering we were unable to grasp much of the plot.

Of course there was no curtain, and if a man had the ill luck to be slain, he lay on the floor for awhile, and then unconcernedly got up and walked away. The costumes were, however, both gorgeous and grotesque, and the whole performance seemed to be of absorbing interest to the audience, which listened with strained attention throughout, although indulging in no noisy manifestations of delight.

Space will not allow me to deal with the underground "tripots," or "gambling-dens, with which, though out of sight, this quarter of San Francisco is honeycombed, but of these I hope to say something in a future paper. I may say here, however, that as, in the early hours of the morning, we turned our weary steps homeward we came to the unanimous conclusion, after seeing the Chinaman at home, that his moral maxims are considerably in advance of the conduct and general character of the bulk of the people. The two dominant vices, with which all seem to be more or less deeply bitten, are gambling and opium-smoking, and to such an excess has this latter habit been carried that another branch of trade has sprung up, and does a profitable business in what is known as "No. 2 opium." This "No. 2" is composed of the scrapings from the pipes of the more affluent victims after use, and is then sold to those poor wretches who cannot afford to buy the fresh article. This fact of itself proves what a strong and apparently irresistible hold the use of the drug acquires over its votaries. For the Oriental opium-smoker, however, there is always hope of reclamation, but when once the white man is seized with the opium-hunger he is irredeemably lost, and his degradation becomes infinitely more pitiful and complete than that of the most abject "Celestial."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## ROADSIDE SINGERS AND COVERT WARBLERS.

BY A SON OF THE MARSHES.

## I.—ROADSIDE SINGERS.

ABOVE all other migrant songsters ranks the sober-plumaged bird which for so many generations has had a romantic reputation peculiarly his own, the nightingale, or "Voice of the night." Merle, mavis, and plain-song cuckoo have all claimed a large amount of notice, but the nightingale is essentially the poet's favorite. There are beautiful legends and traditions, which are still believed in by those who live beneath the shadow of green trees, referring to the nightingale; in fact, each county that the bird visits has its own nightingale lore.

In the southern parts of England this fine singer may be seen first about the middle of April; but this will depend on the weather, for migrants are very often about, yet do not show themselves. The cock-birds are the first to come over, and the hens follow. It is not yet quite settled whether they migrate in company, or come, so to speak, in dribblets: my own opinion, formed from a close observation of their habits, is that they come anyhow, in very loose order. I do not assert this, but only give the opinion for what it is worth.

It is well known that on their first arrival they have been found close together on the shore in numbers, but they may have dropped down miles apart in the first instance. One bird will call to another for a long distance until they get in close company; and a certain district, or even a particular patch of saline vegetation, may be for a few hours all alive with certain birds, and these only; and then they are gone again, and not one will you find. "Birds of a feather flock together," and "any port in a storm," are very old but very true sayings. Tired-out birds must rest for a time, and they do, when they can go no farther.

The nightingale is not sociable—that is, it does not mix with other birds of its kind: you will see it alone, as a rule, excepting when the young are out

of the nest. Then the parents and their brood may be seen in company.

It is local, too, in its habitat, even in those districts that are favored by it. A certain amount of warmth and moisture are necessary for its well-being. A copse-bank close to a hollow, under some hill with a southern aspect, suits him well: never a nightingale yet was heard to sing on, or we ought to have said over, sour ground. The full meaning of the term sour ground I cannot well explain in writing, but there are certain stretches of land where nothing will prosper, not even vermin so called, and that is saying a great deal. And this unkind state of things extends even to the pools of water. Carp will live nearly anywhere but in these pools which are here and there; in the sour district they are dwarfed, with heads on them like codfish.

You may hear our bird pouring his music out as you jog along the road; for he sings in the daytime, although many think that night is the only time when his voice is heard. You will hear him as much one time as another, by day or by night; you can watch him singing, too, for secluded the bird may be, but no one can say that he is exactly shy.

His song is over for a time, and he has just dropped down to feed. Just out of curiosity you look over the hedge at his haunt. A tiny rill from the meadows runs through that small copse which is carpeted with blue-bells; and, yes, there is a cottage and garden, half hidden by the trees that shelter it.

Some main roads, although still kept in good order, are not much frequented. At one time the roads from London to Dover, Portsmouth, and Brighton, for instance, were travelled over day and night by coaches and her Majesty's mails; you can go now for miles and miles without seeing more than your own shadow in front or by the side of you—in fact, the lonely way gets wearisome. Steam has altered matters in all directions for the better. Some

of those roads through Sussex are as long, the natives say, as a "wet week," whatever that length may be. They certainly do run in front of you without a turn for a long long way, and Sussex miles even now, in some districts, are proverbial for good measure.

In this favored woodland county, I have found the bird under notice to be to a certain extent local, as it is elsewhere. There is a plaintiveness about the bird's song; it is not jubilant, like that of the merle or mavis. Often have I listened to that voice of the night in the heart of the woodlands when others were sound asleep. No one, however, can call it a woodland bird—very few nightingales can claim that title in the full sense of it; but just on the borders, near to man but not quite close to him, this singer will stay for a time.

It is a fact, now well known, that the bird is not so numerous in places well suited to it as it was a few years ago. Trapping for dealers has had nothing in the least to do with this; certain favored spots and districts have for their very beauty been purchased and built on: setting on one side the natural beauty of the surroundings, the simple fact of the birds singing and nesting there was a guarantee that no sour ground was about. There is a vast amount to be learned at times by taking heed of so-called trifles. If, in the course of necessary alterations, hedge-banks that have soil of a generous nature are cleared away, nothing can replace the insect life that once harbored there, and certain soft-billed birds must have certain insects.

Caged nightingales do not, as some think, require covering up to make them sing,—that idea, like many more connected with kept birds, is simply ridiculous; but the amount of care and thought required, when they are kept as pets, to make birds of this kind happy would hardly be credited. When winter comes, all kinds of expedients have to be resorted to, so that their food may in some measure resemble that which they would forage for and procure in a state of nature. But it is well worth all the time spent to see the full-eyed bird ruffle himself out and cock his head on one side before he comes down from his perch to take

some dainty from your fingers. It is necessary for some naturalists to keep certain creatures for a time, in order to disprove ideas about them which have unfortunately got into print. Insects, small fruits, and berries compose his bill of fare in their seasons, and when our small fruits are ripe the nightingale is ready to visit his winter quarters in other lands.

The blackcap, blackcapped-fauvet, or mock-nightingale, as it is sometimes called, is another singer by the roadside. This bird is shy to a degree, but he will sing near a road, a carriage-drive, or a path, warbling his rich notes out. These are not all his own, for he mimics other birds—at least, so far as my own hearing can be trusted. Thickly foliaged trees are preferred, where he can sit and sing to his heart's content, all unseen. If a clump of trees are on a lawn in front of some homestead, there you will hear the bird wail it out all day long—for, like the hedge-sparrow, the blackcap does sing at times in a wailing fashion; in fact, so close is the resemblance between these two birds at times, that if you are not able to see the bird that the song comes from, you could not tell one from the other, and this, no doubt, is a bit of the blackcap's mimicry. The bird's notes are loud, clear, and rapid; there is not a note of the blackbird's song in it all, but you may detect some very like those softer notes that the thrush gives out at times when the evening falls.

Country quietness may have much to do with impressions, so far as the strength of the song of birds in relation to the small bodies the sounds proceeded from is to be considered; but more than once have I stopped in astonishment at the volume of sound proceeding from the throat of a blackcap, just overhead, by the side of a road.

Like the song of Master Shufflewings (the hedge-sparrow), you hear no preparatory chirps or twiddles; out it rolls for the benefit of those who are privileged to hear it. The nightingale you may watch, but this bird is difficult to inspect with your glasses, for cover he will have when he sings.

In summer heat, when those restless, inquisitive, sharp-biting creatures, the

fox-terriers, are for a short time fast asleep in the old court-yard, which is shaded over by plane and chestnut trees; where not even the clink from a stable-pail is heard to break the silence from under the cool green leaves—that rich song comes with startling distinctness.

His times for coming and going are the same as those of his larger relative first noticed. Some members of this species have been seen here in winter; but this is hardly worth notice, for many birds of the migrant class have been met with at different times in severe weather. Late broods, accidents that all birds are liable to more or less, and mild winters, may account in some measure for these variations. But there is no infallible rule or reason to go by, for that large plover the stone-curlew, a southern migrant certainly, has been shot to my knowledge in most severe weather. This bird was not injured in any way, and when it fell to the shot I had it.

The garden-warbler, a bird about the size of the whitethroat, but quite distinct from it, loves dearly to babble out his song close to the highroad. A low stone wall to divide the garden from the road, and one or two thick shrubs and bushes, are quite enough for him—in fact, all that he requires; and in one or other of them he will sit and sing to his mate from morning to night. If there is plenty of traffic on the road, all the better; the tramp of foot-passengers and the roll of wheels appear to excite him to fresh exertions, and he can hardly get it all out fast enough.

Other singers and warblers, belonging more or less to the same family, we might mention; but my purpose in this article has only been to direct attention, before fresh improvements cause them to flit far away, to these three famous roadside singers—the nightingale, the blackcap, and the garden-warbler.

## II.—COVERT WARBLERS.

Where large heaths and commons run continuously for miles, broken by ponds, pools, and wet splashes, well covered by thick old furze-coverts and horn-bushes—both white and black—

in such districts you may expect to see the “fuz-wren,” the Dartford warbler, or, as it is sometimes called, the fire-eyed chat. As the bird was first noticed at Dartford, or near it, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, it has derived one of its names from that slight accident; but ornithological research from that date has extended in all directions, and, at the present time, although from the small creature’s habits it must be to a certain extent local, several places in Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire are known to us where it may be called abundant, taking into consideration its hiding ways. The coloring of the bird is as quiet as its way of living; it is dark gray above, has a fan-shaped tail, is slightly edged with white on the outside feathers, the breast is warm chestnut, and the under parts are a dull white; and from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail it measures five inches. No wonder that the natives on the borders of Surrey have christened this bird the “fuz-wren.” When his haunts are invaded, or the little fellow thinks that they are in danger of being so, his excitement is something to look at. He is all fuss and flutter; darting out of the furze and hanging over it, with his tail-feathers spread out and his crest raised, he chatters out his Cha-che-che-che, Cha-cha-che-che-cha, as fast as he can get it out. Specimens of the birds I could have had very frequently, as well as their nests and eggs; but I do not collect or procure specimens of any wild creature for others, nor will I give the exact directions of the localities I wander over at times, for very good reason.

Old locks and miles of water-meadows are close to the fuz-wren’s haunts. All our water traffic is not yet done with, for sleepy barges still come from below, out of the west, into the river Wey.

It is a wild district, and to a great extent a lonely one: wild ducks and teal spring from bogs and waters now as they did in Gilbert White’s time, although lines of railways cut through the country. With the exception of the red-deer—these are gone—wild life remains much like it was one hundred



years ago ; and some of the people are really, so far as their ideas run on certain subjects, which it is not quite expedient to mention, very like their forefathers were.

Snipes and woodcocks nest round here as they have always done ; but it was not to see these long-billed bog-runners that we roamed there lately from morning to night—for they breed close to my own home—but to watch, so far as it was possible to do it, the gray-backed, rufous-breasted Dartford warbler.

Entomologists would have rare finds in this district, for the fuz-wrens were busy ; but the cover was, as one of the natives observed, "too rank tu git in." I quite agreed with him on that point. Natter-jack toads are to be seen travelling along at a rare rate, in fact you might say at a run. There is as much difference in the movements of this striped natter-jack and those of the common toad as there is between the paces of a cart-horse and a trotter.

Red vipers are too numerous here, if the truth must be told,—the largest not more than fifteen inches long, and some only ten. You can take their measure when you have killed them, but you certainly will not do so before. They hiss and swish about quite near enough to be pleasant, when you are looking for other creatures ; their movements are remarkably rapid.

Insect plagues are, as might be expected, troublesome here—ticks, horse-flies, stouts, and midges ; there are others, but the four mentioned are quite enough. In case our readers, or at least some of them, should come in contact with those we have indicated, let me suggest the remedies. If you find ticks fixed on you about the size of small peas, sometimes larger ones, it is useless to try and pull them away ; that would be disastrous. Carry a small bottle, with a feather run through the cork, filled with olive-oil and paraffin in equal proportions. Pass the feather over their bodies, if they fix on you, and they will drop off at once. Pull horse-flies in two—that is the only thing you can do with them ; and after one experience of their torture you will kill every stout you can get at, which is easy enough. As to midges, don't

go where they are if you can help it, only when necessity compels ; but the mixture we have used will give relief in all cases. A flask of whisky will never be out of place or in the way. Practical natural observations are charming, but the hard work entailed in making them is at times arduous. You may have the very best water-tight boots that can be made, but after hours of plashy tramping your feet get chilled ; then take your socks or stockings off, moisten the feet of them with whisky, put them on again, and lace your boots up ; take a nip of the creetur as medicine, and off you go again all right. For provender, oatmeal biscuits are about the best you can carry : a square meal is not to be thought about before your day's work is done ; and even if you required one, you could not get it where I have been recently, simply in order that I might look at a small dull-colored bird. Moths of some size I know the furze-chat catches and kills ; so do some other birds when the chance offers, for I have seen the wings of hawk-moths pulled from the bodies of their owners. What may be under those furze thickets in the shape of insect life, only the birds that live and shelter there know. Once, and once only, I crawled into one of these sanctuaries, and I have not the least desire to repeat the experiment ; for what with one mishap and another, things were too much for me.

In the drier parts of fuz-wren land that active reptile the smooth snake or coronella can be seen, looking, when it has freshly cast its skin, like a living band of smoked mother-of-pearl.

It will be long before any alterations of importance can or will be made in this district, for directly you are out of Surrey you find the confines of a royal forest near you. The district above indicated is within a few miles of the river where, as the Arthurian legend has it, the Lily Maid of Astolat, after her death, was carried upward on the flood.

The grasshopper-warbler, cricket-bird, or cricket-chirper, haunts spots of a moister and, if possible, more lonely nature than the one already described. On wide commons, all glistening with summer showers, when the

rain has ceased I have heard him reeling off his song in some thick tangle that drooped over the water-filled wheel-ruts in the rough common road. There is something uncanny about it at times. All, or nearly all, the stock out at feed will be resting as if by one consent: with the exception of some patriarchal goose that is hanking out a warning to some straying gosling, all is as quiet as it can be, for birds do not always sing, atmospheric changes affecting them greatly. But our cricket-bird reels away contentedly enough.

Just to refresh our memory, we cautiously pelt him out of his sanctuary, and then for a few moments we can see a bird about the size of the fuz-wren, with a fan-shaped tail, greenish-brown with dark streaks on the upper part of it, of a lighter tint on the breast and under side, fussily darting here and there, as if it did not know where to pick out the thickest bit of tangled cover, within a few yards of it, for it never moves far away, pelt or thresh it out as you will.

How many times in the course of long years have I looked over the gate leading from one lonely farm into a main road near my present home!

There was the house, and the rambling old stackyard beyond, as quiet as a place could well be, when all work was over for the day. If it was dry you might see one or two hares cross the road, or a partridge run toward the hedge, in passing into the fields beyond, but this would be about all, for it was what is called a wet lane. Wide ditches ran on either side of the green stripes that bordered the cart-way, and these were completely covered in by all the tangle that flourishes in such locali-

ties. Moor-hens, rails, and snipes used to run there; the farmer's son springed them; and that wet lane, with all its rough coarse tangle, was one of the favorite haunts of the "reeler."

Here, too, we have listened to the song of the woodlark, after the tree-pipit had done his trilling for the day, and have compared the notes of the fern-owl with those of the grasshopper-warbler near to us. One was like the rattle of a pike-winch going out at speed, the other was like the soft winding up of a roach-reel. Grasshopper or cricket-like the note or trill has been called, but there is a wide difference, you will find, if each has been heard near to the other. Even the mole-cricket—little frisky pigs will half plough a moist meadow up in order to get these, if permitted, mole-crickets being to them what sweets are to children—has a different note to the reeler. The nest and eggs of this bird I saw two days before my article was commenced; they had been placed in the tangle of a very old orchard.

Insects form the principal food of this species, which in one respect differs from the Dartford warbler. The latter bird remains with us all the year round, the grasshopper-warbler is a migrant. In pursuit of the rarer birds—or we had better say the shyest, for birds are only rare comparatively speaking—I have lately been led into places of great beauty, quite away from all tracks or paths of any kind. Not that life is abundant in such places, for it is not so; indeed all I have seen that might be called worth seeing, with very few exceptions, has come before me not far from the dwelling-places of man.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## OLD ITALIAN GARDENS.

BY VERNON LEE.

THERE are also modern gardens in Italy, and in such I have spent many pleasant hours. But that has been part of my life of reality, which concerns only my friends and myself. The gardens I would speak about are those in which I have lived the life of the

fancy, and into which I may lead the idle thoughts of my readers.

It is pleasant to have flowers growing in a garden. I make this remark because there have been very fine gardens without any flowers at all; in fact, when the art of gardening reached its

height, it took to despising its original material, as, at one time, people came to sing so well that it was considered vulgar to have any voice. There is a magnificent garden near Pescia, in Tuscany, built in terraces against a hillside, with wonderful waterworks, which give you shower baths when you expect them least ; and in this garden, surrounded by the trimmest box hedges, there bloom only imperishable blossoms of variegated pebbles and chalk. That I have seen with my own eyes. A similar garden, near Genoa, consisting of marble mosaics and colored bits of glass, with a peach tree on a wall, and an old harpsichord on the doorstep to serve instead of bell or knocker, I am told of by a friend, who pretends to have spent her youth in it. But I suspect her to be of supernatural origin, and this garden to exist only in the world of Ariosto's enchantresses, whence she originally hails. To return to my first remark, it is pleasant, therefore, to have flowers in a garden, though not necessary. We moderns have flowers, and no gardens. I must protest against such a state of things. Still worse is it to suppose that you can get a garden by running up a wall or planting a fence round a field, a wood, or any portion of what is vaguely called nature. Gardens have nothing to do with nature, or not much. Save the garden of Eden, which was perhaps no more a garden than certain London streets so called, gardens are always primarily the work of man. I say primarily, for these outdoor habitations, where man weaves himself carpets of grass and gravel, cuts himself walls out of ilex or hornbeam, and fits on as roof so much of blue day or of starspecked, moonsilvered night, are never perfect until Time has furnished it all with his weather stains and mosses, and Fancy, having given notice to the original occupants, has handed it into the charge of gentle little owls and fur-gloved bats, and of other tenants, human in shape, but as shy and solitary as they.

That is a thing of our days, or little short of them. I should be curious to know something of early Italian gardens, long ago ; long before the magnificence of Roman Cæsars had reap-

peared, with their rapacity and pride, in the cardinals and princes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I imagine those beginnings to have been humble ; the garden of the early middle ages to have been a thing more for utility than pleasure, and not at all for ostentation. For the garden of the castle is necessarily small ; and the plot of ground between the inner and outer rows of walls, where corn or hay might be grown for the horses, is not likely to be given up exclusively to her ladyship's lilies and gillyflowers ; salads and roots must grow there, and onions and leeks, for it is not always convenient to get vegetables from the villages below, particularly when there are enemies or disbanded pillaging mercenaries about ; hence, also, there will be fewer roses than vines, pears, or apples, spaliere against the castle wall. On the other hand the burgher of the towns begins by being a very small artisan or shopkeeper, and, even when he lends money to kings of England and emperors, and is part owner of Constantinople, he keeps his house with businesslike frugality. Whatever they lavished on churches, frescoes, libraries, and pageants, the citizens, even of the fifteenth century, whose wives and daughters still mended the linen and waited at table, are not likely to have seen in their villa more than a kind of rural place of business, whence to check factors and peasants, where to store wine and oil, and from whose garden, barely inclosed from the fields, to obtain the fruit and flowers for their table. I think that mediæval poetry had tales have led me to this notion. There is little mention in them of a garden as such : the Provencal lovers meet in orchards—"en un verger soz folha d'albespi"—where the May bushes grow among the almond trees. Boccaccio and the Italians more usually employ the word *orto*, which has lost its Latin signification, and is a place, as we learn from the context, planted with fruit trees and with pot-herbs, the sage which brought misfortune on poor Simona, and the sweet basil which Lisabetta watered, as it grew out of Lorenzo's head, "only with rosewater, or that of orange flowers, or with her own tears." A friend of mine has

painted a picture of another of Boccaccio's ladies, Madonna Dianora, visiting the garden, which (to the confusion of her virtuous stratagem) the enamored Ansaldo has made to bloom in January by magic arts: a little picture full of the quaint lovely details of Del-lo's wedding chests, the charm of the roses and lilies, the plashing fountains and birds singing against a background of wintry trees and snow-shrouded fields, the dainty youths and damsels treading their way among the flowers, looking like tulips and ranunculus themselves in their fur and brocade. But although in this story Boccaccio employs the word *giardino* instead of *orto*, I think we must imagine that magic flower garden rather as a corner—they still exist on every hillside—of orchard connected with the fields of wheat and olives below by the long tunnels of vine trellis, and dying away into them with the great tufts of lavender and rosemary and fennel on the grassy bank under the cherry trees. It is a piece of terraced ground along which the water—spurred from the dolphin's mouth or the siren's breasts—runs through walled channels, refreshing impartially violets and salads, lilies and tall flowering onions, under the branches of the peach tree and the pomegranate, to where, in the shade of the great pink oleander tufts, it pours out below into the big tank, for the maids to rinse their linen in the evening, and the peasants to fill their cans to water the bedded-out tomatoes, and the potted clove pinks in the shadow of the house.

The Blessed Virgin's garden is like that, where, as she prays in the cool of the evening, the gracious Gabriel flutters on to one knee (hushing the sound of his wings lest he startle her) through the pale green sky, the deep blue-green valley; and you may still see in the Tuscan fields clumps of cypresses clipped wheel shape, which might mark the very spot.

The transition from this orchard-garden, this *orto*, of the old Italian novelists and painters, to the architectural garden of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is indicated in some of the descriptions and illustrations of the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, a sort of handbook of antiquities in the shape

of a novel, written by Fra Francesco Colonna, and printed at Venice about 1480. Here we find trees and hedges treated as brick and stone work: walls, niches, colonnades, cut out of ilex and laurel; statues, vases, peacocks clipped in box and yew; moreover antiquities, busts, inscriptions, broken altars and triumphal arches, temples to the Graces and Venus, stuck about the place very much as we find them in the Roman villas of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But I doubt whether the *Hypnerotomachia* can be taken as evidence of the gardens of Colonna's own days. I think his descriptions are rather of what his archaeological lore made him long for, and what came in time, when antiques were more plentiful than in the early Renaissance, and the monuments of the ancients could be incorporated freely into the gardens. For the classic Italian garden is essentially Roman in origin; it could have arisen only on the top of ancient walls and baths, its shape suggested by the ruins below, its ornaments dug up in the planting of the trees; and until the time of Julius II. and Leo X., Rome was still a mediæval city, feudal and turbulent, in whose outskirts, forever overrun by baronial squabbles, no sane man would have built himself a garden, and in whose ancient monuments castles were more to be expected than belvederes and orangeries. Indeed, by the side of quaint arches and temples, and labyrinths which look like designs for a box of toys, we find among the illustrations of Polifilo various charming woodcuts showing bits of vine trellis, of tank and of fountain, on the small scale, and in the domestic, quite unclassic style of the Italian burgher's garden. I do not mean to say that the gardens of Lorenzo dei Medici, of Catherine Cornaro at Asolo, of the Gonzagas near Mantua, of the Estensi at Scandiano and Sassuolo, were kitchen gardens like those of Isabella's basil pot. They had waterworks already, and aviaries full of costly birds, and inclosures where camels and giraffes were kept at vast expense, and parks with deer and fish ponds; they were the garden of the castle, of the farm, magnified and made magnificent, spread over a large extent of ground.



But they were not, any more than are the gardens of Boiardo's and Ariosto's enchantresses (copied by Spenser), the typical Italian gardens of later days.

And here, having spoken of that rare and learned *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* (which, by the way, any one who wishes to be instructed, sickened, and bored for many days together, may now read in Monsieur Claudius Popelin's French translation), it is well I should state that for the rest of this dissertation I have availed myself of neither the *British Museum*, nor the *National Library of Paris*, nor the *Library of South Kensington* (the italics seem necessary to show my appreciation of those haunts of learning), but merely of the light of my own poor intellect. For I do not think I care to read about gardens among foolscap and inkstains, pounce and printed forms; in fact I doubt whether I care to read about them at all, save in Boccaccio and Ariosto, Spenser and Tasso; though I hope that my readers will be more literary characters than myself.

The climate of Italy (moving on in my discourse) renders it difficult and almost impossible to have flowers growing in the ground all through the summer. After the magnificent efflorescence of May and June, the soil cakes into the consistence of terra cotta, and the sun, which has expanded and withered the roses and lilies and vines with such marvellous rapidity, toasts everything like so much corn or maize. Very few herbaceous flowers—the faithful, friendly, cheerful zinnias, for instance—can continue blooming; and the oleander, become more brilliantly rose-color with every additional week's drought, triumphs over empty beds. Flowers in Italy are a crop like corn, hemp, or beans; you must be satisfied with fallow soil when they are over. I say these things, learned by some bitter experience of flowerless summers, to explain why Italian flower gardening mainly takes refuge in pots—from the great ornamented lemon jars down to the pots of carnations, double geraniums, tuberose, and jasmines on every wall, on every ledge or window-sill; so much so, in fact, that even the famous sweet basil, and with it young Lorenzo's head, had to be planted in a pot.

Now this poverty of flower-beds and richness of pots made it easy and natural for the Italian garden to become, like the Moorish one, a place of mere greenery and water, a palace whose fountains plashed in sunny yards walled in with myrtle and laurel, in mysterious chambers roofed over with ilex and box.

And this it became. Moderately at first; a few hedges of box and cypress—exhaling its resinous breath in the sunshine—leading up to the long, flat Tuscan house, with its tower or pillared loggia under the roof to take the air and dry linen; a few quaintly cut trees set here and there, along with the twisted mulberry tree where the family drank its wine and ate its fruit of an evening; a little grove of ilexes to the back, in whose shade you could sleep while the cicadas buzzed at noon; some cypresses gathered together into a screen, just to separate the garden from the olive-yard above; gradually perhaps a balustrade set at the end of the bowling-green, that you might see, even from a distance, the shimmery blue valley below, the pale-blue distant hills; and if you had it, some antique statue, not good enough for the courtyard of the town house, set on the balustrade or against the tree; also where water was plentiful, a little grotto scooped out under that semicircular screen of cypresses. A very modest place, but differing essentially from the orchard and kitchen garden of the mediæval burgher, and out of which came something immense and unique—the classic Roman villa.

For your new garden, your real Italian garden, brings in a new element—that of perspective, architecture, decoration; the trees used as building material, the lie of the land as theatre arrangements, the water as the most docile and multiform stage property. Now think what would happen when such gardens begin to be made in Rome. The Pope's nephew can inclose vast tracts of land, expropriated by some fine sweeping fiscal injustice, or by the great expropriator, fever, in the outskirts of the town, and there place his casino, at first a mere summer-house, whither to roll of spring evenings in stately coaches and breathe the air with

a few friends; then gradually a huge house, with its suites of guests' chambers, stables, chapel, orangery, collection of statues and pictures, its subsidiary smaller houses, belvederes, circuses, and what not! And around the house His Eminence or His Serene Excellency may lay out his garden. Now go where you may in the outskirts of Rome, you are sure to find ruins—great aqueduct arches, temples half standing, gigantic terrace works belonging to some baths or palace hidden beneath the earth and vegetation. Here you have, naturally, an element of architectural ground-plan and decoration which is easily followed: the terraces of quincunxes, the symmetrical groves, the long flights of steps, the triumphal arches, the big ponds, come, as it were, of themselves, obeying the order of what is below. And from underground, everywhere, issues a legion of statues, headless, armless, in all stages of mutilation, who are charitably mended, and take their place, mute sentinels, white and earth-stained, at every intersecting box hedge, under every ilex grove, beneath the cypresses of each sweeping hillside avenue, wherever a tree can make a niche or a bough a canopy. Also vases, sarcophagi, baths, little altars, columns, reliefs by the score and hundred, to be stuck about everywhere, let into every wall, clapped on the top of every gable, every fountain, stacked up in every empty space.

Among these inhabitants of the gardens of Cæsar, Lucullus, or Sallust, who, after their thousand years' sleep, pierce through the earth into new gardens, of crimson cardinals and purple princes, each fattened on his predecessors' spoils—Medici, Farnesi, Peretti, Aldobrandini, Ludovisi, Rospegliosi, Borghese, Pamphily—among this humble people of stone, I would say a word of garden Hermes and their vicissitudes. There they stand, squeezing from out their triangular sheath the stout pectorals veined with rust, scarred with corrosions, under the ilexes, whose drip, drip, through all the rainy days and nights of those ancient times and these modern ones has gradually eaten away an eye here, a cheek there, making up for the loss by

gilding the hair with lichens, and matting the beard with green ooze, patched chin, and restored nose, giving them an odd look of fierce German duellists. Have they been busts of Cæsars, hastily ordered on the accession of some Tiberius or Nero, hastily sent to alter into Caligula or Galba, or pitched into the Tiber, on to the top of the monster Emperor's body after that had been properly hauled through the streets? Or are they philosophers, at your choice, Plato or Aristotle or Zeno or Epicurus, once presiding over the rolls of poetry and science in some noble's or some rhetor's library? Or is it possible that this featureless block, smiling foolishly with its orbless eye-sockets and worn-out mouth, may have had, once upon a time, a nose from Phidias's hand, a pair of cupid lips carved by Praxiteles?\*

A book of seventeenth-century prints, "The Gardens of Rome, with their plans raised and seen in perspective, drawn and engraved by Giov. Battista Falda, at the printing-house of Gio. Giacomo de' Rossi, at the sign of Paris, near the church of the Pace in Rome," brings home to one, with the names of the architects who laid them out, that these Roman villas are really a kind of architecture cut out of living, instead of dead, timber. To this new kind of architecture belongs a new kind of sculpture. The antiques do well in their niches of box and laurel under their canopy of hanging ilex boughs; they are, in their weather-stained, mutilated condition, another sort of natural material fit for the artist's use, but the old sculpture being thus in a way assimilated, through the operation of earth, wind, and rain, into tree-trunks and mossy boulders, a new sculpture arises undertaking to make of marble something which will continue the impression of the trees and waters, wave its jagged outlines like the trees, twist its supple limbs like the fountains. It is high time that some one should stop the laughing and sniffing at this great sculpture of Bernini and his Italian and French fol-

\* The reader may imagine my pride when I found, in Furtwängler's great book of archaeology, that an original head by Scopas actually stands beneath a rose-trellis in Villa Medici.

lowers, the last spontaneous outcome of the art of the Renaissance, of the decorative sculpture which worked in union with place and light and surroundings. Mistaken as indoor decoration, as free statuary in the sense of the antique, this sculpture has after all given us the only works which are thoroughly right in the open air, among the waving trees, the mad vegetation which sprouts under the moist, warm Roman sky, from every inch of masonry and travertine. They are comic, of course, looked at in all the details, those angels who smirk and gesticulate with the emblems of the Passion, those popes and saints who stick out colossal toes and print on the sky gigantic hands, on the parapets of bridges and the gables of churches; but imagine them replaced by fine classic sculpture—stiff manikins struggling with the overwhelming height, the crushing hugeness of all things Roman; little tin soldiers lost in the sky, instead of those gallant theatrical creatures swaggering among the clouds, pieces of wind-torn cloud, petrified for the occasion, themselves! Think of Bernini's Apollo and Daphne; a group unfortunately kept in a palace room, with whose right angles its every outline swears, but which, if placed in a garden, would be the very summing up of all garden and park impressions in the waving, circling lines, yet not without a niminy piminy restraint of the draperies, the limbs, the hair turning to clustered leaves, the body turning to smooth bark, of the flying nymph and the pursuing god.

The great creation of this Bernini school, which shows it as the sculpture born of gardens, is the fountain. No one till the seventeenth century had guessed what might be the relations of stone and water, each equally obedient to the artist's hand. The mediæval Italian fountain is a tank, a huge wash-tub fed from lions' mouths, as if by taps, and ornamented, more or less, with architectural and sculptured devices. In the Renaissance we get complicated works of art—Neptunes with tridents throne above sirens squeezing their breasts, and cupids riding on dolphins, like the beautiful fountain of Bologna; or boys poised on one foot,

holding up tortoises, like Rafael's *Tartarughe* of Piazza Mattei; more elaborate devices still, like the one of the villa at Bagnaia, near Viterbo. But these fountains do equally well when dry, equally well translated into bronze or silver, they are wonderful salt-cellars or fruit-dishes; everything is delightful except the water, which spurts in meagre threads as from a garden-hose. They are the fitting ornament of Florence, where there is pure drinking water only on Sundays and holidays; of Bologna, where there is never any at all. The seventeenth century made a very different thing of its fountains—something as cool, as watery, as the jets which gurgle and splash in Moorish gardens and halls; and full of form and fancy withal, the water never alone, but accompanied by its watery suggestion of power and will and whim. They are so absolutely right, these Roman fountains of the Bernini school, that we are apt to take them as a matter of course, as if the horses had reared between the spurts from below and the gushes and trickles above; as if the Triton had been draped with the overflowing of his horn; as if the Moor with his turban, the Asiatic with his veil, the solemn Egyptian river god had basked and started back with the lion and the seahorse among the small cataracts breaking into foam in the pond, the sheets of water dropping, prefiguring icicles, lazily over the rocks, all stained black by the north winds and yellow by the lichen; all always, always, in those Roman gardens and squares, from the beginning of time, natural objects, perfect and not more to be wondered at than the water-encircled rocks of the mountains and seashores. Such art as this cannot be done justice to with the pen; diagrams would be necessary, showing how in every case the lines of the sculpture harmonize subtly, or clash to be more subtly harmonized, with the movement, the immensely varied, absolutely spontaneous movement of the water; the sculptor, become infinitely modest, willing to sacrifice his own work, to make it absolutely uninteresting in itself, as a result of the hours and days he must have spent watching the magnificent manners and exquisite tricks

of natural waterfalls—nay, the mere bursting alongside of breakwaters, the jutting up between stones, of every trout-stream and milldam. It is not till we perceive its absence (in the fountains, for instance, of modern Paris) that we appreciate this Roman art of water sculpture. Meanwhile we accept the fountains as we accept the whole magnificent harmony of nature and art—nature tutored by art, art fostered by nature—of the Roman villas, undulating, with their fringe of pines and oaks, over the hillocks and dells of the Campagna, or stacked up proudly, vineyards and woods all round, on the steep sides of Alban and Sabine hills.

This book of engravings of the villas of the Serene Princes Aldobrandini, Pamphily, Borghese, and so forth, brings home to us another fact, to wit, that the original owners and layers out thereof must have had but little enjoyment of them. There they go in their big coaches, among the immense bows and curtsies of the ladies and gentlemen and dapper ecclesiastics whom they meet: princes in feathers and laces, and cardinals in silk and ermine. But the delightful gardens on which they are being complimented are meanwhile mere dreadful little plantations, like a nurseryman's squares of cabbages, you would think, rather than groves of ilexes and cypresses; for, alas, the greatest princes, the most magnificent cardinals, cannot bribe Time, or hustle him to hurry up.

And thus the gardens were planted and grew. For whom? Certainly not for the men of those days, who would doubtless have been merely shocked could they have seen or foreseen. . . . For their ghosts perhaps? Scarcely. A friend of mine, in whose information on such matters I have implicit belief, assures me that it is not the whole ghosts of the ladies and cavaliers of long ago who haunt the gardens; not the ghost of their everyday, humdrum likeness to ourselves, but the ghost of certain moments of their existence, certain rustlings, and shimmerings of their personality; their waywardness, momentary transcendent graces and graciousness, unaccountable wistfulness and sorrow; certain looks of the face and certain tones of the voice (perhaps

none of the steadiest); things that seemed to die away into nothing on earth, but which have permeated their old haunts, clung to the statues with the ivy, risen and fallen with the plash of the fountains, and which now exhale in the breath of the honeysuckle and murmur in the voice of the birds, in the rustle of the leaves and the high, invading grasses. There are some verses of Verlaine's, which come to me always, on the melancholy minuet tune to which Monsieur Fauré has set them, as I walk in those Italian gardens, Roman and Florentine, walk in the spirit as well as in the flesh:

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.  
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur;  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune:  
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les mar-  
bres.

And this leads me to wonder what these gardens must be when the key has turned in their rusty gates, and the doorkeeper gone to sleep under the gun hanging from its nail. What must such places be, Mondragone, for instance, near Frascati, and the deserted Villa Pucci near Signa, during the great May nights, when my own small scrap of garden, not beyond kitchen sounds and servants' lamps, is made wonderful and magical by the scents which rise up, by the song of the nightingales, the dances of the fireflies, copying in the darkness below the figures which are footed by the nimble stars above? Into such rites as these, which the poetry of the past practises with the poetry of summer nights, one durst not penetrate, save after leaving one's vulgar flesh, one's habits, one's realities outside the gate.

And since I have mentioned gates, I must not forget one other sort of old Italian garden, perhaps the most poetical and pathetic—the garden that has ceased to exist. You meet it along every Italian highroad or country lane: a piece of field, tender green with the short wheat in winter, brown and



orange with the dried maize husks and seeding sorghum in summer, the wide grass path still telling of coaches that once rolled in, a big stone bench, with sweeping shell-like back, under the rosemary bushes ; and, facing the road, between solemnly grouped cypresses or

stately marshalled poplars, a gate of charming ironwork, standing open between its scroll-work masonry and empty vases, under its coroneted escutcheon. The gate that leads to nowhere.—*Longman's Magazine*.

## A STUDY OF EAST SUFFOLK.

BY GEORGE M. M'ORIE.

WOODED Sussex,\* fruitful Kent, sleepy Essex, and *silly Suffolk*! This last is a palpable misnomer ; for "thereby hangs a tale." Not only is there nothing "silly," in the sense of stupid or foolish, about Suffolk or its inhabitants, the very appellation shows itself to be the weak-minded invention of an enemy, himself lacking in brains. For the word "silly" throughout East Anglia, as also in the West of England, is not customarily used in the sense of foolish, but as meaning weak or feeble in the *bodily* powers. "You do look silly this morning!" is a local salutation of sympathy with a feeble condition of health—not a slighting remark as to one's mental condition. Suffolk's stalwart sons can as easily afford to despise the imputation of bodily weakness as they can that of being "home-ly-witted."

The height of Suffolk's ambition—that of young Suffolk more especially—is to migrate to London. If it were not for this persistent craving, which one meets with everywhere, it would be difficult to realize that, after all, London is only about a hundred miles distant. Young Suffolk has a significant phrase to describe his cherished ideal. He calls going to the metropolis, "getting up the road." He is too far distant from the great city to see its lights,

Flaring like a dreary dawn,

in the nightly sky, but the attraction of its vastness possesses him nevertheless, fascinates and draws him, even when he is at work in the fields, with a magnetic power like that of the Loadstone Rock. Too often in his case,

alas! "getting up the road" is the synonym for "going down the hill."

Whatever the result may be in the individual instance, the collective result is that Suffolk is marvellously depopulated. You can tell that at once—more especially in East Suffolk—by the utter loneliness of its broad highways, by its spacious, but sparsely-filled churches, but most of all by lingering traditions, in every parish, of a life in every respect "more abundant" than that which now exists.

The effect of this continuous draught upon the resources of the county is, of course, the accentuation, in respect of that which remains, of old customs and old ways. The proud legend of the Bruce family, "*We have been*," should be inscribed by way of motto on the county arms. Suffolk is like an octogenarian, dwelling fondly on the past, with nothing but a sigh for the shortcomings of the present. In those parts of the county still remote from railways—e.g., between Framlingham and Stradbroke—much of the old rural life of England lingers still in the scattered hamlets among the lonely country roads, traversed only by farmers' tumbrils, country carriers' carts, and an occasional "commercial," otherwise lonely enough except on market days. The old-fashioned benches outside the public-houses, where the rustics drink their ale on summer evenings, would hold three times the number who are now wont to assemble there. Perhaps, however, the prevailing hard times may have something to do with this. Wages are low, and the farms are in fresh hands. Squire So-and-So, who once lived at the "Hall," has been supplanted by

\* Sussex is the most heavily timbered of the English counties.

the keen North-country farmer, who does not care a doit for Suffolk or its traditions, and who has clipped down the already scanty wage of the laborer until it can scarcely be said that there is bread enough and to spare in the cottage homes. It is Suffolk's Autumn, with no coming Spring in view behind the frowning Winter.

Still, it is an old-fashioned Autumn—frosty but kindly. Though the laborer in these parts is poorer than of old, and the yeoman-farmer promises soon to be as extinct as the dodo, there is a jollity and a mirthfulness among the older inhabitants which reminds one of the time when the farmers' wives—bless their honest hearts!—used to wear girdles round their goodly waists with the comfortable words inscribed thereon—"Peace and Plenty!"

A great magician has touched this lonely land with his immortal spell. We felt this unconsciously during our first ramble down a Suffolk lane, in the leafy month of June, with the roses ablow in the hedgerows. For we came to a pretty villa residence, with a privet hedge in front of it, and white gate and palings. Surely we had seen this place before—it cannot be—yes it is, Blunderstone Rookery, of course! And if further assurance were needed, why the carrier's cart approaching us contains the counterfeit presentment of the veritable Barkis! Had the memorable words, "Barkis is willin'," been written on the tilt of the cart the illusion would have been complete. The "young Suffolker" ought even now to be coming down the garden path to meet him, and the library within to possess that never-to-be-forgotten *Crocodile Book*. Dear old Blunderstone Rookery—so called because there were no rooks about or near it! The scene made us feel as if at home; made us thankful, once more, for that "stainless page which the author of 'David Copperfield' gives our children."

*The Maypoles* of "Barnaby Rudge" is, as we all know, in another county, but there is an ancient hostelry, not far from Stradbroke, which, situated as it is at a confluence of country roads, and furnished with outside benches for rustic merry-making, is its picture to the

life. Public-house life, in the olden times, was not the common tap-room or gin-palace affair of to-day. It was a place which a poet might sing of and an artist paint; a place where master and laborer were not ashamed to sit, side by side, in the snug bar-parlor, with its bees'-waxed chairs, sanded floor, and roaring fire—a very haven of peace and comfort. This Arcadian state of things yet lingers here after a fashion. A kind of sanctity still attaches to the village hostelry, as to a local exchange, or informal Parish Council, where the inhabitants meet, not only to drink, but to discuss local affairs and marvels—how "Farmer So-and-So's land 'fare' [seems] to have a good show of beet this year, and he himself to be getting on 'stammingly' [amazingly] since he took the owd mill," and such-like talk, chiefly of land and oxen, but oftentimes soaring higher.\* These quaint country inns are reverently indicated, in local parlance, with the name of the place preceding the title of the house, as, for example, Stradbroke *White Hart*, Brundish *Crown*, Dennington *Queen's Head*, etc.; this last, by the way, a famous house some couple of miles from Framlingham, where the mightiest ale is still to be had—not the thin and acid beverage of most country inns, but the brave and generous liquor of ye olden times, of which, when a man hath well drunk, he becometh to speak straightway of the deeds of his ancestors, and to wax valiant in speech if not in act.

Nor is Barnaby himself without his modern representative here—half foolish, yet with a tincture of shrewdness. There was a half-witted youth whom the Rector of the parish wished to come forward for confirmation. The clergyman asked him if he really desired to be confirmed. "Yessir!" eagerly responded the youth. "Wouldn't mind a small farm, sir, as mother hain't got an allotment!"

Some of the inland hamlets are so remote, not by distance, but on account of scanty means of communication

\* The theorist who neglects this better influence of public-house life as a factor in the evolution of the rustic intellect blunders gravely.

from the outside world, that many of the older inhabitants have never seen the sea! A story is told of an elderly couple, living thus inland, who resolved to make a trip for the first time to the coast, to a place called Aldeburgh. They set out in a cart, but after travelling for some time fairly lost their way. Wandering thus for several hours, they came to a part of the road where a streamlet, swollen by recent rains, had flooded the neighboring meadows, forming a broad sheet of water. "This be Aldeburgh sure-ly," said the driver; "but there don't fare to be any housen [houses] about." Hailing a passer-by, he inquired for the nearest inn, adding—"This be Aldeburgh, I s'pose?" He thought that they had arrived at the shore of the German Ocean! There was another old Suffolk couple who had made up their minds to emigrate to the United States. Some one asked the husband, some days before they started, by what *route* they intended to travel. "I don't fare to know rightly," was the reply; "but we are going to sleep the first night at Debenham [a village four miles off], and *that'll kinder break the jarney!*"

The Duke of Hamilton's harriers hunt during the season in this neighborhood, and the "meet" is a welcome relief from the monotony of rural life. On one of these occasions, not long ago, when the Duke himself was present, the services of a bright Suffolk youth were requisitioned to hold his Grace's horse. The Duke addressed some kindly remark to the boy, who promptly replied, "Yes, sir!" "Why don't you say '*your Grace*'?" interposed one of the attendant horsemen. "Say '*your Grace*,' boy!" Whereupon the youngster reverently put his hands together, and audibly recited the words, "*For what we are about to receive*," etc. Not bad for silly Suffolk! It need scarcely be said that he presently had due cause for thankfulness.

Of true Suffolk *abandon*, no better instance could be given than the following, which is locally vouched for. Two couples, intent on matrimony, attended the parish church for the purpose on the same day. When the ceremony was in progress, it seemed that

something was amiss. "W'y, pason!" objected one of the bridegrooms, "you be marrying us to the wrong women!" Explanations, of course, ensued. It seemed that, through some unaccountable blunder, the banns had been incorrectly proclaimed, and that the name of the wrong bridegroom had been coupled with that of the wrong bride! Of course the clergyman hurriedly explained that, this being the case, so many weeks must elapse before the ceremony could be legally performed, and that it could not on any account be completed that day. The couples retired in blank dismay at this *contretemps*; but shortly afterward the bridegrooms returned and whisperingly asked the clergyman if he would kindly "complete his job," as they had made up their minds to accept the situation and to be married as they had been proclaimed!

Sometimes the humor, as befits a county of the olden time, is a trifle "round in the mouth"—e.g., the following: A local auctioneer was cataloguing some farm effects which were about to be sold. In this task he was assisted by a well-known "character" in the neighborhood, whom we shall call Will Girling. The auctioneer was very careful to enter in his list the name of the maker of the various implements, noting down, for example, "Thrashing Mill, *by* Ransomes & Sims; Drill Sowing Machine, *by* ditto," and so on. He came to some pig-troughs. They were simply entered as such. "Döant 'ee want to know who *them* is *by*?" inquired Will; "for I made them troughs myself!" As they were finishing their task, a small boy of Will's came sauntering in. "Is the boy for sale, too?" asked the salesman, jokingly. "If so, who shall I put *him* down as '*by*'?" "I döant fare to know rightly," replied Will, scratching his head, "but I'll ask my wife. Susan!" he called to his wife, who stood in an adjoining doorway, "Susan, who be the father of this '*ere* boy?" "*Not you!*" was the monosyllabic reply, as Will's better half discreetly vanished.

Sometimes the local *perseveridum ingenium* is not exactly according to

knowledge, as witness the following. A parishioner, troubled with "difficulties" on Biblical subjects, applied for counsel to the village parson, explaining that he had fully satisfied himself as to the carrying capacities of Noah's Ark, as related in Genesis, but a serious stumbling-block still remained to him. He could not understand, considering the necessary dimensions of the Ark in question, how the Israelites could possibly have carried it about with them during their journeyings in the wilderness! A young local preacher, again, whose knowledge was not on a par with his earnestness, was holding forth upon the topic of the Raising of Lazarus. Warning with his subject, he alluded to the risen Lazarus as subsequently lying at the rich man's gate. One of his hearers, a well-known local eccentric, fidgeted in his seat for some time on hearing this latter allusion. At last he could stand it no longer, but, with his habitual lisp, ejaculated audibly—"W'y, that worn't the thame Latharuth at all!"

The Suffolk rustic seems disposed, for some unknown reason, to laugh, or at least to smile, at the expense of his spiritual pastors and masters, as witness the following: A clergyman of a country church was in the habit of preaching from a very elevated pulpit—one of the old-fashioned "three deckers." While delivering his sermon one Sunday morning, his gaze wandered to one of the side windows, which commanded a full view of the parsonage garden. In this garden the parsonage cook—the only servant left at home—was busily engaged digging a root of horse radish for her master's table. While proceeding with his sermon, he watched her stealthily, knowing that, from his elevated position, he alone could see what was going on outside. The domestic was trying hard to dig up the horse-radish with a spade, but, failing this, seized it with both hands and tugged at it with all her might. The immediate result was that the root giving way suddenly, she was violently overturned, heels uppermost. "*No more than I expected!*" emphatically observed the parson quite in the middle of his sermon, and very much to his hearers' surprise.

But life in these parts, as elsewhere, is not all "beer and skittles," or even innocent laughter. Walking along the beach at Dunwich, some time ago, the aspect of this dismantled town suggested some grave reflections. It is a sombre spot. The ancient cathedral city, of which it is the sole surviving representative, lies buried beneath the waves.

In the words of the old doggerel:

Its antiques are gone out to sea,  
And yo 'll find them hard to fish up;  
They are gone, so is the bishop—

But there is another dread enemy slowly stealing on Suffolk—a wave which no engineering skill, no break-water or sea-wall, may avert—the wave of agricultural depression. The worst, it is to be feared, is yet to come. The low prices of all cereals, with no prospect of any change for the better, are producing something like a farming panic in the county. Already, in one parish, to the personal knowledge of the writer, a large farm, formerly let at £1,200 a year, now finds an unwilling tenant at £300. Even at the latter figure it may be questioned if it really pays the occupier's expenses. Landlords throughout the county are beginning to find farms left altogether on their hands, and endeavor to recoup themselves for the payment of the burdens by laying their fields down in grass.

But whatever the result of the crisis may be as regards landlord and tenant, it is not difficult to foresee the fate which is in store for the Suffolk farm laborer. Half-starved on the soil which gave him birth he already is. A weekly wage of 9s. or 10s., with some £8 of harvest fee (from which latter £3 or £4 per annum must be deducted for house-rent), does not leave a very wide margin, when non-working days are further subtracted from the pittance, wherewith to feed and clothe a family. But even this, in time, must fail the laborer, since, if things go on as at present, his services will not be required at all. Whither, in that extremity, will he turn? Here is his own pathetic wail—but it does not touch upon the vital issue:

Fooks alluz sñe as they git old,  
That things look wusser ev'ry day.



They alluz sed so, I consate ;  
Leastwise, I've h'ard my mother ssa.

The singer only arrives at the following impotent conclusion :

P'r'aps arter all it 'taint the truth,  
That one time's wusser than the other ;

P'r'aps I'm a-gittin' old myself,  
And fare to talk like my old mother.

I shāant dew nowt by talkin' so :  
—I'd better try the good old plan  
Of spakin' sparing of most folks  
And dewin' all the good I can.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## AFTERMATH.

BY W. J. LOCKE.

THE years of life are of infinitely less importance than its minutes. Sudden phenomena count for more in the history of the soul than calm evolution, and cataclysms for more than transient apotheoses. One radiant moment of joy may transfigure, but its glory only too often fades into the light of common day, whereas one lightning-flash of pain may blast irremediably. Happy is the soul, perhaps, that has no history. The Calabrese have been said to count their time not by years but by earthquakes. They are probably unique. The rest of mankind, in its extrospective fashion, reckons by years, setting great store by them as symbolic elements. Thus, Cornelius Pounceby, on the evening before his silver wedding day, as he sat in tender mood with his wife.

"Five-and-twenty years to-morrow, Anne, five-and-twenty years!"

"Yes, it is a quarter of a century," replied Mrs. Pounceby, looking into the fire, her cheek supported on a delicately veined hand.

"And you look very little older than the day when I married you," said Cornelius, heartily. "We have both worn well, very well—thank God!"

She smiled at the remark without moving her eyes, and murmured in acquiescence: "Yes, time has dealt gently with us. We have much to be thankful for."

"Ay, we have, indeed," said her husband, in a tone of deep sincerity. "I have to be thankful for the best wife that ever man was blessed with—and the sweetest looking."

"Ah, that is all past, Cornelius," said Mrs. Pounceby, with a sigh. "But if I please you still—" "My dear—"

said Mr. Pounceby, and stretching out his hand from the arm-chair and taking his wife's, he patted the back gently.

They were a typical pair of middle-class Britons in affluent circumstances: she, pale, delicately featured, with brown hair and pale-blue eyes that seemed to look at the world with patient wistfulness, and a high, intelligent forehead faintly lined with fine horizontal strokes; he, florid, robust, well-looking, despite the great bald patch in the midst of his grizzling hair and the pursiness below his eyes and around his loose, clean-shaven upper lip. In the days past she had been a beauty of the fragile lymphatic type, and Pounceby, with his bushy blonde whiskers and peg-top trousers, had been considered a very handsome fellow. Now, the one had faded and thinned a little, and the other had grown portly, thereby gaining a presence of some dignity of which, in his respectable way, he was rather proud. They both bore the marks of an easy life passed in uniform comfort among the good material things of this world.

Pounceby patted his wife's thin hand with his soft, plump one, and looked at her affectionately. "Bless you, Anne, for all you have been to me," he said. "If I seldom tell you, it is not because my soul is wrapped up in scrip and debentures and bonds—though my mind may be sometimes—I am a busy man, you know, dear, and I can't help it. But we know each other by this time, eh?"

"I know that you are still fond of me," said Mrs. Pounceby. "You cannot be always telling it to me—we are no longer young—and I take it as a

matter of course. You have been good and kind to me—I sometimes think that if—”

“Hush! dear,” he said, gently. “It has been the will of God. We have been happy without them, haven’t we? I haven’t wanted more than the wifely love you have given me all these long years. And yet they have flown quickly. It only seems the other day I was sitting by you on the sofa in Mount Street—and held your hand as I am holding it now—and said something bashfully to you—by George, what a stew I was in! Do you remember? And you looked down on the carpet—I can recollect the pattern now, great pink roses on a gray ground—and you blushed like one of them, and said ‘Yes.’”

“I blushed very easily in those days,” said Mrs. Pounceby.

“And you blush now!” said Cornelius, bending forward and kissing her cheek. “Like any young girl. Ours was a love match—it was made in heaven, and it has made earth a heaven ever since.”

“Oh, Cornelius!”

“Yes. It’s true, and you are an angel, if ever there was one. Whenever I hear men running down women and marriage and all the rest of it I just say, ‘You fellows don’t know what you are talking about, or else you have got hold of the wrong women. I have been married over twenty years, and it’s the only thing for a man. Of course,’ I say, ‘there is give and take—that has to be learned early. You give way on all the little points and she gives way on all the big ones. It isn’t every woman that will do that, but my wife’s an angel.’ I don’t mind telling anybody that you’re an angel, Anne.”

“Well, I never contradict you, Cornelius,” she said, placidly, smiling a little. The average woman always finds a grain of amusement in the average man’s matrimonial theories.

“You are a model wife—always have been,” he said, “and have stuck to me through thick and thin, when another woman would have had done with me altogether. You have been better than I, for you have loved me all through, whereas I—well—for a time—”

“Why should you refer to that?”

asked Mrs. Pounceby. “It is so long ago. I had almost forgotten it—that painful episode.”

“Because I have never forgotten it, Anne. It taught me a lesson—not only to keep myself from entanglements, but to know what a loving wife I had. God forgive me! What you must have suffered those six months, when I was mad and neglected you, and for such a woman! You behaved nobly, dear—nobly. God bless you, my wife.”

His voice was a little husky, and he wrung her hand in rough tenderness and gratitude. The memory of her forgiveness affected him strongly, especially now, as he looked back along the years of wifely devotion. When the crash had come and his eyes had opened, he had gone and knelt at her feet in shame, and she had forgiven him, taken him back to her heart. It was the fact that her heart had never been closed to him, even during that strange period—the one wild folly of his well-ordered, respectable life—that had ever seemed wonderful to him; a revelation of the strong endurance of woman’s love.

He remained awake a long time that night, his imagination stirred by the thoughts of the morrow’s significance. It all the more engrossed him, because of late years he had taken his domestic happiness for granted, had reckoned it as an inalienable possession, together with air and light, warm raiment and choice foods. He had said “my wife” with the same profound conviction of absolute ownership as when he had said “my business.” He could draw upon his wife’s love with the same indubitative security that he could draw on his banking account. Whenever he presented a larger draft than usual, he could do so without thought or scruple. As is the case with many florid men of full habit of body, his usual urbanity was varied with occasional fits of petulance, irritability, which the consciousness of his balance in Anne’s heart rather encouraged than checked: they were but little spendthrift extravagances which he had the right to allow himself. And she was so gentle, so submissive, so patient under all his fretfulness, giving, as it seemed, love from an infinite supply. So, during most of his married

life, he had sentimentalized very little over the relations between his helpmeet and himself. The average, well-fed, business-minded Briton very seldom does. Many things appeal much more strongly than wedded love to his work-a-day imagination—the price of coals or the British Constitution. He reads the poem of life like prose, solemnly content therewith, and only on rare occasions does a special cadence of rhythm or a startling assonance of rhyme break upon his consciousness in momentary revelation.

To Cornelius Pounceby the silver wedding-bell was some such metrical effect. The page had suddenly been re-set, with capital letters at the beginnings of the lines, and indentations, and spacings between the stanzas, and he read it in serenity of soul. He had thanked God more or less sincerely, for many things in the course of his life, but it had never occurred to him to thank Him specially for the wife that had been given him. Now, as he lay awake, he closed his eyes and put his hands before his face and offered up a silent thanksgiving.

In the morning he went into his wife's room, kissed her, and drew her to him. She freed herself gently, and looking at him with mild eyes, asked him whether it made him happy that they had been so long together. "It has made me as happy, darling, as the lover of five-and-twenty years ago," he said. "And it has made me happy, too," she replied, smiling. "Oh, my dear Cornelius!"

He had slipped a jewel-case out of his dressing-gown pocket, and flashed a superb *parure* of diamonds before her eyes. It was his silver-wedding present. There was a letter beneath it. She opened it and read that the Queen had been graciously pleased to confer the honor of knighthood upon her husband. It was a little surprise he had arranged for her. She flushed with evident gratification, and said to him quietly, "You must be very proud, Cornelius." "I am proud of my wife—my own 'missus,'" he said in jesting endearment. "And you can wear the diamonds at the next Drawing Room."

He returned to finish dressing and

then went down to breakfast, whistling a suggestion of *Champagne Charlie*, frightfully out of tune, in buoyant mood, quite the lover, as he had said, of five-and-twenty years ago. Mrs. Pounceby was already in the breakfast-room, reading her letters. A great pile had come, in excess of their usual correspondence, and the parcel post had brought many packages. Cornelius cut open his envelopes, glanced over their contents. The business letters he put aside to be dealt with afterward: those of congratulation from friends he tossed over open to his wife.

"Everybody seems as glad as we are, I declare!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Let me see some of yours." She smiled and gave him a bundle, which he read through, thoroughly pleased. "And is that one, too?" he asked, bending over her chair.

"Yes. It is from Edward Sievking. He is ill in bed."

"What a good fellow to write. Poor chap!"

"He has never got over Theresa's death. That sister was all in all to him."

"And you lost a dear friend, too, Anne."

"Yes, I miss her as much as he does. He says Harriette is with him now, but she can never be the same."

"I can't bear that woman," said Cornelius. "Neither can I," said his wife. "Poor Theresa!" And she sighed. "Come, come, old lady," said Cornelius, cheerily. "We mustn't be sad to-day. Let us look through the parcels. I have been longing, like a boy, to see what's inside them, but I have been waiting for you, so that we can open them together."

He drew his chair round to the middle of the table where the parcels were, and near his wife, and began to open them. Meanwhile the breakfast, about which he was usually so particular, was getting cold. Mrs. Pounceby called his attention to it. "Oh, bother the breakfast!" he said. "Look! Redgrave has sent us one of his exquisite little landscapes. It's worth a couple of hundred, if it's worth a shilling."

Mrs. Pounceby looked on with mild pleasure, echoing his admiration. The picture would be a special feature at

the gathering that was to take place that evening at their house in honor of the day. They discussed where they would place it. At last he postponed consideration of the question, and went on opening the packets. There were old bits of china, silver curios, some exquisite spoons, dainty pieces of fancy-work done by Mrs. Pounceby's girl friends. The table was littered with brown paper, tissue paper, and string, and the wedding presents gleamed among the wreckage.

At last Cornelius took up a small square package, addressed to him, and cut the string. Only a bundle of letters appeared. He glanced at them, then started in surprise. "Why, my dear," he said, "here are some letters in your handwriting!" And Mrs. Pounceby bent forward, read a line or two, and with a scared, quick action, snatched up the wrapper in which they had come. Then she turned ghastly white. "These letters are meant for me, Cornelius," she said, steadying her voice.

He could not understand it, but looked at her in a puzzled way; then, almost mechanically, he read a line. It was enough to send a horrible spasm of pain through his heart. He leaped to his feet. "Anne, Anne!" he cried, frightened, "tell me, in God's name, what are these letters? Who sent them?"

She, too, was standing, leaning for support on the back of the chair, her fragile body swaying slightly and her bosom heaving. She seemed to swallow a lump in her throat, as she replied: "Harriette Sievking—don't read them, let me put them in the fire."

Her agitation, her pallor, the scared look in her eyes, the gasping catch in her voice, combined with the horrible lines he had read, brought a blazing suspicion before him, so that his eyes were half blinded. He strode up to her and seized her by the wrist, his face swollen with a sudden rush of blood. "Have you been unfaithful to me?" he cried, hoarsely.

The accusing question seemed to act like a shock upon her, for she drew herself up and looked at him steadily. "No," she said; "you had better read the letters."

Cornelius loosened his grasp, advanced a step toward the fire, as if to throw in the bundle, but, obeying the next and less noble impulse, he flung himself down in his chair and undid the string that bound the letters together. On one side was a slip he had not previously noted. On it was written: "These, carefully arranged in chronological order, may repay perusal."

He opened the first. It began, "My darling, my loved lost Edward," and was dated, on the wedding eve, five-and-twenty years ago. A groan escaped his lips, wrung from his heart, and he turned a haggard, appealing glance at his wife. She was still standing behind the chair; and there she remained, like a stone, her eyes fixed on him, her cheeks bloodless, all the time that he read. The first letter was a passionate farewell. She was marrying, without love, driven to it by circumstances. The next letter was dated during their honeymoon trip, from Vitznau. It was to her friend Theresa, full of utter dejection and despair. Cornelius sped his mind back—recalled a day, when she was languid, and he had lavished all a lover's tenderness upon her. His soul grew sick. Then followed one to Sievking, less abandoned than that to his sister, but telling the same tale. Others followed, some to the brother, some to the sister, those to the latter breathing all the tortures and revulsions of her heart. He skimmed through these rapidly. Then there came one to Sievking—a soul-rent response to some passionate beseeching. She loved him, loved him with all her being, but she would be true to the man she married—for her soul's sake, not for his. Another much later showed that she had kept her vow. She spoke of her duty, prayed God to give her strength to carry it through, uncomplaining, to the bitter end of life. A later letter to Theresa wrung to agony every nerve in his body:—"You ask me why I forgive him and take him back. I do it because, as I do not love him, his infidelity has given me no pain—but, O God! a blessed, blessed relief. I could not simulate an indignation that I did not feel. I have taken it all quietly—



caresses or insults—what does it matter to me?"

Then there were gaps of many years between the letters, but the sender had selected them from the correspondence of her dead sister and sick brother with fiendish art. The last letter was to Theresa, a few months before her death, the last year. It was a calm, elderly woman's review of a wasted existence: "My married life has been a bitter one. If I had left the man I suffered for the man I passionately loved, I might have known more happiness. But of late years I seem to have lost much feeling." These were the words Cornelius had read, when his eyes first fell upon the letters.

He took off his gold-rimmed glasses, wiped them mechanically, and looked straight before him, dazed, at his wife. The reading had taken nearly an hour. He felt faint, giddy. The world which had seemed so smooth and unbroken had fallen into irregular chaotic bits, like the pieces of a shuffled and shaken Chinese puzzle. There must have been an agony on his face transcending words, for Anne, with a sudden impulse, rushed to him and took his arm and shoulder.

"For God's sake, Cornelius," she entreated, "don't look at me like that—you will kill me." He shook her from him. "Don't touch me," he retorted, "I wish I were dead." He seemed to have grown suddenly old; the lines had deepened in his face. The skin appeared to have grown loose, and showed a myriad crows'-feet beneath his eyes.

The servant came in, to clear away the breakfast things—and then, seeing that the covers had been unremoved, discreetly withdrew. Mrs. Pounceby, recalled to the sense of material things, took her seat at the table, poured out the coffee, and helped her husband to the cold kidneys. "Try and eat something," she said, in a toneless voice.

He shook his head. He felt broken. Suddenly the reaction came, and he leaped to his feet. "Oh, my God!" he cried. "The horror of it! the awful horror of it! Would to God you had gone from me! Why didn't you?" he cried fiercely, wheeling round to her. "Why didn't you, when I was

young, and could have borne it like a man—and not waited until I was old, to learn that everything between us has been a lie—a damned, damned lie?"

"It is not through me you have learned now," said Anne. "I would have died rather. I have been a dutiful and faithful wife to you."

"But—woman!" he cried, with a ring of intense pain, "can't you understand? Can't you see the misery of it? All these years—always a mask on the face I thought so simple! And I like a poor blind fool have thought all the time that you loved me—and you have hated me all through. You loathed the ring as I put it on your finger. You loathed every kiss I gave you—and what I thought was sweet, innocent, girlish shrinking—was only loathing. Oh God! I shall go mad! . . . And the very time that I thought you like a saint in heaven—when I came to you and knelt at your feet, and I took to my soul the love I fancied you gave me, it was only indifference, coldness—and contempt! It is more than I can bear. I wish I were dead!"

His wife said nothing. What could she say? To offer comfort would have been cruelly futile. She could only look at him in piteous helplessness.

"Look at these things!" he cried, pointing to the silver-wedding presents. "I was so happy opening them—now what mockery! Put them away, and never let me see them again. I am going up to the City."

He went out of the room into the hall and put on his hat and coat. Before he had reached the street door, his wife appeared carrying a glass of sherry. "Drink this," she said, "or you will be ill." Both their hands shook, as the glass passed from one to the other. While he was drinking she said in a low voice: "This is the most unhappy day in all my life."

"And in mine," he groaned, giving back the glass.

"I shall put off the dinner party."

"Yes. It would be too grim," he replied, bitterly. "Good-bye."

He did no business that day, but shut himself up in his office and brooded over the wreck of his inner life. It was piteous. To men of highly-strung,

imaginative temperament, who begin the world with lofty ideals, disillusion comes early. They suffer, change, strive, suffer again, until at last they are familiar with the eternal lesson. But the majority of the honest, unidealizing commonplace form to themselves no illusions; and their unquestioning faith in the solidity of material things goes down with them to the grave. Sorrow and sickness come to all: it is the bitterness of death in life, the horrible pang of the iron entering into the soul that thousands of men are spared. But if a man is to feel it, it is better for him to go through it young. To Pounceby it came at four-and-fifty—the first disillusion! It was too late.

He rang for some food, ate it mechanically, and relapsed into his attitude of misery before the office fire. The one ideal of his comfortable, prosperous, unimaginative life had been shattered, and there was nothing left. He felt unable to face life under the altered conditions; and intensely lonely. Now and then the sense of the fool's paradise in which he had been living for a quarter of a century swirled through him like a deadly nausea, and he put his head in his hands and groaned: "Five-and-twenty years, five-and-twenty years!" Sometimes an impotent rage shook him, against the wife who had deceived him with such persistent uniformity. That she had remained so scrupulously faithful, so undeviatingly submissive, only made his anger burn fiercer. He had never known her, so impenetrable had been the mask that she wore. No Arabian-Nights transformation of personality could have been more appalling. Instead of the gentle, yielding woman, whose greatest pleasure it had always seemed to surrender undemonstratively yet sweetly to his slightest fancy, he beheld a passionate, volcanic creature with an iron will, who had subdued to outward calm every craving of her nature, had kept unswervingly, through a lifetime, to the course she had prescribed for herself to follow.

At times the finer elements in him were faintly stirred with a kind of admiration, when he was thus brought face to face with the reality of her life.

"If only she could have loved me with her real nature!" he said once to himself, with a break in his voice, like a sob. But these moments were rare—and were always followed by the long, horrible revulsion of feeling. The nobler sexual instincts of the man were revolted. His caresses that she had loathed! He shuddered, shrank up in a piteous heap in his chair.

He went home a little later than his wonted hour, dressed and went down to dinner. Anne was already in the dining-room. They took their accustomed places opposite to one another at the table, the butler and footman waited solemnly upon them as usual, and they exchanged now and then a casual remark. But neither could eat. Anne drank two glasses of champagne, an unheard-of thing. Sometimes Cornelius glanced at her furtively, and always found her eyes fixed upon him with a look of dumb appeal. He was struck with the change in her face since the night before. Her pale-blue eyes seemed to have grown larger, more wistful, and a dim light burned in their depths. There were dark rings beneath them and lines at the corners of her mouth he had never seen before.

The silence and constraint of the meal oppressed him like a nightmare. There was a ghastly sense of unreality in it. The table should have been surrounded by glad, friendly faces, the air light with laughter and the rattle of knives. There should have been speeches and cheering, and hearty clinking of glasses, as his friends wished him five-and-twenty more years of married happiness. And he should have returned thanks and looked across the table, over the hot-house flowers and glittering plate, at his helpmeet, with dim eyes, and drunk her health in a bumper. That would have been real. But, instead, they were alone, silent, on separate heights, with a valley between them as that of the Shadow of Death.

At last the dinner was over. The footman brought in the coffee, the butler placed a box of his after-dinner cigars on the small table by his customary arm-chair, and then the two were left alone. There was a long dead silence. Anne broke it at length, after

clearing her throat. "Have you any wishes in respect of our relations?" she asked in a low voice.

He turned a haggard face to her, intensely pathetic with the flabby haggardness of a full-cheeked man. "For myself, none," he replied, "except that I were dead. For you—you can do as you will."

"No," she said; "I will obey you to the end. It is the least I can do."

"It has been the most," he said. "I hate the word. Why should you obey now? There is no need: you have nothing to hide."

She gave him a swift upward look, and then lowered her eyes again to the grape-stalk she was twirling between her fingers. "It is my earnest wish to obey you," she said. "I have wronged you deeply, and," drawing a sharp little breath, "I have suffered intensely to-day. If my presence in your house gives you pain, I am prepared to leave it, if such is your wish."

"Is it yours," he asked, "to free yourself at last?" "No, before God it is not," she pleaded. "I only consider you." "Then stay or not," he retorted, "as you will—what does it matter?"

She put her hand to her heart. "I am punished," she said. "Once I took you back because I did not love you. And now you let me stay with you—out of contempt."

"Anne!" he cried, and brought his hand down on the table with a force that half frightened her; "don't torture me any more, for God's sake."

"Forgive me," she said, "I did not mean to. I will stay then, if you do not grow to hate me. We shall see. Men are different from women. I could live with you, not loving you—could you, not loving me?"

"I, not loving you? Ha! ha!" he broke into a bitter laugh. "God forgive you! Leave me, Anne, please, now, by myself. We will see how things work. Until it is utter misery for both of us, we need never speak of this again, never."

He rose with the last two or three words, and dropped heavily into the arm-chair by the fire, turning away from her. She rose, too, and went toward the door. On the threshold

she turned, made half a step forward, then checking the impulse, turned again and left the room.

He spent the evening in his own smoking-room, incapable of action of any kind. Her last words rang in his ears almost mockingly. Not loving her! He had loved her passionately as a young man. With custom the passion had died away, but the love had remained through the years. Now that she was lost to him he felt the passion reasserting itself. He loved her still. The last man in the world to think of introspection, this sudden search-light into the depths of his own soul staggered him from its very unfamiliarity. Once on the track of emotions, he followed them up feverishly, and saw himself, in his mature age, despicable, unable to strangle in his heart the craving that he knew must be forever vain. He hated himself for it—hated his wife for being compelled to love her. His mind, unaccustomed to paradoxes, could not grasp the tangle. Only one thing he saw before him: a life filled with inchoate, half-senile longings, a cynical parody of his old life. His wife would greet him every day, cold, submissive, dutiful, adding extra scrupulousness to her obedience out of penance for the wrong she had done him: outwardly, the same as of old, but no longer filling him with the genial warmth of supposed affection. He shivered, stirred his fire, and poured himself out a stiff glass of whisky which he drained at a draught.

"Come, come!" he said to himself, pacing the room. "This is folly. I am an old man now. I should leave such things to boys. We will pull through somehow. Now that there is nothing to hide, we can be friends—good friends—in a quiet elderly way. Yes, friends—ah! ah! Oh my God!" The horrible pain of it all again overwhelmed him, with its heart-heaving sickness. He sat down on a chair by the table, and buried his head in his arms. Then, a little later he crawled to bed, and stayed awake, as it seemed, hours, eating out his heart in the darkness.

Suddenly he became aware of a light in the room, and looked round, with a start. Anne was standing by his bed-

side, in a loose wrapper. She had put the candle she had brought upon the table by the bed-curtains, and its light fell full upon her. Her eyes, reddened with weeping, were bent upon him. For several seconds she stood, with her hand on her heart, as if nerving herself to speak. But the words did not come easily. At last she broke the silence.

"Cornelius!" she faltered. "I could not sleep. I have come to you."

He raised himself on one elbow and looked at her uncomprehending. Then putting his explanation of her presence into words, "I bear you no grudge, Anne," he said, with gentle bitterness. "I forgive you—if there was anything to forgive. Set your mind at rest. And you need not abide by the arrangement we made this evening, if it is too hard for you."

"It is too hard for me," she said, "but not in that sense—not because I should be wishing to be away."

"I don't understand you, Anne."

"Cornelius," she said, stretching out her arms toward him, and her eyes filled with piteous entreaty, "if I went, I should break my heart, and it will break if I remain, unless—" She broke off, unable to complete the sentence. Still he only half understood. "I shall always love you," he said. "I shall not treat you coldly or unkindly. Have no fears as to that, Anne. You shall feel no difference."

"Oh! it is not that," she cried, with an accent of passion. "Oh God! How you must despise me—if you think I am so mean and selfish. Cornelius, cannot you see? Cannot you see why my heart would break?"

He sat up and took her hand, which closed round his in a nervous pressure. "Tell me, dear—" he began gently. But she threw the free arm round him, with a gasping cry: "Cornelius, I love you—I never knew it till to-day. It is my whole heart and soul that speaks—I have never said the words to you in my life before—I love you! I love you!"

She broke down in a passion of sobs, hiding her face on his shoulder. Cornelius could not speak. His mind was in a whirl, and could scarcely grasp the meaning of her confession. He could

only pet her with his hand, in an aimless way.

"Oh, I have been wicked," she sobbed. "I did not love you for many years. I could not help it. And then the love died out—the other love. And yet I complained. It was habit. I can't tell. And I grew old and placid, and kept on pitying myself, and never thought of your love. Only to-day, when I felt I had lost you and it, the world seemed to have come to an end—and I knew, too late, that the tenderness and devotion you have given me these long, long years were the most vital treasures of my life. And all the old habits of indifference and placidity fell away from me like a garment, and I loved you for the first time—not as you once thought I loved you—but more, more than I can say. I could not sleep," she added, after a pause. "I knew that you were suffering. The thought was a knife in my heart."

She clung to him, weeping. Now he understood. He closed his arms tenderly round her and drew her to him. But he did not trust himself to speak, for a bitter disappointment, a sense of failure in responsiveness, lay like a chill at his heart. Only a few hours back he had longed for her love with a lover's passion. Now that she had surrendered herself to him heart and soul, he felt that the glow had gone forever. The feeling of loss within himself grew to absolute pain. Instead of the thrill of happiness he expected to pass through him, the irony of the loveless years of his youth pierced his heart. The magic spell that had bound him to her so long had been broken. It could not be renewed. He felt old, despairingly old. Anne's feminine sense must have divined the cause of his silence, for she disengaged herself gently and stood upright. For a long time they looked sadly at one another, and in his eyes she read what had happened. For him the tender grace of the day that was dead could never come back again. For her the gates of the once disregarded and now longed-for Paradise were shut forever.

"Stay by me, Anne," he said, after awhile. "We will talk the night away."

"Would to God I had come to you



thus, years past, before I was faded and old," she said, brokenly.

"It is not you, Anne," he replied.

"You are as fair and sweet as ever. It is I that am old—you have come too late, dear."—*New Review*.

## OF CABBAGES AND KINGS.

THE two wide glass doors that form the end of the little dining-room are thrown open, and the breakfast-table is set in the midst of the inrushing sunshine. Outside, beyond the steep edge of the descending garden, there is a luminous width of air and dimpled water, freckled with sunshine and with a multitude of boats, and streaked by the busy paddles of frequent ferry-steamers. The further shore recedes into an azure shadow, and the islands float uncertainly amid the shining stretches of water; the world for the nonce is ceiled and floored with a changing radiance of amethyst and silver, and there is no beauty of material things that can measure itself to-day against the large splendor of sunlight.

Below, at the foot of the cliff, one can hear the plash of water tumbling upon the rocks, and lapping against the edge of the steps that run steeply down from the garden to the beach, starting at the top between a clump of aloes and a scarlet trail of Virginia creeper, and fragrant on its way with overhanging heliotrope; the sound of plashing water, cool and softly restless, lapping the stone stair with an infinity of little noises and the deeper overtone of the incoming tide. But that is only one note of the chord that makes the music of the silence.

It is ten o'clock in the morning, and it is *Toussaint*; all the bells across the bay and behind us are ringing, and their voices fill the air with the crossing of many songs. There is one that is deep and sonorous that sings to us from over the water; and another, more ancient, that chimes in with the broken voice of age; it is tremulous, one thinks, with the weight of many memories and the long vision of tears. Yet to-day it rings out with the rest of its neighbors, and it is only in a plaintive querulous undertone that one may hear sometimes the bitterness of its age, the touch of the forgotten, yet un-

forgotten past. "*Combien je regrette . . . le temps perdu*—"

For all the world is *en fête* to-day, and hungry moreover, for yesterday was *maigre*. There is not a cloud in the sky, nor a shadow across the golden sun; and though it is barely ten o'clock in the morning, and the 1st of November, it is as radiantly hot and serene as a July day at home should be. Yet we are not on the Riviera—not at all, only in a French village on the gray Breton coast, that wakes up into a short mad jollity in summer, and dozes peacefully through the rest of the uneventful year; and we shall have cold days yet, I doubt not, though it is a sheltered and a sunny corner, and keeps winter well at bay. But it is something to sit in the sunshine this November day, drowsily watching the boats on the bay below, and listening to the clash of bells pealing across the water; something to be pleasantly aware of the merry chatter in the street, and the pattering *sabots* of the happy children free from school; something to be lazily warm and sunlapped, while yonder, at home, it is winter already and cold even beside the fire.

It is a day for idle thought and idle speech, when one's fancy strays in the wake of every sunbeam, or is caught by a dancing mote in the enveloping glory of sky and sun and sea. Across the bay there is a wooded cliff, and the flight of birds above it draws one's eyes thither for a moment. It is good to be there on such a day as this; when its shady walks are walled with amber foliage, and the small herbs of the banks are illumined in russet and crimson; it is good, too, to be there in spring, when the young buds are variously purple, or green, or silver, and the yellow daffodils nod above a brown carpet of rustling leaves, or amid a tangle of fresh grass. But to get there, one has to pass through the sleepy town behind us, built on the narrow point

between the sheltered bay and the purple island-dotted sea, where half the shops are closed and the rest have relapsed contentedly into a cheerful idleness. There is a swarm of empty villas, white and red and fancifully bedecked with tiles, looking out blankly seaward with shuttered windows, beside the deserted casino and the solitary *plage*, where only the surf beats loudly on the yellow sand and flings itself in leaping foam upon the rocks. Yes, it sounds melancholy; and in truth, for those who need a small incessant torment of frivolity, one cannot call it gay. But for those who only love a crowd when they can be solitary in it; as in a great city, where, if one so choose, one may live the lonelier for being in the midst of a swarming life; for such a one, it is pleasant beyond comparison in the long autumn sunshine which dapples the world with gold and pearl, and flickers merrily between the poplars on the wide white roads; one has space and the leisure to be alone with one's self, and to find one's self infinite good company.

There are, moreover, the people of the place, who now have time to amuse themselves, and the wherewithal, it is to be supposed, having taken in the stranger and entertained him, for a consideration; there are even a few English, who look at one suspiciously, as they pass by, with the flicker of a critical smile. And for distractions, if one have the mind thereto, they are not lacking; but they are such as need a humble spirit and a discerning eye. There is, for instance, always the church, where one may betake one's self, and find reflected one's every mood even to the unvirtuous. There is a particular *curé*, who has stepped down to us from the happy days when Gargantua was king and Rabelais his chronicler; for though he may be actually, as I must not doubt, a very saintly person, he has a moist eye and a personal contour that seem to clash with a proper asceticism. So one casts him mentally as the jovial monk, in one's peripatetic romances wherein he must dance to all manner of tunes; though it is a grievous liberty to take with a worthy dignitary of the Church, who, moreover, wears ermine and lace, and

who doubtless cannot help his comfortable figure.

The church, one finds, is here a very live thing in the midst of the life about it. It is never empty; it is full of the faint smell of incense, and the pungency of continual occupation; *sabots* clatter in and out, children come and go with sudden, hasty genuflections; old women sit in the corners, or tell their beads before the altars; the lights flicker and the tall plaster figures look down graciously smiling, or gaze upward in a rapturous adoration. They are conventionally young, and round-fleshed, and radiant in their tenderly colored robes, and quaint contrasting gauds of crown and necklet and pendent votive hearts; conventional symbols of conventions, and stiffly beautiful with a beauty that is itself a tradition, a beauty that is a rubric and an article of the Faith, and a lingering small acceptance from the far days of a facile content in things religious.

Then the church fills with a swarm of white caps which lift themselves strangely into snowy wings and crests, so that one may pick out the women of the different *pays*; and men's voices chant sonorously, and the full-rigged model ships, hanging in the chancel and before the Mary altar, vibrate and swing softly to and fro at the opening and shutting of doors. Those who have hung them there have long been dead; but there are faces in the crowd beneath that are raised toward them, and eyes that grow dim—too dim to see the dust of years that blackens the rigging, too dim to see anything but that more distant ship that is away at the Banks or at Iceland, in the fear of storms and the strange confusion of the fogs, and that will surely come back, unless—" *Etoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea!"

And in the lady-chapel, amid the rosaries and the trinkets and the gilded hearts, are hung a string of tiny boats, roughly carved from common wood and shaped by rude fingers; but the prayer and the thanksgiving are as strong about them as about the stately ships hanging high overhead. One looks at them and remembers the greed of the engulfing waters; the gray enveloping bewilderment of the mists;

the fathers and husbands and sons who are amid them ; the long summers when there is no word of the absent, and the autumn, when the women wait day by day for the first dim sight of the homecoming boat. And there are those who must wait, and wait, for the boat that never comes back—" *Étoile de la Mer*, send us our men home from the sea !"

And now there is a movement in the church, and as if a wind swept in from the west the white caps sway before it, and the quaint white heads stoop and bow to the ground, with a quick rustle and an after silence—

But it is hot to-day, too hot to make one of the crowd ; it is incomparably better in the full breadth of the sunshine, where the gold and blue of the sky stretches to its large horizons ; where one can fancy for a moment that this is verily the South, and a land where winter may not come. And yet one has only to walk along the white road yonder, toward that young grove of palms (as at least one imagines them to be) from here, with the children running beneath and the bright sea glittering between the tapering stems ; a little closer, and one will see that they are not palms, any more than that is the iridescent water of the Mediterranean. They are but cabbages, and we are still in Brittany.

In this country, cabbages certainly play a great part in the landscape, and not a wholly unpicturesque one, either ; with their loose gray-green leaves springing in tufts atop of five-foot stalks, and the sun dancing in checkers along the alleys between them, where the children come and go. But indeed this is the paradise of vegetables ; one lingers in the market and before the shops, marvelling at the clean perfection of the things and the excellence of them in form and color. What beauty is there of blossom that is not modestly shared by these cauliflowers, creamy and globular in their encircling fringe of tender green, the smooth golden rind and warmer flesh of the pumpkins, the scarlet carrots, and the angry crimson of the aubergines ? But the cabbages are not to be seen as they should be, either in market or shop ; but in groves on the hillsides, with the sun

full on their loose frilled leaves, and the sea glittering between and beyond their long pale stems. One no longer wonders that a thing so stately in its homeliness should have lent itself to coaxing and cajoling lips ; as when Mathurine, the pretty bold-eyed shrimp-seller, would have one buy the leaping transparent brown things in her basket at an unheard-of-price : " But then, *mon petit chou*," she laughs, " it is Mathurine who must live !"

Last night, no longer, it sounded in one's ears with an odd tenderness, that foolish little word ; it was only a child that said it, a thin wan woman-child in a tattered gown and *sabots* on her bare feet, leading a ragged boy bigger than herself by a motherly hand. I do not know whence they came, but they had ravenous eyes and pinched blue lips, and they looked about them strangely ; till presently the girl caught sight of a scrap of sweet cake that had fallen amid the rubbish in the gutter, dropped in passing, perhaps, or indifferently thrown away. She seized it eagerly and wiped it on her gown ; for one instant her hand hesitated and her eyes glittered uncertainly ; then, with a quick movement, she held it to the boy's mouth and smiled superior. " But no," she said, as he offered reluctantly to share it ; " keep it, *mon chou* ! I am too old, you know, for sweet things." But she was old enough, poor little soul, to be hungry ; and old enough, too, to lie with a wonderfully saving grace, in spite of the longing in her eyes.

And *à propos* of cabbages, one has an intimate acquaintance with many, of the human sort ; the men and women that are born and live and die in an apathy miscalled life, and who transmute the tragedy of existence into a sort of brassicaeous melodrama. There is a small town in the north of England, sinking nowadays fast into a village—one of many similar, no better and no worse, it is to be supposed—where one may pass from house to house, and find a history in each ; where one may ring the changes on every combination of possession and desire ; and where the sordid common-places of death are as little dignified as the daily needs of living.

But among these people every passion and emotion is worn with an unreserve which is never enthusiastic; they are born cynical and unresponsive, and, unbelieving, are indifferent in their unbelief. "No, I don't think much on church," said a little servant-girl of fourteen; "I don't set no store by it. But there is the choir teas an' things—an' the priest he come a botherin'—" So she had been confirmed, indifferently as she did everything else; and chuckled a little over the foolishness of it. And amid the tragedies which are not tragic, and the sorrows which stop short of tears, they live through life indifferently; they "set no store by it;" but they take it as it is, and amuse themselves as they can, with or without benefit of clergy. One may pick up the plots of a dozen dramas; till presently one finds that the dramatic element has been left out, and there is only a futile episode or two which lead inconsequently to nothing.

There was a love-affair, for instance; a youth, the son of a respectable man in the village, who fell in love with one of the girls of the place, deeply in love, one supposes, as these things go, to judge from the continuation. They were seventeen or thereabouts. He was "not over clever," as they said there, short, and broad-shouldered and silent; she was a white-faced long-limbed slip of a girl, with a swinging walk and a pair of roving black eyes; she had gypsy blood in her, and carried its mark in her shapely hands and upheld head. Not a likely pair to take to each other, one would think; but after "sweethearting" during a few summer weeks, they electrified the village by going off together to Newcastle, leaving word behind that they meant to be married. This was all wrong; they might have stayed at home and amused themselves, as others did; that was the ordinary behavior of young men and women, and no one would have questioned it. But to run off together, when there was no need, and to get married before there was any necessity, a thing no one ever thought of thereabouts; this was strictly unnatural and improper; the culprits must be followed, and the thing prevented.

So some of his brothers went off after him and brought him back; he was not at all put about, and took the matter calmly, as he had taken the elopement, as an incident of but small importance; and the girl came back too, while there was another incident a few months after, that was accepted in the same matter-of-course way. The years went on, without very much change of any kind. Ben was a little older and more bearded, as silent as ever and not much wiser; he spoke to the girl sometimes at the street-corners, and never seemed aware of the small object in knickerbockers that was already old enough to go to school. It was eight years after the elopement, and when the object above mentioned was fully seven years old, that Ben slouched one evening into the room where the girl lived with her people. I do not know how he found words enough in which to explain himself, but he made them understand that the banns were out, and that he meant to marry her in three weeks. "I couldn't do't afore," he added, "but they've give me a rise at last." All the eight years he had been waiting for this; and Janey persuaded herself that she had been as faithful, and did her best, one supposes, to revive a dutiful affection, with an astonished delight that marriage should have come her way.

Well; it was soon over. The preparations, and the service, and the pride of being well-dressed, and in the vestry, the vicar's hesitating congratulations. He said, with a glance at them both, that he hoped they had not taken this step without thinking it over carefully; and Ben replied, with the air of saying a neat thing, that he had been thinking of it for eight years. Then the return home, to Janey's home, where there was little space, scant furniture, and less of privacy or ventilation; but there was food in plenty and rather more than enough to drink; so that presently, the neighbors first protesting and then ejecting, Ben was picked up by the police upon the sidewalk, where he had fallen down the stairs, and finished his long courtship by a night (his marriage-night) in the cells.

I wish I could carry the idyll a little



further, but the romance, such as it was, soon dropped out of it; for some weeks later, when they took a little outing to Newcastle, Ben came back alone and seemed to have no answer ready for intrusive questioners. He looked like a dog that had been beaten; but he had neither then, nor since, anything to tell; only he lives alone in his one-room cottage and works for Janey's boy, to whom he has attached himself limpet-like and wordlessly, as he did to his mother, and with small chance of better result. I saw them lately, the boy an idle rascal with a vicious brow and sullen furtive eyes, loafing about the streets and spending the pence that he steals from his father, or from any one else when occasion offers; while Ben looks at him with the same obstinate fidelity which he gave to Janey. There should be a tragedy somewhere here, but there is nothing so convincing; only a small incessant wretchedness, the sight of which tastes bitter in the mouth and salt as tears; a wretchedness which, with love and life, and death, is but an episode of an incidental existence.

Yet this dulness of emotion is not at all confined to that district, or to that class; there are many of us, that are by choice, or by inheritance, cabbages. It was but the other day that a marriage at the last moment was broken off because the man, on thinking it over, could not face the change, the unsettling of all the habits which he had built up about himself. This he told her, not softening the thing, being well convinced of its reasonableness, and having his eyes turned in upon himself; and then he retired happily to his daily routine and the encroaching rigors of the small things he made into his masters. They said she was foolish enough to be unhappy over it; but it is to be inferred that she had no consoling habitudes to absorb her thoughts. At least he was honest, he went to her with the truth in his mouth; only honesty is so terribly naked by contrast with this world of underclothing, that one wonders if he had not better have lied; unless the cabbage would verily not have withstood the uprooting.

It is fortunate that we have, most of us, the power of living through things;

for if we were all to die when we are broken-hearted, we should too often be dispatched into another world in an early state of unfitness. But the night passes and the blackness of it, and the morning is fair; it is good to be alive and a cabbage and wholesomely indifferent to the big passions that torture men.

We all, I suppose, have some sort of a private and particular "lake and a fairy boat" in which we may sail upon a magic sea, and dream dreams; or we watch for its coming, laden with fortune, fame, or love; or it will spread, at our will, its silver wings and carry us to the strange bright lands that sit beside the further seas. There is little doubt that one paints Bangkok, or Mandalay, or Soûl in a beauty that is not theirs, when one dreams of walking in their streets and living in the midst of their life; but there are some of us, cabbages though we be, that yet are born with the wander-need within us; the roads that our feet have not trodden call to us, and sooner or later, we come. Some day, I, too, shall go to Siam. And when that day arrives, I do not hope that electricity will project us to our destinations, or even that that ancient delight, the flying-carpet, will be trained to daily use; I do not ask for anything better than the promiscuousness of a railway-carriage, the bustle of coming and going at the stations, the crossing, changing, jostling, hurrying life that flashes past, the faces that look in upon us, the words we recall afterward, the infinitely small things of which memory is made. Only the other day,—it was in France—we travelled eight in a compartment, not to speak of bags and bundles; the racks above us were laden, and we sat in stiff-necked expectancy, in the shadow of impending catastrophes. We were eight: three young and small soldiers, an English couple, two women, and myself; moreover, one of the women was large and unsleander, overlapping her neighbors and incommoding the soldier sitting opposite to her, who was sleepy, and slipped presently into a comfortable sprawl. "But, *Monsieur le Militaire*," she broke out at last, startling us all into wakefulness, "assuredly you have the legs of a giraffe,

you ! Observe only that I am *entouré de soldats*, and retire yourself then, that I may expand !" And she did so, apparently ; but I don't quite know what became of the rest of us.

And I recall another travelling companion, an English soldier, a sergeant, who wore the colors of the Queen with a smartness that became them. He had been all through the Egyptian and the Soudanese wars, and told much of what he had seen, telling it well. We were in the night-express ; the others in the carriage slept, in various stages of *déshabillé* and discomfort ; the rain beat on the windows and the train roared and rocked and jangled as it rushed southward. But I only heard the strong voice of my neighbor, as he poured out story after story of the two campaigns ; and now we laughed, and now we fell to silence for a space, as he turned from the wild jollity of a camp to its queer sudden pathos, and spoke of the bravery that went unrewarded and the great deeds that could never be recompensed. "For it ain't the best of us that's decorated," he said ; "and, after all, if a fellow drops behind in a rush, and has all his wounds in front, what better medal could he have than that ?" But I glanced at his breast, and, smiling, shook my head ; he was willing to tell story after story of what his chums had done, and what he had heard of others ; but he did not say how he had gained that plain little cross, and he only reddened and grew taciturn when I asked about it. "'Twas nothing," he said awkwardly, and there was no further word of it to be got from him ; "'twas of no consequence. Now, if they had given it to—" and he plunged into another story which ended in such a manner that we had both to stare hard out of window.

Not long after that I was travelling in France, hurrying southward, too, but at a very different rate of speed, and with the hot southern sun beating implacably upon us, and filling the train with a stifling heat and dust, instead of dashing through rain and storm and the night. In the opposite corner was an apple-cheeked old woman, in a wonderful cap, with a bundle on her knee, and a trickle of tears lying

in the wrinkles that seamed her face. "I go," she explained to us at intervals, "to meet my boy ; he is a soldier, you understand ; and he is coming home from overseas—oh ! he has been incredibly far away. And he is ill—very ill ; it is those terrible hot countries. He wanted so much to be a soldier, my André ; he said he would come back to me in a beautiful uniform and with a medal on his breast ; but now he is ill—very ill." And after a little silence, she added, "But perhaps the good air of France—" We drew near to Marseilles, and she looked around at us anxiously, with an open need of reassurance. "*Voyons !* I do not care about the medal ; but he is ill, very ill, and he has been so far away—" Then she went off to meet her André, who had no wounds to wear in front, and who, perhaps, would not even be there to meet her.

Somebody once, I think, spoke of mankind as "Kings of opportunity ;" and indeed it would be a very admirable thing even but once to command fate. But we have lost the trick and the mantle of conscious royalty ; we wear the Emperor of China's invisible robe, and there is always some one ready to perceive our nakedness. It is all very well to order the tide to stand still, but it has a grievous manner of disobedience ; and truly, when one comes to think of it, it is not so much that royalty is lessened as that we think less fit to obey it. It was worth while being royal when power was a tangible thing and a crown lay actually upon one's temples. One can envy that princess who graved in stone her motto, "Grumble who will, thus shall it be, for it is my good pleasure ;" one would even like to say as much one's self, but for a lurking conviction that no one would pay any particular attention to it. No ; we have lost the habit of obedience, except perhaps to an oriental potentate in jewelled robes, or a barbaric autocrat in none—when it must be difficult to look royal, one thinks, though there are those that succeed.

There is a monarch of my acquaintance who is amiable in his manners and a fatherly despot in his government ; his lately-learned civilization still sits

strangely on him, and he doffs it sometimes, to take a luxurious plunge-bath into his former barbarism, though solely, as he assures his conscience and the nearest missionary, out of necessity. He was discovered recently superintending the happy dispatch, by several refined modes of torture, of a considerable number of persons connected with his court, and was remonstrated with accordingly. "But consider," he returned, with conviction, "if I do not kill my people sometimes, how will they know that I am the King?" And there was really a great deal to be said for it from his point of view. For he was a shrewd as well as an enlightened person, in spite of an immense desire to be a white man and a brother; and when he was told that he should not cut off the ears and noses of his wives when they plagued him, he said that civilization gave him a stomach-ache.

But it is a mere necessity nowadays to be either oriental or barbaric, if one would know what a fine manner of thing it is to be set up over other men; unless, indeed, sleeping, one could dream one's self into an old-time tale, when constitutions were not and princes were a law unto themselves; when the king's daughter was all beautiful within, and his sons declared their birthright in purple and fine linen; when the king's face gave grace indeed, and he was free to pardon as to punish; when the king's sword was unconquerable as the king's word was unbroken. In those far days, if you were born to the burden of it, it was worth while to be royal and something other than the rest of men, though it must sometimes have been hard to live up to it even in the world of old romance.

I seem to have read a story once in some old book, a foolish fantastic thing which yet lingers oddly in my mind, of a King and his judgment. For he had a wife that was beautiful and frail; and after a long drama of temptation and sin and shame, learning her secret he went to her, and showed her what was in his mind. And she, appalled at his pitifulness, yearned for punishment and thereby expiation; and fetching her child, laid it before him with tears. "Lord, I am not worthy," she sobbed.

"It is but right you should take it from me." But the King looked down upon her and upon the child, and mused awhile in silence, and then returned it to her arms. "Keep it," he said; "it will comfort you for the burden of a crown." And, the chronicler adds, the Queen wept, and sinned no more. Yet she would, perhaps, have better understood the bearing of a penance and the absolution thereby gained.

But that was in the foolish old times, and all the world is wiser now, and cultivates its little sins kindly: it is even the fashion to seem worse than we really are and to look on virtue as plebeian and underbred; and we prefer to play the king of operetta, rather than to strut the tragic scene and round our mouths to great emotions. So we yawn over the passions of Phèdre (some of us), and crowd to watch the evident feet of Nini Patte en l'Air.

There was lately a foreign prince in Paris, travelling for his education; he was simple in his tastes and of a discerning intelligence, and they took him to see a great tragedienne play her greatest rôle of sin and suffering. The next night he went to the Folies Bergères. "Now this," he said, "is reasonable; this is serious. The other was *pour rire*; people do not speak like that at all, and if they did such things, they would be put in prison. So I have been taught, and that it is wrong to do things for which you will be put in prison. But this—is reasonable. *J'aime à voir des femmes, et même d'en voir beaucoup.*" And we are all reasonable nowadays, even those of us who are kings.

But, nevertheless, I think we have the best of it, we happy folk who are not born in the trammels of the purple, and who can drowse or drudge through life as we please, without convulsing a nation by our small caprices; who can wear old clothes and enjoy the comfort of our loose and easy-fitting peccadilloes; who can sit down hungry to meat and rise up satisfied; and who can feel as intimate a satisfaction in the beauty of sky and sea, of the many-colored hills, and the admirable sunshine. It is a sufficing thing for one of a humble spirit to be warm and indolent and full of wandering fancies; to be soothed

and tickled by the sound of lapping waters and the various pealing of bells; to hear the high voices of women and the laughter of children, and to catch the holiday note in the clatter of the hurrying feet. And, like the deeper undertone that creeps into the plashing waters of the bay from the deep seas outside, one remembers, now and then, that if to-day is All Saints, to-morrow is All Souls, and the priest will go down to the shore and pray for all those that sleep in all the waters of the world, at the Banks and at the Iceland fish-

ings; and there will be some around him who listen and remember, and some who listen and fear. There will be eyes dim with the long habit of tears, and others weary with watching for the boats that have not yet returned; not yet, and it is November. There will be singing and chanting, and the incense will mingle with the salt smell of the seaweed; but the deepest and the longest prayer will be an unspoken one—"Étoile de la Mer, send us our men home from the sea!"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

### IN VINTAGE TIME.

By the end of the first week in September, ominous clouds began to roll about among the mountain peaks, and the chalet-hotels felt distinctly chilly, so we came down to the lake, to a little village on the hillside above Clarens, midway between Vevey and Montreux, either of which places we could reach easily by walking through the vineyards, or along the lake-road. We got rooms in a large stone house covered with white stucco, with rows of green-shuttered windows, front, back, and side, and a double flight of stone steps which met to form a kind of bridge before the front door. In the basement of the house there were large vaults and cellars, those to the right concerned solely with the manufacture of the wine, others to the left used as store-houses for articles as astonishing in their variety as their number. In a basement at right angles was another cellar, which M. le propriétaire used as a workshop for the production of casks, and vats, and tubs, and all sorts of mysterious things connected with the coming vintage. The front of the house looked into the village, which was made up of many similar houses, set among gay gardens and rich orchards. The back of the house looked into its own garden, and, standing at the edge of the tiny village, had an uninterrupted view over the lake. The room from which we used to watch the workers in the vineyard had an east and a south window. The east one was at the end of the house, and looked

out on to the wooded sides of the Cubli, and the Rochers de Naye, which sloped away down to the very edge of the blue lake. Close at hand, just across a little river, was the old red and gray Château de Châtelard, on its own little wooded and vine-covered knoll. The south window looked right across the vineyards, across the lake, to the rugged and massive Alps of Savoy and Valais on the farther side, a misty blue in the morning, a dusky purple at night. Not far below, the roofs of Clarens broke the expanse of vineyards and orchards which lay between us and the lake, the shores of which could be seen curving eastward to the little promontory of Montreux with the three popular trees at the extreme point, and beyond which, far away eastward between converging chains of mountains, stretched the plain of the Rhone valley, nearly always veiled in a silver mist. The window had a roomy balcony, where we used to sit and watch all that went on just below us. Round the ends and this side of the house ran a wide gray pebble walk, with pear-trees and fig-trees growing down its middle. Along this ran a border of autumn flowers—tall white Japanese anemones, purple asters, yellow zinnias, pale September roses, golden marigolds, pale pink oleanders, glowing red-hot poker, dahlias of every hue, and beyond lay a trim triangular kitchen garden where grew neat little squares and rectangles of cabbage, spinach, lettuce, endive, celery, carrots, beet, tur-



nip, beans, leeks, and a wild pumpkin vine wandered all along the wall.

The vineyards, which stretched up and down and all around, are broken up into terraces by mossy walls. Narrow paths run between the vines, and little flights of stone steps are built into the walls, which are covered with a luxuriant growth of scarlet-leaved cranesbill, blue-green wall-rue, black-stemmed spleenwort, blue harebell, and yellow hawkweed. Lizards dart in and out between the warm stones. Here and there, where the mountain-side is steepest, rocks jut out between the vines. At the end of every private path there is a notice, *Passage interdit, amende 6 francs*. It is astonishing what a number of warnings of *amendes* you come across in these little villages. *Amende* if your carriage turns a corner sharply; *amende* if your horse goes through the main street at a trot; *amende* if you wash your handkerchief in the trough of a drinking-fountain. The very way in which *amende* is flung in your face makes you madly desirous to incur it, and the delicious-looking grapes add a further temptation to trespass along the *passage interdit*. But as the most depraved little Swiss urchin would never dream of committing such a crime, you feel that, for the credit of the English nation, you must refrain. A Swiss vineyard is quite unlike an Italian one, much less graceful and picturesque. One's first impression, as one comes upon them in travelling from Geneva to Lausanne, is one of disappointment; they look for all the world like beanfields. But if the general effect is not beautiful, many of the details are. The vines are planted in long straight rows, about two feet apart. Each vine is a slender stem about three feet in height, which is carefully trained around a pole. It springs from a venerable trunk, hoary, gnarled, and moss-grown. In the autumn, after the leaves have turned every flaming tint of red and yellow, and the sap has ceased to flow, the stem is cut down and used as manure. In the spring the surface of the vineyards looks a rich dark red from the little buds which cover the trunk, only one of which is allowed to develop. In

good soil, with careful treatment, a plant will last forty or fifty years; when it is exhausted it is taken up and replaced by a young one. But madame, the good mother of our landlord, a little brown, withered old woman, who went about her vineyards in the flat black silk cap, the black bodice, white chemisette, and the full white sleeves of the Canton Vaud, assured us that continual care was needed to make them last as long as this. "*Il faut les soigner toujours, toujours*." We used to watch her from our balcony on those delicious September mornings, when existence was so perfect that it seemed sacrilege to defile it with labor, trotting about, up and down, in and out among the vines, tying up a bunch of grapes here, cutting away a branch there, so that the sun might shine full on the fruit, nursing her vines as tenderly as a mother her child. And this is what must be done if you wish to get twelve or fourteen large bunches off one small vine. Every unnecessary shoot must be removed to prevent waste of strength, and when the flowers are set, and the grapes begin to ripen, every leaf that comes between the fruit and the sun, and which can be spared from the plant, is got rid of. Heavy bunches must be supported by any means that ingenuity can devise, so that the stem may not be strained. Early frost and hail are great dangers to be feared. Should hail come near harvest-time, the *vigneron* must go through his vineyards and remove any damaged grapes with a pair of silver scissors. A watch must be kept for the grubs. And of course there is the dreaded phylloxera, but Southern Switzerland, happily, seems to be free from that. If a plant be attacked, a red cross is marked on it, and it is ruthlessly destroyed.

The vintage starts the last week in September or the first in October, at the moment when the fruit is as full as possible of sugar and ready to burst with ripeness. Nothing can be more delicious than grapes eaten direct from the vine in this condition. We get nothing like them in England, as they will not keep long enough to travel, and we have not sun enough to grow them for ourselves. Gathering begins

in the vineyards close to the shores of the lakes, and proceeds up the mountains as the lower slopes are cleared. The gathering is no light task, for the grapes must be got in rapidly while they are in condition. As well as hired laborers—men, women, and children—all the household, and even visitors, join in the work. At earliest dawn, before the sun has shot up above the Vaudois Alps, while the valley is full of mist, and the sky a cool blue above, the workers go forth to the vineyard singing as they go. The continuous stooping to the vines,

'Neath the stress of the noontide,  
Those sunbeams like swords,

is exhausting, so the worker fortifies himself with many meals: a plate of soup before he leaves the house; a breakfast of coffee, milk, cheese, and bread at eight; dinner at eleven; coffee again at three; and in the evening, after the day's work is done, supper. Men and women, boys and girls, working in rows, cut the fruit with a pair of scissors or a sickle-shaped knife, throwing the severed bunches into small wooden tubs. Every grape must be gathered, all that have fallen must be picked up. We felt very little indeed when a stalwart *vendangeur* came along our path, and collected from the bottom of each vine we had so laboriously stripped a handful of crushed fruit, which we had regarded as waste, but which he dropped with a severe smile into one of the tubs. According to a time honored custom, any *vendangeur* who discovers an uncut bunch on a vine stripped by a *vendangeuse* may claim from her a kiss as penalty. At a convenient point in the vineyard a man stands by a *hotte*—a tall, flat, wooden vessel, in shape something like a magnified pocket-flask, wider at the top than the bottom—into which he receives the contents of the wooden tubs, and crushes them down with a long-handled pestle, so that the *hotte* can be filled to its utmost capacity; when it is full, he stoops down, passes his arms through two leather straps fixed to its side, and, hoisting it on his back, carries it to the outer wall of the vineyard. In the little road on the other side of the wall a light wooden

*char* is standing, and on it is fastened, lengthwise, a long wooden barrel with a hole at the top, into which a square wooden funnel fits. A short ladder leans against the side of the cart. The man mounts the ladder, fits the small curve of the *hotte* into a groove in one of the sides of the funnel, and with a dexterous jerk of his shoulder tilts up the *hotte* and pours its contents into the barrel, upon the side of which he chalks up, in little vertical strokes, the number of *hottes* thus emptied in. When the barrel is full the funnel is taken away, a cloth laid across the hole, and a lid fitted in. Horses or oxen are harnessed to the *char*, and it is drawn to the cellar where the pressing takes place.

There is an indescribable charm about it all; the *vendangeurs* and *vendangeuses* happy at their work, talking, laughing, singing, eating grapes by the score—for you may consume as much fruit as you like while at work, but you may take none away from the vineyard with you; buxom girls in big shady hats, and an occasional one in the black bodice and full short white-sleeved chemisette of her cantonal costume; brawny men with wide-brimmed hats shielding their bronzed faces, and blue blouses showing glimpses of sinewy throats and sunburned chests; children sitting on the ground feeding merrily away from the tubs of luscious grapes. And up in "the blue far above us—so blue and so far!" an effulgent sun, whose rays bring out the first autumn tints of color in the forests of beech, birch, and chestnut on the mountains behind, light up the striped orange-colored awnings of the hotels which dot the margin of the lake below, make the brilliant patch of scarlet salvia in the garden of a distant villa appear even more brilliant than usual, throw strange lights and shadows on the lateen sail, spread out like the wings of some great sea-bird to catch the breeze that does not come to bear the boat along, and transform the foaming curve of wavelets in the wake of a passing steamer into a rippling bow of gold.

The horses with their heavy load toil uphill along the winding road which threads its way between the vineyards

to our whitewashed, green-shuttered house, and stop before the cellar devoted to the preparation of the "fruit of Dionysus." Close up to the wall, on one side of the door, stands a huge vat, into which the barrels are emptied as fast as they arrive. In the wall just above the vat is a large slit, whence a wooden shoot leads down to a similar vat inside the cellar. Boys or men, any one who chances to be about, shovels the liquid, with metal shovels, from the outer vat into the shoot, whence it runs down into the inner vat. The grapes are by this time an unsavory-looking, yellowish mass of skins, stalks, and juice.

M. le propriétaire had invited us to come down at eight o'clock in the evening to see the pressing, as by that time the work is in full swing.

"You see, mesdemoiselles, we gather the grapes all day, and at night, when we cannot see to gather any more, we press them. One saves time so."

"And when do you sleep, monsieur?"

"Ah! mesdemoiselles, on ne dort pas beaucoup pendant la vendange."

Accordingly at eight o'clock we came down the stone staircase of the white house, through the little vestibule, out into the balmy night air, down the bridge-like flight of steps into the press-house. Large double doors opened outward, and more stone steps led inward. It was a large vault with a rounded roof, from the middle of which hung a small oil-lamp, which lighted up the space beneath it, but cast dark shadows into the corners. The doors were shut, and the air was heavy with the smell of the *moût*, tobacco-smoke, and human beings. The men, blue-trousered, blue-bloused, black-capped, all had pipes or cigars in their mouths, and matches and cigars lay on a shelf in the corner beside a quaint old candlestick of twisted wrought-iron. A crowd of peasant onlookers stood about the steps. The vats and wine-press occupied the whole of the right-hand wall; in the end wall was a door which opened into an inner vault, where stood the large casks ready to receive the *moût*. The liquid was running from a tap in the side of the vat, through a basket which acted as a

strainer, into a barrel. This first liquid, which comes naturally, without any pressure, makes the best wine. Inside the vat the *moût* foamed, not "round the white feet of laughing girls," but round the bared brown legs of a sturdy peasant, who was throwing the disintegrated grapes by spadefuls into the winepress. This consisted of a raised base, on which stood a sort of barrel of immense circumference, built up of strong narrow slats of oak, each separated from the rest by a narrow space, so that, when pressing began, the liquid could run out through the spaces into a circular groove in the surface of the stone base, thence down a cylindrical hole bored in the stone, and out by a tap into a *hotte*.

The slats were fastened by iron bands into curved sections, which, hooked together, formed the circular walls of the press. A powerful screw turned on a pivot in the centre of the stone base. Three men were pressing down the grapes as they fell into the press with what looked like steel hoes, and this went on till the press was as full of grapes as it would hold. On the top of all was built up a lid of solid bars of wood, each enormously heavy, which, fitted together, made a circular lid through which the screw passed; a similar layer was placed above it with the lengths of wood at right angles to those beneath, and yet another layer, again at right angles. A kind of boss was worked on the screw by means of a horizontal lever.

This was very ingenious, and ingenuity was required. There was not sufficient room in the cellar for the arm of the lever to make an entire revolution, so when it had made half the revolution it had to be disconnected, swung round, then connected again with the screw. Two iron plates turned on the screw and pressed the lid down. On the top plate were two iron rings, through which the lever, a heavy wooden pole, passed. The top plate was connected with the bottom one by a curved bolt, which fitted into slits in the bottom plate. The act of pushing back the lever caused the curved bolt to rise from the slit which held it, the top plate turned back on the screw, the lower one remained stationary. When

the bar had swung to its extreme backward limit, the bolt dropped automatically into one of the slits, and the two plates became one, and made another half revolution forward on the screw.

Two men worked the lever, and as it went round, the *moût* gushed forth between the slats, and trickled down into the *hotte*. A glass stood on the stone, and unlimited quantities of the sweet juice could be consumed by any one who cared to drink. Work of this kind goes on all night, so that the press may be ready in the morning for the next day's batch of grapes. As the *hotte* was filled, it was carried away into the inner vault, and the *moût* tilted into one of the huge casks standing there to receive it. Each *hotte* holds forty-five litres, and each one emptied is registered in chalk on the outside of the cask, which at the moment of our visit showed forty-four *hottes*, or some two thousand litres, and it was about half-full.

When we looked into the press-house again next morning, the wooden walls of the winepress had been unhooked and removed, and the skins and stalks reduced to about one-third their original bulk lay exposed—a circular brown mass, somewhat resembling a gigantic cake of tobacco of magnified coarseness of texture. The edges of the mass—where the pressure had been least—were sheared off with a sharp knife, then placed on the top, and the press was put together again. By this time the work had become very severe, so the lever was connected with an arrangement of poles and ropes in the corner of the cellar, which worked after the manner of a picturesque but exceedingly primitive windlass. At first it went easily, a boy keeping it on the move, but with every turn it got harder and heavier, till at last it was as much as four men could do, with chests well squared and muscles at the fullest tension, to get the arm round. When every drop of the juice was extracted, the marc, or refuse, was removed.

"What becomes of that?" we inquired.

"We distil *eau-de-vie* from it," replied M. le propriétaire.

"*Eau-de-vie!*" we echoed in astonishment, looking at the stiff, hard

brown cakes, which it seemed inconceivable could possess potentiality of any kind, let alone that which could produce *eau-de-vie*.

"*Mais, oui, et c'est bon, je vous assure, mesdemoiselles,*" he rejoined, smiling a little at our astonishment.

"Well, and after that?" we asked, prepared for anything.

"Oh! after that it makes very good manure."

And once more we admired Swiss thriftiness. This *eau-de-vie*, we discovered, is a colorless spirit, much used in preserving and in cookery. The wine is left in the casks till the following spring, and it is here that fermentation takes place, and the *moût* is converted into wine. The change begins almost immediately; the liquid becomes turbid, carbonic acid gas is evolved, a scum is thrown up on the surface, and the temperature rises. A climax is reached; the intensity of the fermentation diminishes, subsides; the scum settles as a slimy deposit at the bottom of the cask, and a clear yellow liquid is left above. The grape-sugar has almost entirely disappeared, a corresponding amount of alcohol has taken its place, and the sweet taste of the *moût* has given place to the characteristic vinous flavor of the wine. In the early stages of fermentation enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas are given off, and huge fires are made in the cellars to drive it away. But at the time I write of (October, 1893), when the vintage was the finest of the century, when barrels to hold the *moût* could not be purchased for love or money, when every cellar on the lake, from Geneva to Villeneuve, was packed with casks of *moût*, so great was the amount of carbonic acid gas in the air that, in spite of every precaution, several deaths from suffocation took place among the workers. In the spring the wine is drawn off clear into other barrels, then bottled; *vin ordinaire* is not bottled at all, but simply drawn from the wood. This is the wine sold at all the little wineshops with which Switzerland abounds. It is drawn off into quaint little glass decanters containing half a litre each, and so served to the unhurrying Swiss, who drink it round little tables under the trees on the sunny pathways, or over wooden benches in-



side the red-curtained wineshops. I remember stopping to dine once at a village inn high up on the Albula Pass. Beside every plate on the dinner-table stood the orthodox black wine-bottle, and as I was exploring the house—it was a beautiful old house, with arched and groined stairways and passages, and the coat-of-arms of one of the most ancient Swiss families figured on its walls—I came across a waiter filling these same bottles from a gigantic blue-and-gray stone pitcher, which stood on a table in a corner of one of the upstairs corridors.

During the end of September and beginning of October, everywhere along the lake are there signs of the vintage. We often went into Montreux, and on through to Chillon. We started over the hillside, through an apple orchard, where tempting crimson and golden fruit still gleamed bright among green leaves, on between vineyards, keeping uphill as long as we could, so as to have the full view of the lake across to Savoy, west to the Juras, and east to the mysterious Rhone Valley. Then we would drop suddenly into the gray little town, with its hotels with the yellow-blinded, flower-bedecked balconies; its *débarcadère* for the steamer, its harbor for the sailing-boats, its gardens filled with scarlet salvia, hydrangeas, fuchsias, geraniums, dahlias, gladiolus, anemones, and zinnias; its shops, sparkling with color in pottery, rugs, jewelry, fruit, and flowers; its green trees, and its *chic*, chattering, cosmopolitan crowd. Then under the creeper-covered walls of Territet, aflame with scarlets and reds, past more fascinating shops, to where the shadows of the old gray walls of Chillon fell upon blue waters three hundred feet in depth. Above, below, and all around were gatherers at work. One night at dusk, we walked under overhanging trees, beneath a star-lit purple sky, into the narrow tall-housed streets of the village of Veytaux. Mingled with the scent of earth, and leaves, and flowers, came the penetrating odor of the *mout*. Lights, gleaming from chinks in cellars, windows level with the ground, along narrow passages, up dark steep stairways, showed that on all sides pressing was going on. We went down one of the seductive little staircases

into a cellar. Here all was much the same as in the vault of the white house with the green shutters, but the methods were more enlightened and consequently less picturesque. The press was worked by a windlass which stood in one corner of the cellar, and a pipe led from the press to casks in an inner cellar on a lower level than the one in which the press stood, and conveyed the liquor straight to the casks without the necessity of portage.

At other times we would turn west, through the park-like orchards and vineyards of Châtelard, past charming little French villas, beneath a many-turreted château, through grassy meadows, under avenues of walnut-trees, and drop down at length on to the high road to Vevey. The older part of the town is one long, narrow, irregular street of gray-walled houses, divided up into flats occupied by the poorer people. Some windows are trimly curtained, some are curtainless; some are full of flowers; some are used as a larder and packed with eatables; from an upper window an old man and a young woman lean out to speak to a youth in the pathway below. Underneath the houses are shabby little shops and dark passages, some impenetrable, others leading to storehouses and cellars. Vats and barrels stand along the roadside; *hottes* lean up against the fountain beneath the trees; a bunch of half-eaten grapes lies on the gutter. Down a narrow street, at the end of which one catches sight of the lake making big waves fringed with white foam, a cart with the barrel still fixed to it is reared up against a wall, the sections of a winepress lie on the pathway beside great stacks of marc which are waiting to be carried away. The men walk placidly in and out and about, never in a hurry, never out of temper.

When the vineyards have all been cleared, the last cart, gayly decorated with flowers, brought with much rejoicing home, the last load pressed; and the last barrel filled, a feast is held to which all come who have assisted in the work, and at which much good food is consumed, more good wine drunk, songs are sung, dances are danced, and then the vintage is over.

—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## NICOTIANA.

Sublime tobacco ! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.

A GENIAL Professor once remarked to his students : "Smoke away, gentlemen ; it does not annoy me in the least. I look on tobacco in the same light as on hay. I don't eat it myself, but I like to see others enjoy it." There is a neatly veiled hint behind the Professor's seemingly affable observation, that in his opinion the youths were merely making beasts of themselves by indulging in this seductive habit ; for habit it undoubtedly is, and a curious one too, since we are quite unable to tell in the dark whether our pipe is alight or not ; or, for that matter, our cigar or cigarette either, except for its glowing tip. However, could every one regard the weaknesses of his fellow-men in the same unselfish light as this Professor, what a happy world this would be !

The first account of tobacco was published in 1496, by a Spanish monk, Romanus Pane, who had accompanied Columbus to America ; but it does not seem that Europeans smoked it until 1535. It is, however, a question whether it did not find its way into Europe, like everything else, from the East rather than from the West, for we find in Ulloa's *Voyage to America* : "It is not probable, that the Europeans learnt the use of tobacco from America ; for, as it is very ancient in the Eastern countries, it is natural to suppose that the knowledge of it came to Europe from those regions by means of the intercourse carried on with them by the commercial States of the Mediterranean Sea. Nowhere, not even in those parts of America where the tobacco plant grows wild, is the use of it, and that only for smoking, either general or very frequent." Some seed of the plant was sent from Portugal to Paris by Jean Nicot, then French envoy to Queen Catherine de' Medici in 1559 ; hence the name Nicotine. Its importation into this country is ascribed to Sir Francis Drake, about 1560 ; and the practice of smoking it to Sir Walter Raleigh, some twenty-four years

later, when it was a luxury that could only be indulged in by the most wealthy. John Aubrey says that it was sold for its weight in silver, and that men preserved their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.

The chemical qualities of the plant are peculiar. It owes its active character to the presence of a vegetable alkali not found in any other plant, which has been named Nicotine, as stated above, and, as will be noticed from its equivalent ( $C_{10}H_N$ ), it differs from most others in the absence of oxygen ; as also in its liquid condition at the ordinary temperature. Another peculiarity of the plant is the very large quantity of ash that it leaves when burnt, about one-fifth the weight of the dried leaf ; while a further distinguishing property is the great amount of nitrate of potash present, to which is due its peculiar smouldering combustion.

Scientists are much exercised nowadays as to whether smoking is injurious, for, except in rare cases, it cannot be either necessary or beneficial ; and even then it must be indulged in with caution. A Major Chalmers died recently at Southampton under remarkable circumstances. For some years he was afflicted asthmatically, and sought relief in smoking tobacco steeped in turpentine. One day on applying a match an explosion occurred. His beard was burnt off, and serious injuries in the region of the chest sustained, with a fatal result. Since we are told that the enormous sum of fourteen million pounds is puffed away each year in tobacco smoke, the question of its influence for good or ill on the world's health is of considerable importance. On one point there appears to be little doubt—namely, that Nicotine is fatal to a large number of the microbes that cause some of our most serious sicknesses. In our issue of February 23, 1889, we noticed the results of investi-

gations on this head by an Italian Professor, Dr. Vincenzo Tassinari; and the results of the intended further experiments therein alluded to have recently appeared in the *Italia Termale*. He finds (1) That the smoke of the Cavour, Virginia, and Tuscan cigars, and all black and chopped tobaccos, possesses a very pronounced bactericide power, especially against the bacillus of Asiatic cholera. (2) This microbicidal action may in all probability be attributed to the products of Nicotine. (3) In epidemics of cholera and typhus, the use of tobacco may be rather useful than hurtful. (4) Tobacco smoke merits special consideration on the hygiene of the mouth as a prophylactic means of combating microbial affections of the buccal cavity:

Non-smokers have hitherto fumed, and declared

That the succus of baccy will kill us;  
But what say they now Tassinari has proved  
That the sucking it slays the bacillus?

Sacking or drinking tobacco were the terms applied to smoking on the first introduction of the plant into England. The native of India to this day says, "*Tamaku pita hai*" (He is drinking tobacco), which forms another link in the chain of argument that the weed came to us from the East, and not from the West.

The earliest pipes were nothing but long leaves rolled up into the shape of a funnel, still much in use among the natives of Hindustan. Those employed at first by Sir Walter Raleigh and other young men of fashion were exceedingly rude and simple, consisting of half a walnut-shell with a straw inserted. The first clay pipes were made in this country about 1585, copied from those used by the natives of Virginia; while to a Hungarian shoemaker, named Kaval Kowates, is accredited the manufacture of the first meerschaum pipe, in 1723, which has been preserved in the Museum at Pesth.

Means of rendering tobacco harmless to the consumer have been given to the world at frequent intervals. As long ago as 1670, glass globules were attached to pipes to intercept the tobacco juice and Nicotine; and in 1689 Jacob Francis Vicarius, an Austrian physician, recommended the insertion of a

small piece of sponge in the tube for a like purpose. Vigier recommended citric acid, which, however, has the serious disadvantage of spoiling the taste of the tobacco. Dr. Gautrelet of Vichy asserts that a piece of cotton-wool steeped in a solution (five to ten per cent.) of pyrogallic acid, and inserted in the pipe or holder, will neutralize all possible effects of the Nicotine; while the number of patented pipes designed with a like view increases day by day. And now, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, a smoker comes to the rescue of slaves to the weed. He says that chewing calamus root allays the craving for tobacco; further, that it is a harmless substance and a beneficial tonic. Another ascribes a like virtue to a plentiful consumption of watercress two or three times a day; but doubtless many, feeling with Hamlet's father that

Diseases, desperate grown,  
By desperate appliance are relieved,  
Or not at all,

will prefer the disease to the suggested remedies.

Like all innovations, the introduction of tobacco met at first with much opposition, our King James I. being one of its principal enemies; and throughout Europe, severe penalties and punishments were inflicted on those who ventured to indulge in the blowing of it; and in 1624, Pope Urban VIII. issued a decree of excommunication against any person found taking snuff in church. However, its charms, sung by Byron—

Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and  
ripe;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazlingly when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

have proved too strong for all its opponents; and what a firm hold the habit gets on its devotees is forcibly illustrated in the following case. "When I was an officer," writes a naval man, "in Messrs. Money Wigram's ship the *Kent*, in 1857, on a voyage to Melbourne and back, we found that by some mistake no tobacco had been shipped, so, being on the high seas, the men could get none till we fell in,

with some vessel (meeting other ships was rarer then than now). A curious thing happened. First, the topmen, and then the rest of the crew, lost in a great measure the use of their hands, which trembled as if palsied; they grew so nervous that we were quite afraid to order them to do anything. On a strict inquiry being made, we found out that they had been smoking their rations of tea. Old rope being substituted, they recovered; and, falling in with a Dutchman just after we got round the Horn, we were able to get some tobacco from her."

The plant has afforded abundant food for legislation, and its adulteration must have been rampant during the reigns of the Georges to call for the stringent laws that were enacted, one example of which will suffice: "If any person shall mix any fustic, or other wood, or any leaves, herbs, or plants (other than tobacco), or any earth, clay, or tobacco-sand, with any snuff-work or snuff; or shall color the same with any sort of coloring (water tinged with color only excepted), he shall forfeit two hundred pounds. And if any manufacturer or dealer in snuff shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his entered premises, any fustic, yellow ebony, touchwood, logwood, red or Guinea-wood, Braziletto or Jamaica-wood, Nicaragua-wood, or Saunders-wood; or any walnut tree, hop, or sycamore leaves; or shall have in his possession any of the aforesaid articles; or any other wood, leaves,

herbs, plants, earth, clay, or tobacco-sand, mixed with any snuff-work or snuff, he shall forfeit fifty pounds, and the same shall be forfeited, and may be seized." (29 Geo. III. c. 68.)

The following epigram may fitly find a place in these stray notes:

Of lordly men, how humbling is the type,  
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco pipe!  
His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay,  
His breath the smoke so idly puffed away,  
His food the herb that fills the hollow bowl,  
Death is the stopper. Ashes end the whole.

At least once in history the "devil's weed," as a certain king called it, played an important part in a political movement. When the revolution of 1848 came on, the Austrian government enjoyed a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of tobacco in those parts of Italy under its control. The Liberals, resenting the tyranny of the Austrians, and disliking to see so large a revenue pouring into the Austrian treasury from the sale of cigars and tobacco, left off smoking—a patriotic method of resenting the Austrian domination. The Austrian Government thereupon supplied its troops with cigars, and the men of the garrisons went about the streets of Italian towns puffing smoke into the faces of the non-smoking Italians. The insult was warmly resented. The Milanese rose in rebellion, and expelled the Austrians; Venice did the same; and thus was the revolution begun, which ended in the loss to Austria of all the Italian possessions.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

AFTER several years of experiment, the New York Shakespeare Society will soon begin, the printing of a "Five Text Hamlet," on the plan of their Bankside edition. The work will be of folio size; and no copy can be obtained except by subscription, before the printing of the first sheet, through a member of the society.

MR. NIMMO has arranged to publish a new edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," uniform in style with the Border edition of the novels recently completed. Mr. Andrew Lang will revise and edit the work, besides giving a

biography of Lockhart, in which he hopes to incorporate much new and interesting information regarding the character and literary work of Sir Walter's son-in-law and biographer.

THE Earl of Crewe (Lord Houghton) has been elected to fill the place on the committee of the London Library vacated by the death of Mr. Huxley.

CHARLES DICKENS's desk has been placed in the Forster Library at the South Kensington Museum with the following inscription: "This desk belonged for many years to



Charles Dickens, and was last used by him a few hours before he died, on June 9th, 1870. His executrix afterward gave it to Edmund Yates; at whose death it was sold by public auction on January 21st, 1895, and bought by S. B. Bancroft, who presented it to the South Kensington Museum."

THE attack of influenza which has caused us to mourn the death of Mr. Huxley might have, perhaps, proved insignificant had it been taken in time; but, when it came on, the professor was engaged on a second critique of Mr. A. J. Balfour's book, and, in spite of remonstrances, he declined to take to his bed till he had finished his article.

THE Board of Trinity College, Dublin, have further considered the appeal of the women memorialists for liberty to attend the lectures and examinations of the College, and, while declining to admit women to the lectures provided for men, they offer, on certain conditions, to examine them for special certificates. The women's association have replied by dwelling on the inferiority of such an examination to the facilities conceded to women at Oxford and Cambridge, and they add that they "cannot but feel that these proposals are practically a refusal to grant" the assistance for which they asked.

WE take the following figures from the annual report on the British Museum for 1894. The total number of visitors admitted to view the general collections was 578 977, showing a considerable increase on the previous year. Of these, 38,013 were in the evening. The total number of visits to particular departments (mostly for the purpose of study or research) was 264,864, which also shows a considerable increase on the previous year. Of these, 202,973 were to the reading-room, being a daily average of 670; and the number of volumes supplied to readers was 1,470,191. At the Natural History Museum, in Cromwell Road, the total number of persons admitted to view the collections was 413,572, and the number of visits to particular departments for purposes of study was 20,029. In both cases, it seems noteworthy that the month with by far the largest attendance is August.

THE American Press Association, which is said to command a public of seven millions of readers in America alone, issues from time to time invitations to authors in every part of the world to elicit their opinions on some of the burning questions of the day. The last

question was, "Is Man Immortal?" and the first instalment of the answers was published in the first week of July. From this country there are two answers—one from Professor Max Müller, and the other from Professor Briggs, of Glasgow, while Mr. W. T. Stead has sent a letter containing an account of his communications with the spirits of departed friends. From India there is a paper from the pen of the famous Vedântist, Visakânanda. The American contributors are Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Newman, E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University, and Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar."

AN active agitation is carried on at Vienna in favor of the higher education of women. Thus the Verein zur Abhaltung akademischer Vorträge für Damen (why not "Frauen" in the good old sense?) has just sent out a syllabus for 1895-96 embracing the whole range of science and learning, the literary study of modern languages inclusive. Most of the lecturers are young *Universitäts-Dozenten*, but a well-known painter will read on the history of art, and two actors from the Hoftheater will give instruction in elocution and recitation. We also hear that the German University of Prague has granted to women the permission to attend the lectures as *ausserordentliche Zuhörer*, which, of course, does not give them any academic status.

MESSRS. IEBISTER & Co. announce "The Literary Study of the Bible: an Account of the Leading Forms of Literature Represented in the Sacred Writings," by Mr. R. G. Moulton, formerly of Cambridge, and now Professor of English at Chicago.

MRS. F. A. STEEL has returned from India, where she has been making a prolonged stay for the purpose of collecting material for her story of the Mutiny. This is to be told by a narrative from within the walls of Delhi, and Mrs. Steel has taken down accounts of the Mutiny from all the native survivors. She has succeeded in doing this by living alone among the natives without even a servant. Mrs. Steel expects to be engaged for nearly two years over this story. "Red Rowans," which is approaching completion in serial form in the *Queen*, and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., is a work of some years' standing.

THE phenomenal activity of Wales in all matters relating to education has been further

illustrated by a protest which has been addressed to Cambridge by the governors of the Carmarthen Intermediate Schools. The governors, having appointed a scholar of Girton as head mistress of one of their schools, have placed on record "that the withholding of degrees from women on the mere ground of sex is not only an injustice to individuals, but unfair to the educational institutions over which they may be called upon to preside!" They therefore ask the university to remedy this grievance.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. are about to publish a limited edition, in two volumes, of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems, carefully revised as representing his chosen work, that by which he elects to be known up to this time. The book will be illustrated with twelve etchings by M. Lalauze. There will be an edition of 100 copies on hand-made paper with *rémarque* proof impressions, and also 250 copies on hand-made paper, with the etchings on Whatman paper.

THE Edinburgh Bibliographical Society proposes to issue a series of facsimiles illustrative of the history of Scottish printing from its commencement to 1640, forming a full collection of specimens for reference and comparative study. The facsimiles will be reproduced by colotype process of the size of the originals, under the care of the editorial committee: Messrs. E. Gordon Duff, T. Graves Law, J. P. Edmond, W. Cowan, H. G. Aldis, and George P. Johnston. The series will consist of five or six parts, each section being complete in itself and treating of a well-defined period or group of printers, and containing from fifteen to eighteen facsimiles, with brief descriptive notices. The size will be that of Messrs. Dickson & Edmond's "Annals of Scottish Printing" (demy 4to), to which the series will naturally form an illustrative supplement. The edition will not consist of more than 250 copies. In connection with this scheme it is desired, if possible, to discover the present whereabouts of the unique fragments of "The Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace" (1508?) and "The Buik of the Howlat" (1520?), which were discovered by Mr. David Laing, and whose description of them is quoted by Messrs. Dickson and Edmond.

By the death of Professor Huxley, not only has science lost its foremost representative in this country, but English literature is the

poorer, in the disappearance of another of the bright stars of the Victorian age. His encyclopædic learning, his absolute clearness of vision, his unrivalled faculty of popular exposition, his trenchant argumentation, his lucid prose, his flashes of irony and wit—guarantee that his name will be preserved as long as the language is read.

In the whole history of science, no one else occupies quite the same place. Others, of course, have possessed a greater genius for discovery, such as he would himself have been the first to allow to Darwin. Others may possibly be held to have equalled him as popularizers of scientific results, on the platform and with the pen. But no other man of science of the first order—with the exception, perhaps, of Buffon—has won such high rank as a leader of thought and as a master of literary style.

And, again, it may be doubted whether any other man of science has been so successful in compelling the public to give attention and due honor to his department of learning. He was fortunate, indeed, in the moment of his appearance. Without Darwin, he might never have gained more than the fame of a great specialist—the fame of Sir Richard Owen. But what Darwin planted, Huxley watered. The theory of evolution by natural selection supplied a text with which he stirred the world. Encouraged by this reception, he went on to apply the doctrines and methods of science to other branches than natural history. He included within his range theology, metaphysics, social politics, and education. In each of these he was recognized as the champion of progressive thought; though it may be admitted that what he accomplished in each will not attain to equal permanence. For he had, like every man, the defects of his qualities. The combative instinct that assisted him to triumph in the great fight for evolution sometimes led him astray—or, rather, overpowered him—in other controversies, where the phenomena do not admit of such precise statement. Yet, when we look back on his career, there has hardly ever been a disputant who had less to retract, less to apologize for.

Apart from his technical publications—which we cannot attempt to appraise here—the nine volumes of his "Collected Essays," recently issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in their "Eversley" series, contain the work by which future generations will be content

to estimate him. The first volume opens with a brief chapter of autobiography, which is not unworthy of being compared with the masterpiece of Gibbon. The ninth volume includes his latest public utterance, the Romanes Lecture of 1893, in which he surprised his readers, not less by the antinomy he insisted on between evolution and ethics, than by the varied erudition displayed in the notes. Intermediate between these we may specially mention two volumes: (VI.) containing his estimate of Hume, which originally appeared in the "English Men of Letters" series, with appendices on Berkeley; and (VII.) his lectures on "Man's Place in Nature," delivered to an audience of working men so long ago as 1863, which still remains the final utterance of anthropology on this vexed problem.

The number of books that Huxley wrote seems the more remarkable when we remember that he was not, like Darwin, a man of means and leisure. For just thirty years of his life he was Professor of Natural History at the School of Mines; and at various times he filled other onerous posts. It is characteristic of the man that he resigned them all at the age of sixty, in accordance with the old Indian maxim of giving way to the young. Not that Huxley withdrew into the wilderness in order to contemplate divine perfection. Almost up to the last his mind and pen were active on behalf of the good causes to which his life was devoted; and, in particular, he was the guiding spirit of the movement for a teaching university in London.

No better epitaph can be inscribed on his grave than the words in which he summarized the objects which he had always set before himself:

"To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction (which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength) that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

"It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends: to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism which in England, as everywhere else, and to what-

ever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science."—*Academy*.

#### MISCELLANY.

THE DECADENCE OF YOUTH.—Distance has lent very much of the enchantment which hovers round the goodness of the "good old times." I am afraid they were very often very coarse old times, very hard old times, very drunken and very brutal old times, and because latter-day youth does not swear so hard, does not drink so hard, and does not brawl and roister after the fashion set, say by the Marquis of Waterford in the thirties, it by no means follows that he is any the less of a man, though it may follow that he is considerably less of a brute, considerably less of an insufferable snob, very much less, in fact, of what we would now call an "utter cad." Because a man takes afternoon tea and a muffin at five o'clock in the afternoon, instead of strong drinks at that hour (though personally I do not admire either practice), it does not follow that he is any the less of a man. Indeed, I think the fact that he can digest such indigestible viands rather tends to prove him more so than the drinker of strong drinks, for a man must have iron nerves to do this thing. The result of all the drinking and rowdism of previous ages, as statistics, which show this to be the longest lived age yet recorded prove, was merely to shorten life and hasten a premature age. The fact is, people are nowadays becoming simpler, more sanitary in their habits, as the organ of common sense—whichever organ that may be—becomes, with the evolution of the ages, more developed. The representatives of that class which includes to-day the democratic and degenerate descendants of the old aristocratic cliques of swells and dandies, is more contemptible and effeminate (or perhaps I should rather say emasculate) than were its predecessors; but, fortunately, there seem symptoms portending the death of the class itself, which now lacks even a name, for the term "æsthete" and the atrociously vulgar term "masher," which came in some ten or twelve years ago, have already disappeared.

Affectation forms in a greater or less degree the character's ground-work of all the predecessors of this branch of latter-day youth, and these have existed from the earliest recorded ages—from the time when Alcibiades steeped his locks in scented wine, from the time when

Agag "walked delicately." The dandy (for I propose to use that term generally, though strictly speaking the word "dandy" should only be applied in connection with the times of the Regency)—was by no means without sterling grit and pluck; indeed, his very framework presupposes the existence of these qualities, for, as will be seen, he differed vastly from others who belonged to his class—is not so much of any given time of history as he is the representative of a special type of character, which exists still, and which always will exist. No greater dandy than Julius Cæsar ever trod the world's stage, and yet he conquered all of that world upon which his eyes ever rested, and left behind him a name which, in an altered form, such as Czar or Kaiser, is used as a symbol of authority the wide world over.

It was at about the period of the Crimean War that we first hear of the swell. . . . The swell—who may, on the whole, not inaptly be described as a modernized and softened-down dandy—began to die out as a "swell" about the early seventies and with the extinction of the Second Empire. During the continuance of the Second Empire he was as much at home in Paris as in London, and frequently possessed a house or set of chambers in both capitals. Gradually the term dropped out of use, and the next type of human butterfly we meet with is the "æsthete," who came in about 1876, and a few years later was made famous by the addition to the numbers of his band of a new young adherent and exponent, who to-day writes sensational plays, distinguished only from others of the penny illustrated journal type by the fact that they bristle with more or less good paradox—paradox, however, that one unfortunately seems occasionally to have seen elsewhere—even as "doth a collection of good sayings."

What I may term the woman-man deserves more serious treatment than a laugh in the pages of *Punch* as "one of our decadents." The woman-man of mincing speech and green carnations, who pouts and flirts with others of his class, like a girl, and uses young lady-like expressions such as, "How horrid you are, Algy!" as a spoiled girl might do to her lover, who dresses also in a fashion recalling strongly the other sex requires, as recent events have frequently and only too clearly proved, strong and stern suppression—suppression by the hand of law.

The average young Englishman of to-day, whether he belong to what by a cant term is

called "Society" or not, is a distinct improvement upon past generations. Instead of dawdling away his life, he is for the most part engaged in some form or other of business, and now honest labor, in whatever direction it may be, is no longer considered a disgrace to either man or woman, whatever his or her position. Instead, therefore, of spending his nights gaming and drinking, or dancing in loose saloons, and his mornings sleeping away the consequent headache in bed, he has to be in his bed at a reasonable time, as a rule, to be at his work next morning at a reasonable hour; and that work is now not limited to the services, but may equally well be at a stockbroker's office, or other place of business. And the result is, that the average young Englishman has better health, greater strength, and keener intelligence than had his predecessor, while, as statistics show, the present is the most healthy era, the era of the greatest longevity yet known. In conclusion, I would merely say that, though youth at large in this country is as strong and healthy as ever—if not stronger and healthier—there is nevertheless a poison growth among our youth, and that it behooves all who care for the future of their country to see to it that this growth be stamped out.—*William Graham, in the Twentieth Century Magazine.*

GLORIFYING THE SLIPSHOD LIFE.—Mr. Irving's psalm at the Savage Club recently to the Bohemian glories of the Savage Club strikes us as a little overdone. Even those of us who never entered heartily into those rather maudlin delights of brotherliness in undress with tankards of ale and chops under the piazzas, on which Mr. Irving dilated as having distinguished the early days of the Savage Club, can fairly well appreciate the merits and demerits of the life to which he so feelingly referred, from the many literary pictures of it in its least disagreeable aspect which we have read. Has not the last Laureate given us a most delightful, and also a most idealized picture of the Bohemian state of mind in "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue"? And has not a still more striking, and very much less attractive, picture of the same sort of slipshod youth just been given to us in the early letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge? We all know the kind of glory which hangs about the period of youth given up to either vain "libations of the Muse," or the rosy-colored reveries that follow them, which Tennyson has so admirably painted for us:



"I pledge her, and she comes and dips  
Her laurel in the wine,  
And lays it thrice upon my lips,  
These favored lips of mine;  
Until the charm have power to make  
New life-blood warm the bosom,  
And barren commonplaces break  
In full and kindly blossom.

"I pledge her silent at the board:  
Her gradual fingers steal,  
And touch upon the master-chord  
Of all I felt and feel.  
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans  
And phantom hopes assemble,  
And that child's heart within the man's  
Begins to move and tremble."

There you see the ideal side of the slipshod period of youth, on which Mr. Irving dilated with so much unction, recalling, as he did, the time which Tennyson recalls still more vividly:

"And hence this halo lives about  
The waiter's hands that reach  
To each his perfect pint of stout,  
His proper chop to each."

Mr. Irving forgot to picture what Tennyson did not forget to picture, that darker side of the same slipshod period, when he scoffed at himself for discovering afresh, as every one has discovered afresh for himself, that "it is but yonder empty glass that makes me maudlin moral."

But as we have already said, a very much darker picture of the slipshod period of life is given in the letters which depict the youth of a great poet who managed to extend this period to the very end of what might well have been a glorious life, could it but have been rescued (as it never was) from the disastrous effects of this slipshod period. Coleridge's great genius remains a fragment and a ruin just because he never emerged from the confusion of those "old wishes, ghosts of broken plans and phantom hopes" which other men glorify in memory, but happily leave behind them, while he made them the very substance of his vague and wasted days. Let anybody read his grandson's volumes of Coleridge's selected letters, and he will no longer glorify the slipshod period when indolent reverie predominates over disciplined work, and spasms of weak, self-indulgent remorse take the place of firm self-control. Slipshodness was Coleridge's ruin. He ran away from home, and probably laid the foundations of his ill health by his inability to confess that he had been wrong, as a child. He ran away from college and enlisted as a

cavalry soldier, a career for which he had no sort of aptitude, when he was a youth. He had scarcely been rescued from this fatal escapade when he lapsed into Utopian dreams of a millennium which he never even tried to realize, except by living on the friend who first shared them with him, when college life grew burdensome to him. He was always throwing off easy and worthless sets of complimentary verses to young ladies whom he half-loved, though he had the genius to have accomplished great things had he had but the industry to make any resolute attempt at continuous study. It is more than possible that but for the habit of taking opium, which he so early acquired, he might never even have composed the few great poems by which he will always be remembered, though that habit unfortunately undermined the genius of which it possibly gave us the rarest and highest fruits. If ever there were a fatal instance of the indulgence in Bohemian fits of superficial but glorified emotion, it was that of the great man whom Lamb thought to be "an archangel a little damaged," and Carlyle a ne'er-do-weel very much overpraised. No intellect capable of such lofty glimpses ever was so much down at heel. And its slipshodness was all due to that over-indulgence in limp emotions of the moment, which the Bohemians delight to exalt as the most glorious episodes in youthful life. Even Coleridge's fits of remorse were all wasted in an almost maudlin over-expression of them which seems to have blown off the steam so completely, that there was none left to use up in resolute reform. We call this great man's mind slipshod because it seemed to be of its essence that it should be as easy to slip the shoe off as to slip it on. He is always as anxious to be able to rid himself of any mood of mind, as to express it; and he rids himself of it by over-expressing it. His letters to his brother, after he had enlisted in the cavalry to save himself from the scrapes he had got into at Cambridge, are the most abject we ever read. Yet they are succeeded within a singularly short space of time by letters to Southey speculating on dreams of inaugurating a period of universal equality which show that his disgust and distrust of himself had taken no real hold of him at all, and that he was as eager to explain away all the evil of life as the consequence of perverse circumstances, as if he had never inveighed against himself and his weakness at all. Nothing is more curious than to read his conceited compliments to

some young lady one day; his invective against his own utter corruption the next; and his dreams of setting the whole world straight by new arrangements the third. A more singular illustration of the slipshodness of youth, prolonged alas into old age, was never given than in these letters, which pass from one phase of emotion to another quite different, if not opposite phase, without betraying any trace of the gulf between them. Coleridge never recognized his own fluidity of character. He inveighed against himself with a sort of ecstasy of disgust at one moment, and uttered the most lofty aspirations the next, in a mood of almost transcendental rapture. He is always in that flaccid state which Tennyson has so well expressed, in delineating the Bohemianism of his earlier life. In one of Coleridge's letters during the cavalry episode, he says: "I rode a horse as young and undisciplined as myself. After tumult and agitation of any kind, the mind and all its affections seem to *doze* for a while, and we sit shivering with chilly feverishness wrapt up in the ragged and threadbare cloak of mere animal enjoyment." That might be taken as the motto of his whole shiftless career. He began early that undisciplined career by slipping off even the academical restraints which were the most useful, and might have been the most effectual, for him. Then he returned and "*dozed* for a while" in the university, without turning his studies to any advantage. Then he embarked in various friendships from which he slipped away at least as often as he returned to them. His mind was full of gentle and tender dispositions; but he never had enough of will to be to others the friend that those others were to him. Even as a man of literature, no one could trust him. He was as much accustomed to slip out of his engagements as to slip into them. He did not even know what he himself had done, as distinguished from what he had only intended to do. He was slipshod in work, slipshod as a husband and father, slipshod as a friend, slipshod as a poet—and with all his great genius left a name "to point a moral and adorn a tale." The Bohemianism of youth has often taken a more repellent, but never a more flagrantly disappointing form. Coleridge was never worse than weak, but he was so weak that he may be regarded as having deprived the Bohemianism of youth of the last ray of romance which lingered about it. It is the waywardness and what is called the freedom of the period of uncontrolled

youth which has gained for Bohemianism a sort of spurious splendor. But Coleridge's Bohemianism was carried to a point incompatible with anything like brilliancy, even though in him it was joined with a genius of the highest order. If Mr. Irving had had experience of that slipshodness in *excelsis* which Coleridge's early letters give us, he would hardly have looked back to the Bohemianism of the Savage Club with patience, to say nothing of satisfaction. Of all characters, the slipshod character is the least admirable, and Bohemianism is nothing but the cultus of a slipshod life.—*Spectator*.

#### A BIRD LYRIC.

"Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen, then, as I am listening now."

So sang Shelley in his great bird-song, and such in substance has been the homage which the race of feathered singers has ever received from the pen of the world's song-birds.

From the day when the Saxon minstrel-poet saw in a sparrow's flight through the lighted banquetting-hall an emblem of man's journey through time, even to the present day, poets have universally recognized an inner meaning in a bird's life and song, and have striven to translate it to their fellow-men. This appreciation of birds and their songs is common to the poets of all nations who possess singing-birds; yet perhaps no country can rival England in the number and beauty of her bird lyrics.

The songsters which have appealed most strongly to our poets are those two unequalled warblers, *hesperus*, the skylark, and the nightingale, "*Sister of love-lorn poets, Philomel*," and perhaps the best illustrations of songs dedicated to them are the *verses* of Shelley and Wordsworth addressed to the skylark, and the odes of Milton and Keats to the nightingale. Each poet perceived some, until then undiscovered, trait in the bird in whose honor he wrote: to Wordsworth the skylark was

"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home,"

while in the same bird Shelley recognizes a spirit akin to his own:

"A poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heedeth  
not."

Again, to Milton the nightingale's "liquid notes,"

"First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love ;"

while the self-same song wafts Keats to a dream-clad life in which his own and mankind's sorrows are left far behind.

It might be interesting to pursue still further the analysis of those four lyrics, and, in so doing, we should probably find in each case that not only does the poet, by dint of his capacity for sympathy, recognize much of his own individuality in the bird of whom he writes, but that his very temperament absorbs so much from the melody to which he listens as to make him, and him alone, the fittest channel to convey that phase of the melody to mankind.

But our attention must mainly be directed to the last mentioned, and perhaps the most perfect and unapproachable, of this quartette of bird lyrics, Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." And first then as to the actual history of the poem. In his friend's garden at Hampstead, Keats would hear in the spring evenings

"... those wakeful birds  
Burst forth in choral minstrelsy"

—COLERIDGE,

and on an April morning in 1819, beneath the blossom-laden branches of a plum-tree, he wrote down in one of his most lovely odes the thoughts which their voices had stirred within him. As he listened for the first time to "the song of night's sweet bird," the poet, whose short life had been spent amid town sights and sounds, might have recalled Coleridge's lines to the nightingale :

"How many bards, in city garret pent,  
While at their window they with downward  
eye  
Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennel'd  
mud,  
And listen to the drowsy cry of watchmen,  
(Those hoarse, unfeathered nightingales of  
time !)  
How many wretched bards address thy  
name :"

and with Coleridge he might perhaps have exultantly exclaimed—

"But I do hear thee, and the high bough  
mark

Within whose mild, moon-mellowed foliage  
hid  
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading  
strains."

As I write, my fancy wings me back to an April night when, for the first time, I too heard the song of the bird who "feeds the heart of the night with fire," and a vivid picture is presented to my mind. It is the lovely evening of an almost perfect spring day ; the young moon is gazing tenderly on an old-fashioned south-country garden,

"And not a cloud her beauty mars,  
For she has kissed them all to stars,"

—GARNETT.

All nature seemed at peace and asleep ; the peacocks had hushed their unmusical voices, and now their dark forms, as they roosted in the trees, stood out in striking contrast against the sky, while only the faintest breeze, laden with the scent of hawthorn and lilac, rustled amid the tender leaves.—*Argosy*.

AUTHORS' LOVE OF THE SUN—One might fancy there to be some natural affinity between genius and the sun, seeing that so many gifted ones are attracted in such a peculiar manner to the source of light and heat. Shelley loved to expose his small round head to its intensest ardor, and indited many of his burning strains on the roof of his house near Leghorn, unscreened from the pelting rays of an Italian sun, that sun from whose supposed malign influence even the natives shrink. Byron, whose early home was in the bleak north of Scotland, was no less of a sun-worshipper. "I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day," he writes, "as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence." And elsewhere he declares that he could "bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite done to his taste," in full accord with Coleridge's saying, uttered, however, in a symbolical sense, that "the poet's soul appears to crave the sunshine."

Genius will cherish this craving after the sun under the most adverse circumstances. Charles Lamb, that inveterate lover of London with all its smoke and fogs, whose nature struck too deep a root to bear transplanting, and who had never been in warmer regions except on his brief trip to France, of which his chief impression seems to have been that he had eaten of frogs, was as ardent a devotee of the sun as any of them. "I hold with the

Persian," was his cry, and nothing less than an August noon, with a "sweltering sky" overhead, could meet his craving. At such a time it was, he says, that he felt himself immortal, "as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller."

Benvenuto Cellini has left a curiously touching account of the yearning after the sun to which he was once subject, during a period of imprisonment. Use, he says, had reconciled him to confinement, and he professed himself contented, nay happy, in his dungeon, save for that one haunting desire to behold the sun, if only in a dream, and with the gratification of which he would have died content. His consuming wish at last brought about its own fulfilment. In a vision he was led forth into the street from his dark lair by a beautiful youth, and saw the sunlight on a wall above his head, and then, in answer to his prayer, the very sun itself. Dazzled, he closed his eyes, but, repenting, opening them again and gazing steadfastly on his beloved luminary, exclaimed, "Oh, my sun, for whom I have so passionately yearned! Albeit your rays may blind me, I do not wish to look upon anything again but this!" And to his gloomy dungeon he carried back the glorious sight, and still feasted his eyes on the shining orb, shorn of its fiery beams, and appearing to him as a bath of the purest molten gold.

It was beneath the blazing sun of the tropics that Charles Kingsley, professed lover of the brave northeaster, seems to have enjoyed a very foretaste of Paradise, as he sat beneath its scorching rays, permeated all through by the "noble heat," and feeling, as he says, almost in Elia's own words, "young and strong and blithe again," in its all-satisfying beams.

With a touch of pathos the butterfly poet, Moore, sings the "blest power of sunshine," so that "had the world," he says,

"no joy but this,  
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,  
It were a world too exquisite  
For man to leave it for the gloom,  
The deep cold shadow of the tomb!"—

recalling the surly request of Diogenes in response to Alexander's query as to how he could serve him—"By standing out of my sunshine," the philosopher no less than the poet requiring for the time being no joy of life but this.

Rousseau, like Shelley, loved to expose his bare head to the sun's fiercest rays, even in the heat of the dog-days, declaring that the action of the sun did him good. As soon as

the days began to turn, the summer for him was at an end. His imagination at once brought winter. Beethoven would change his lodgings if he could not get enough of the sun in them. Robert Burns, one summer's evening, in the decline of his own brief day, as the setting sun streamed full upon him through the window, and a young lady present was about to draw the curtain, pleaded, "Let me look at the sun, my dear! He will not long shine on me."

Perhaps the "sun-thirst," as Goethe finely phrases it, was never felt by any one with more intensity than by Walt Whitman.

"I love the splendid silent sun,"

he chants; and the statement was no mere figure of speech. An admirer, seeking him out soon after the publication of his "Leaves of Grass," found him stretched on his back on the shore, gazing straight up at the burning luminary. The day, we are told, was unusually hot, the thermometer at nearly 100°, and the sun blazing down "as only on sandy Long Island can the sun blaze." On being asked if he did not find it rather hot, "not at all too hot," returned the poet, adding that this was one of his favorite places and attitudes for composing. He would, as he himself naively confides to his readers, drink the sun-rays in at every pore, his Adamic open-air sun baths being a treatment in which the grand old democrat fairly revelled.—*Temple Bar*.

MISS BARLOW'S NEW TALES.—Miss Barlow, especially when she deals with Ireland, is so delicate and true a painter of life, that even this tiny volume deserves a separate notice. And, indeed, six out of its eight short stories are bright and perfect works of art. The two last were hardly worth preserving in the permanent form here given them. There is very little that is characteristic of Miss Barlow's singularly delicate touch in "An Escape," and the scheming young ladies whose little intrigues it depicts are not to our taste. Nor can we conceive of what Church she is speaking when she speaks of its bishops as summoned together by an Imperial High Commissioner, who tells them in his address that nothing particular is true, but that people could go on believing what they liked all the same, the bishops acquiescing cordially in that Pyrrhic doctrine. The Scotch Established Church is summoned together by a High Commissioner, but that is a Presbyte-



rian Church which has no bishops; and it is certain that Presbyterians would not mildly acquiesce in such teaching as that. The Disestablished Church of Ireland is not summoned together by a High Commissioner, nor would its bishops allow such an address to be delivered to them without a protest; nor is any convocation of the English National Church convened in that manner. So far as we know, there is no church in these islands corresponding to the description which Miss Barlow's scheming young lady gave of it. And there is no pleasant excuse for the stratagems which the young ladies of the story practise on each other, to give "An Escape" the innocent charm of the popular Irish white lies. The last story in the volume can hardly be called a story at all. It is a mere anecdote, and hardly worth preserving. But the first six of these eight stories are charming, with all the charm of Miss Barlow's subtle humor and fine insight into Irish character. But why is not "Mac's Luncheon" put before, and also next to "A Formidable Rival"? It refers to an earlier stage in the career of the same delightful child, and we cannot conjecture why the stories are separated and their order reversed. Nothing can be more perfect in its way than the humor of those two stories. Nor is there one of the tales in this little book that is characterized by the almost too profound melancholy of Miss Barlow's "Irish Idylls." Her newer tales touch the happier side of Irish life.

The first story, "Maureen's Fairing," is exquisite. The poor blind girl whom her brother persuades to believe in the activity of the fairies, whenever the rabbits come out in the evening and make a rustling in the fern and grass of the old "rath" supposed to be haunted by them in the popular creed of Ireland, is made the subject for a most happy romance as to the activity of the "good people" who are depicted as indulging in a great fair of their own. Here is the brother's charming picture of the little people's doings for the benefit of his poor blind sister, whom he does not hesitate to deceive, so long as he can really fascinate and delight her:

"And what 'ud you think they're goin' to be at to-night, Rody?' she asked again after a short silence. 'Just let me see,' said Rody, staring hard in among the curved bracken-stalks and flat furze-boughs. 'I'll tell you what—I declare to goodness, it looks like as if it was a fair they were having—ay, bedad, and it is so; a cattle fair, no less, wid every

manner of little baste a-dhrivin' out to it. Och, but that bates all.' 'Good-luck to them, then,' said Maureen, 'that's grand entirely. Sure you never seen the likes of it before. And what sort of crathurs is the fairy bastes?' 'Sure just the one thing wid what cattle we have ourselves,' said Rody, 'only the quarest little bigness on them that ever you beheld. Bejabers now, there's a drove of bullocks after goin' by, and scarce a one of them the size of a *keerbogue* (clock). The whole of them 'ud trot aisy on the palm of me hand.' 'Och, glory be to goodness to think of that. And is there any horses and sheep in it, and pigs?' 'Plinty, bedad. Is it pigs? Faix, here's a little feller comin' along wid a couple, and he is as drunk as a fiddler, or I might say ould Dan Cosby that I seen dhroppin' in a hape off the car yisterday below Letterdrum.' 'I never heard tell the good people 'ud be drinking,' said Maureen, looking rather scandalized. 'Ah, well, sure maybe he's only lettin' on. But what 'ud you suppose they've got be way of cattle pens? The peelins of the apple you had aitin' here last night. They've set it up on an end in a ring like, and where it doesn't raich quite far enough, they've joined it wid dandelion stalks as iligant as you plase.' 'Deed, now, that's a fine invintion whatever. It's themselves do be rael cute.' 'And here's a fairy man and a boy, and they ladin' a big sturk of a shaggy ould bull. Be the same token, they'll have their own work wid him, for a crosser-lookin' ould divil I niver set eyes on. Bedad, if he was as big as he's little, he'd be apt to be doin' destruction on all before him; but sure you could lift him between your finger and thumb, same as if it was a dowluff; and suppose he tried hornin' you, 'twould be no more than a sort of prickle.' To illustrate this, Rody broke off a sloe-thorn, and gently prodded the back of his sister's hand. 'There, you might think that was him,' he said, 'and he lettin' a weeny roar—*moo-oo-ah*—like a hummin' bee goin' by in the air.' 'And the hair on him 'ud be somethin' as soft and furry feeling,' said Maureen reflectively. 'Them fairy bastes must be gay little crathurs. Rody, I wish to goodness 'twould stay summer wid us all the year round, the way we'd get the chance to be watchin' for them ivery evenin'. But go on tellin' me what all else they have.' 'Musha, all manner of iverythin'. Here's one of them jiggin' along on a terrible fine sorrel horse, a thrifle higher-standin' than a big grasshopper.

Thunder and turf! More power to your honor's elbow—sure there was a throop of pigs and such thrapesin' in front of him that put him past his patience, so he up and lep clane over the back of a *bonyeen* (young pig), and its after frightenin' a little ould woman till she's let a pair of chuckens flutther out of her basket on her—troth you might think they were a couple of specklety moths flickerin' over the grass—and now the whole lot's high-skyin' after them as hard as they can pelt be way of catchin' them. . . . Och, and to see the rate a flock of wee black-faced sheep's racin' round and round a stalk of hemlock, wid their bit of a colley doin' his endeavors to turn them; but they're past his conthrol."

The blind girl soon finds out her brother's romancing, for, credulous as she is, she has all the keen wits of an Irish girl; but Miss Barlow gives the story a happy turn which brings it to a delightful end.

The most perfect of all these charming tales is that which she calls "Stopped by Signal." It opens with the gloom which has fallen upon a too large family of Irish peasants at the departure of an old uncle who has been sent away to another relative to pass his remaining days. The disburdening of the extra mouth has been elaborately deliberated on, and at last determined on. The head of the family has taken him to a neighboring railway station, got him his ticket, and deposited him in the station to await the train's departure, and then returned home to muse and fret over the loss of him with all the other members of the large family. The train, however, is to pass along the opposite shore of the firth on which the cabin is situated, and after a gloomy dinner, the father strays out toward the boat accompanied by another member of the family. Somehow, almost all the others follow, and in spite of the rain, they get into the boat and start for the other side. They arrive just as the train is approaching; but there is no stoppage at the little side station, so one of the party rushes on to the line and wildly whirls a signal to alarm the guard, and as the train stops tells him a cock-and-bull story of a bull on the line, which might have upset the train. Then the other members of the family find the poor old uncle, drag him out through the window (for the door of the carriage is locked), and the whole family return in triumph to their cabin with the poor old man, delighted at having recovered him from the train, and not the less pleased be-

cause the price of the ticket had been wasted on his interrupted journey. A more characteristic tale of Irish life, more admirably told, could hardly be imagined. And it has all the charm of the kindly, capricious Irish spirit in it, without the dismal setting of miserable and oppressive poverty. The story is a perfect gem, and will even add to Miss Barlow's well-merited, though modest, reputation for seeing both the fun and the pathos of Irish character. The poor old exile's joy at being redeemed from the train which was bearing him away from all he loved is delightfully depicted, as well as the triumph of his captor at the waste of "three and thruppence, ivery penny of it," for the useless railway ticket.

DO FLIES TALK?—An ingenious inquirer, armed with a microphone, or sound magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by house flies, and reports his belief that they have a language of their own. The language does not consist of the buzzing sound we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibrations of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer, and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone. Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to the fly ears, which, as every schoolboy knows, who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them, are very acute. The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.

AN AUK SKIN WORTH \$1750.—At a recent auction sale in London, a fine and well-preserved specimen of the great auk, from the collection of the late Sir William Milner, was put up at auction. About eighty skins of the bird are known to be in existence, of which twenty-four are in Great Britain, ten of these being in museums and fourteen in private hands. The bidding for the specimen offered for sale started at 100 guineas, and went up slowly to 350 guineas; but as this was lower than the reserve price, the bird did not change owners. A great auk's egg, offered at the same sale, reached the price of 180 guineas, while an egg of *Aepyornis maximus* was sold for 36 guineas. —*Nature*.